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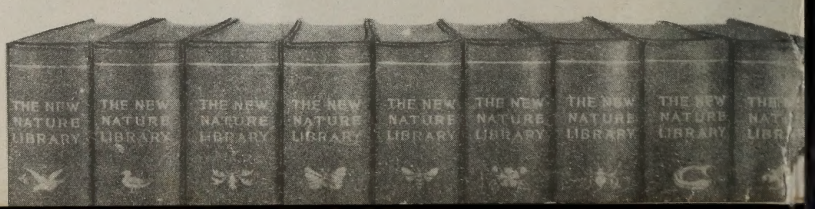

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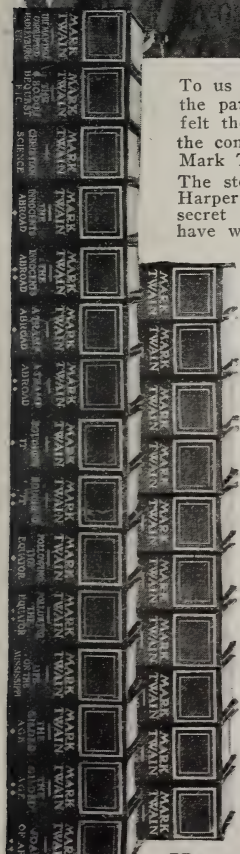

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Guide to the Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Forty-eighth Street.—"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors. Lionel Belmore, as the butler, is too tragic and realistic for farce.

Fulton.—"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

Lyceum.—"Please Help Emily." Ann Murdock and Charles Cherry in a racy farce-comedy dealing with high life in high society. Exhilarating but rather suggestive. Ann Murdock is more fascinating than ever, and Billy Burke must look to her laurels. Her costumes are charming — particularly her pajamas and bath-suit.

Empire.—"Sybil." One of the hits of last season returned. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the year. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Harris.—"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who makes it worth while.

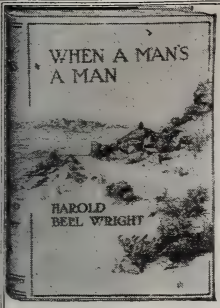
Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1916." Clever, breezy, artistic, highly diverting musical burlesque, with wonderful scenery and costumes, but with very little good music.

Longacre.—"A Pair of Queens." A breezy farce of the conventional order, but full of fun. Maude Eburne, who made a hit in "A Pair of Sixes," again proves that she is a capital (card) player, but the rest of the company might be better.

C. and H.—"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy, with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy rôle. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

Geo. M. Cohan's.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this bright farce well worth while.

(*Continued on page* 14)



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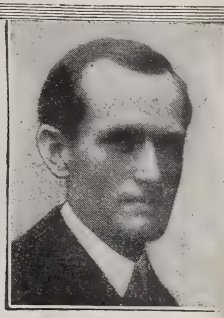

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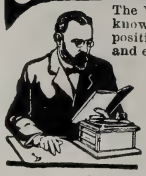

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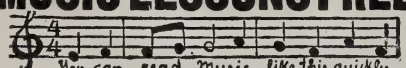

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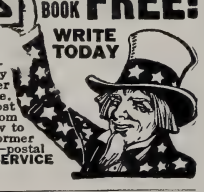

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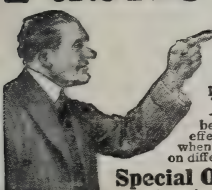

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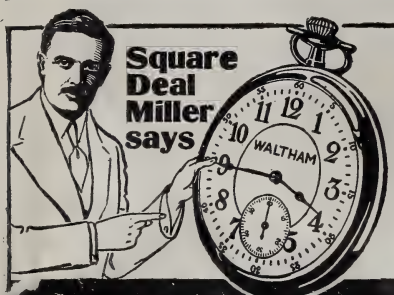

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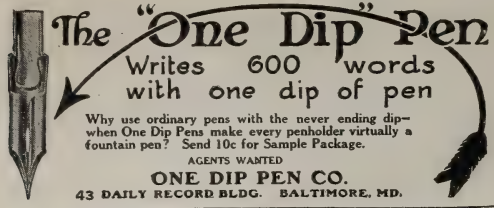

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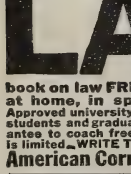

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Guide to the Theaters

(*Continued from page 6*)

Astor.—"The Guilty Man." A tense, capable and artistic vehicle for its moral—a father's responsibility to his illegitimate child. Irene Fenwick as the child of a Parisian café dansant is natural, lovable and a supreme artiste. A well-balanced cast and refined handling of delicate situations. A play that young girls can see, and should see. The trial scene might well be improved.

Loew's, N. Y.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Shubert.—"Mr. Lazarus."

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right."

Lyric.—"The Flame."

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Chattel" (Vitagraph).—This is one of the most important films of the year, because it features one of the most distinguished actors of the day, E. H. Sothern, who is ably supported by Peggy Hyland. The play is by Paul West and is an unusually strong one, directed by Frederick Thompson, who directed such notable productions as "The Christian" and "Love's Sunset." Mr. Sothern's first appearance before the camera proves that it is but a step from the stage to the screen, for he reveals none of the crudities that one might expect from one who has mastered one art and without preparation suddenly turns his hand to another. He is the same finished actor on the screen that we all know so well on the stage, and what is lost in the charm of his voice modulations is compensated by the mastery of his facial expression and gesture. It might be said that at times he appears a trifle stiff and camera-conscious, and that in the classic arts of falling down-stairs and of rescuing heroines from burning buildings he is not so accomplished as some of our regular photoplayers; but all in all, his performance was highly commendable. While the play is not beyond criticism in several respects, it must be classed with the best and most important of the year. J.

"A Woman's Fight" (Pathé).—A melodrama of the old school, full of crime, struggles, sensations and death. Fairly well-done and acted, but not by any means up to the standard 1916 drama set by Triangle, Vitagraph, Famous Players, Metro, etc. J.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Gretchen the Greenhorn" (Fine Arts).—One of the most beautiful and artistic plays of the year, featuring Dorothy Gish. Full of human touches, art pictures, excellent characterizations, local color, artistic settings and fine photography.

"Plain Jane" (Triangle-Kay-Bee).—Altho taking its cue from the cycle of from-poverty-to-riches productions, "Plain Jane" is a bit out of the ordinary. It is the best touch of college life we have yet had on the screen—most college stories are written by dressmakers or bartenders, and the alleged authors' knowledge of college life is worse than libelous. Bessie Barriscale adds a feather to her cap in the depiction of a college boarding-house slavey, and Charles Ray, altho cast in a priggish and rather unnatural rôle, acquits himself with honors. Altogether a charming character sketch, with just enough depth of plot to hold out the characters in relief, and to very well hold our interest. E. M. L.

"The Yellow Girl" (Vitagraph).—This is a novelty picture. It smacks of the Futurist school, and is artistic and beautiful. Every interior and exterior scene was laid out with brush and stencil by an artist, and the artist might have been Aubrey Beardsley. A very pleasing, high-class piece of work. J.

"The Trial of Chance" (Universal).—A young Western sheriff is in love with winsome Mary Fuller. A handsome young Easterner comes West and Mary falls in love with him. The sheriff puts up a job on him, and he is about to be lynched as an escaped convict without even a hearing, when Mary and her father appear and save him just in the nick of time. This story is not only impossible, but it has been done so many times that it is surprising that a company like Universal should allow it. Besides, there is nothing clever or original about the way it is done. Direction, old-fashioned; acting, good; photography, fair. J.

"The Count" (Mutual).—A typical Charlie Chaplin farce, with the usual quota of slapsticks, chasing and pie-throwing, plus a few original touches that bring this play up to his average, but it is by no means his best. J.

(*Continued on page* 134)

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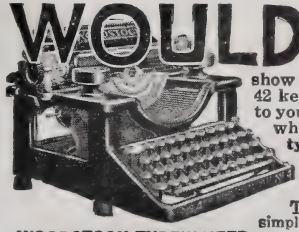

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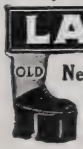

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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

NAOMI CHILDERS
(Vitagraph)

Photo by Carpenter

RUTH STONEHOUSE (Universal)

LILLIAN D. GISH (Triangle)

VIVIAN REED (Selig)

CONWAY TEARLE (Clara Young Co.)

WALLACE REID (Lasky)

OLGA GREY (Fine Arts)

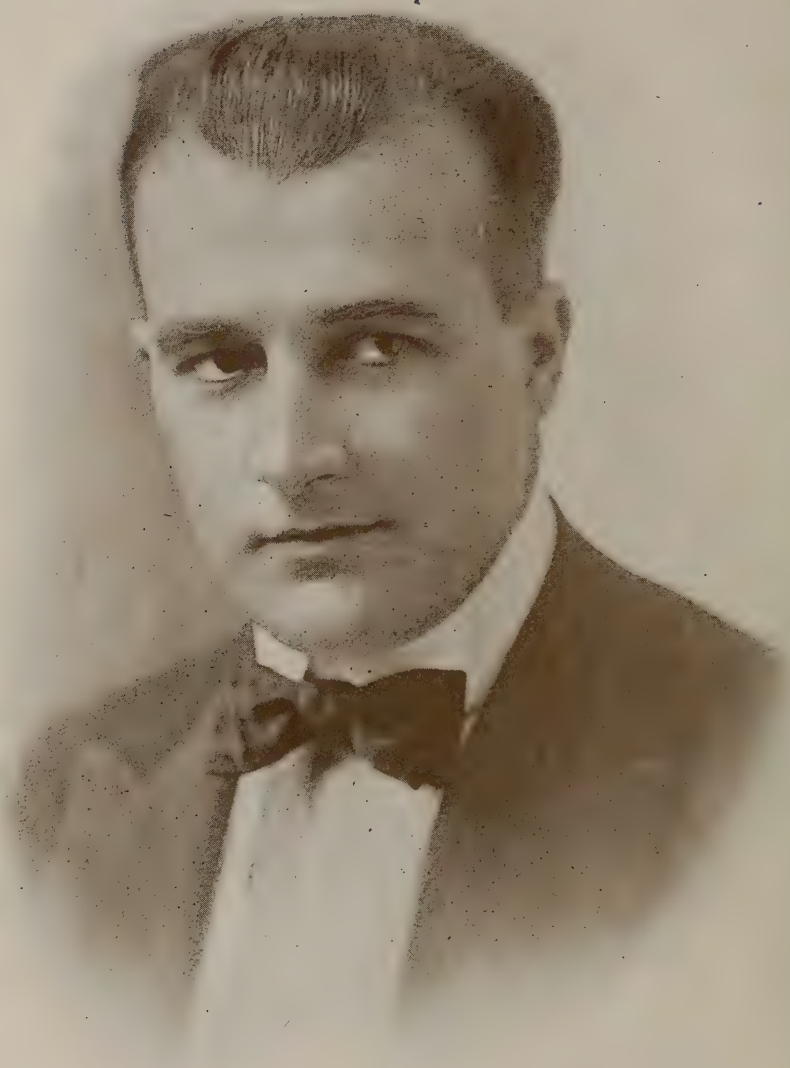


Photo by White

WILLIAM GARWOOD
(Universal)

PEGGY HYLAND
(Vitagraph)

GEORGE OVEY (Cub)

Photo by Apeda

NILES WELSH (Astra)

CHARLES RAY
[N. Y. M. P. Co.]

JACKIE SAUNDERS (Balboa)

Photo by Photoplayers Studio

FANNIE WARD (Lasky)

LINA CAVALIERI (Pathé)

ALLA NAZIMOVA (Brenon)

Where They Live

By Robert F. Moore

A FEW weeks ago I had the good fortune to spend a week-end with a friend of mine in Bronxville. Now, when I went I didn't consider it exactly good fortune, but rather a bore, for Bronxville lies somewhere between Yonkers and Albany, and even the name didn't sound attractive.

Sunday morning my friend took me for a walk, which seems to be the approved fashion in Bronxville, and pointed out all the town's objects of interest. Finally we passed a huge old Tudor mansion, set in the midst of rocky grounds and partially concealed by trees and shrubbery.

"Who lives there?" I asked, carelessly.

"That's Ann Murdock's, the actress' place," he replied.

Immediately my interest was awakened. Here was a chance not to be missed.

"I'm going in to see her," I said. My friend displayed symptoms akin to panic.

"Then I'm leaving," he called over his shoulder; "see you at the house."

I advanced up the walk and assaulted the big brass knocker on the front door. There was no result. I tried again.

ANN MURDOCK AT HOME

"Hello!" called a voice behind me; "who's that?"

"It's me," I responded, startled, for the moment, into forgetting my grammar.

"All right, 'me,' follow the path to your right and come over here, I am very busy," laughed the 'voice.'

I did as I was told, and around the turn of the path, located it. She was seated in the gravel, armed with a pair of old chamois gloves, and also a pair of large pruning shears. By her side was a basket partly filled with big white roses.

I introduced myself, and said I wished an interview with Miss Murdock, if she could be found. The "voice" pushed her big white hat back on her head, revealing a profusion of [illegible]

I guess she can," she said with a smile, "because that's 'me.' But goodness! I didn't know reporters ever got up this far."

I explained that I was on a vacation, but that the chance seemed too good to be missed.

"Well," she said, "let's walk around,

and I'll show you the place. We can talk at the same time."

She scrambled to her feet. I picked up the basket, and we started.

The "movies" have certainly been good to Ann. The grounds are interlaced with little, winding paths, bordered by garden beds and shrubbery. Here and there, where the ground rises, little flights of stone steps have been placed, terraced on either side by huge boulders. Altogether it is very attractive. Out in the rear, we came to a big stone garage, large enough to hold three or four cars, and built on the same massive lines as the house.

"You like motoring?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "I dont know what I'd do without the machines. The studio is off the regular car service, and motoring is the only quick means of getting there."

We walked back to the house, and this time the brass knocker presented no difficulties. Miss Murdock smiled as she saw me look at it.

"It must have seemed very inhospitable," she said, "but I let the maids go to church, and there is nobody home but me."

We went into the hall, which is done in Colonial style—the ceiling paneled in great white beams, and the walls with high wainscoting. The papering is French blue and old ivory, which, in fact, is the universal color scheme for the house.

"For what else," says Miss Ann, "would harmonize with a girl with red hair?"

There are only four rooms on the ground floor—the hall, the living-room, the dining-room and the kitchen. But each of these seems as large as three ordinary rooms. The living-room is the most interesting of all. This is a combination of library, sitting-room and parlor. It is two stories high, with a huge many-paned window in one end, opposite a big old-fashioned fireplace. It is so large that one feels lost in it, and yet has that indescribably comfortable air so inadequately called home-like. On either side of the hearth are big settees, and it would be hard to imagine a more desirable place on a cold winter night with the great logs crackling on the andirons.

"Now I'll show you my favorite nook," said my hostess, and led the way thru a small door. I am afraid I gaped in astonishment. From the heavy, massive Tudor room, we stood in a small conservatory, entirely lined with white roses. There seemed to be a hundred varieties. Light wicker chairs and tables were the only evidence that the room was meant for use and not for show.

"Do you 'tend to all of these yourself?" I asked, amazed.

"Oh, yes," she answered, laughing. "We all have our little peculiarities, I suppose, and mine is white roses. I spend about an hour a day on them. I'd like to make it six."

"I'm going to try a story about your house, Miss Murdock," I said as we stood on the porch a few minutes later, but strangely enough my chief impressions of my visit are red hair and white roses.

Now this accidental interview gave me an idea. I thought I would visit the suburban homes of some of the other screen stars. A few days later my chance came. I was called out to the Vitagraph studio at Bayshore, and not being able to obtain the information that I wished, found that I had about two hours to kill before my train for the city was due. Accordingly, I called up Anita Stewart's bungalow in Brightwaters. Yes; Miss Stewart was at home. Could she grant me a few minutes? Indeed she could, with pleasure.

I walked out to the summer colony, thru the sleepy town of Bayshore, with its great estates and little fishermen's cottages, to the chain of lakes which constitutes the Brightwaters resort.

An old native, upon inquiry, with much scratching of the head, calculated that Miss Stewart's house was "up that road a piece back o' the Casiner." I took his advice, and shortly a pretentious Queen Ann bungalow with a red-tiled roof hove in sight. I marched up a similarly red-tiled walk and rang the bell.

Miss Stewart herself opened the door.

"Come in," she called; "you must be about melted after that walk. It's fearfully hot out, isn't it?"

I assured her that I hadn't felt the heat. Still, it's nice to have any one as

important as Anita worry about your comfort. I found myself in an immense room running all the way across the front of the house, a sort of combination parlor and living-room, with a big open fireplace at one end. It is furnished in Colonial style, with a white paneled ceiling. The decorations are blue and gold, while the furniture is mahogany, upholstered in blue velvet. On the piano I noticed a big silver cup. Miss Stewart caught me looking at it.

"That's a cup the Yale students gave me when I was there last spring." Then she launched into a truly feminine description of the Yale "prom." She seems to like to dance.

The dining-room is directly in the rear of the living-room. That, too, is Colonial, and furnished in mahogany, and off that is a large porch sun-parlor. This is a most attractive place with a large row of windows open to the cool southwest breezes, which sweep the Great South Bay.

HERE ARE TWO STRIKING POSES OF ANN MURDOCK AT HOME

There are comfortable wicker chairs in it, the sleepy kind, and a victrola—again Anita's passion for dancing.

"Come upstairs; I want you to see George's room; he's my little brother, you know."

I didn't know, but followed her up the winding spiral stairway, and she opened a door on the right of the corridor. There was a typical boy's room. From floor to ceiling the walls were covered

with pennants, all sizes, shapes and designs. Also all sorts and kinds of trophies and treasures, which the average boy collects and clings to.

"It's awfully hard to dust," said my hostess, "but he would not part with any of them for the world."

She opened a door on the other side of the hall.

"This is my own room," she said.

I poked my head in, and got a vague impression of cream-white furniture and old-rose hangings.

"That's Dresden cretonne over the windows," explained Miss Stewart, following the direction of my glance.

"Oh!" said I, much enlightened.

"Did you plan all the interior decorations yourself?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she replied, "but my mother carried them out. I have been so busy I haven't really had time. One thing I did make a point of, tho, was not to have too much furniture. I like it good, but not crowded."

We came downstairs again. "Would you like to see the grounds before you go?" she asked. "I really would like to show you my chicken-house."

We went down a path at the side of the house, thru a rustic arbor, bordered by rose-bushes.

"You're fond of flowers, I see," said I, by way of a leading question.

"Yes," she answered, "but merely as a decoration. I dont really love them. Animals are my favorites. When we really get settled here, I'm going to have dogs, and horses, and cows, and everything. Yes, and goats, too. Dont you like goats?"

I confessed that a good goat was a bad thing to lose, but didn't continue myself further. Just then we came to the tiled chicken-house, which adjoins the garage. Miss Stewart has about thirty hens, in which she takes a great interest. They all crowded to the fence when we came in sight, evidently recognizing their mistress and all ready to be fed. They were.

Suddenly I realized how the time had

ANITA STEWART AND HER HOME AT BAYSHORE, N. Y.

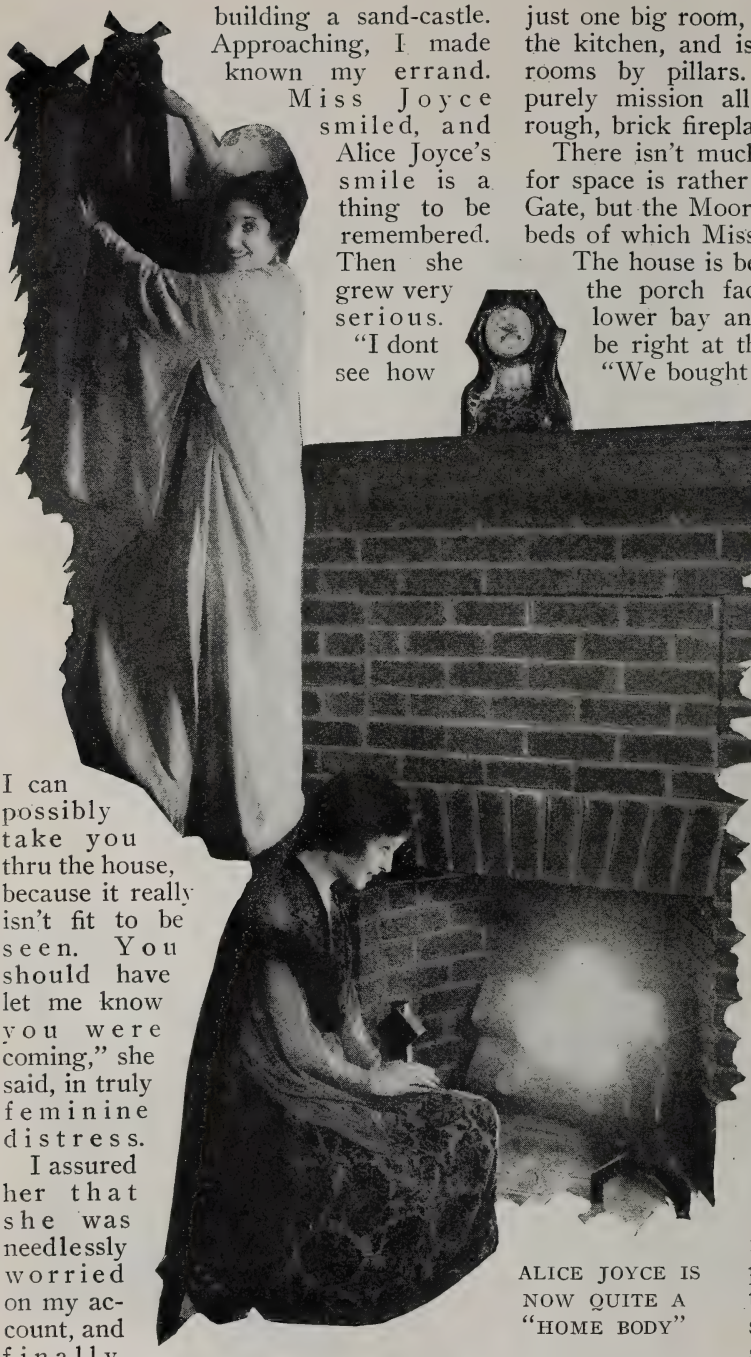
flown, and if I wished my train for the city I should have to run, sun or no sun. I hastily thanked my hostess, waved an adieu, and loped for the station.

Next I went down to Sea Gate to see the Tom Moores' new summer-home. After much wandering about thru that maze of summer cottages, I at last found the one I was seeking. It is a little mission bungalow of green stucco, with stained wood trim, situated overlooking the beach. Most of the cottages down there have no door-bell, so I scratched on the screen door. A kind-voiced, motherly lady came to my rescue, and in answer to my question pointed down the beach.

"No," she said, "Miss Joyce isn't in now, but you'll find her down the beach with Alice Joyce second."

BAYSHORE IS VERY PROUD OF ANITA STEWART, AND ANITA STEWART IS VERY PROUD OF HER NEW HOME AT BRIGHTWATERS

I thanked her and walked down to the water. Some way down the beach I espied Mrs. Moore and also, indeed, Alice Joyce second, the latter busily engaged in



ALICE JOYCE IS NOW QUITE A "HOME BODY"

building a sand-castle. Approaching, I made known my errand.

Miss Joyce smiled, and Alice Joyce's smile is a thing to be remembered. Then she grew very serious.

"I dont see how I can possibly take you thru the house, because it really isn't fit to be seen. You should have let me know you were coming," she said, in truly feminine distress.

I assured her that she was needlessly worried on my account, and finally, after much persuasion, she consented. Of course, when we actually were in the house, I couldn't see a thing out of order. Perhaps Miss Joyce could, but it was over my head.

The ground floor of the bungalow is just one big room, except, of course, for the kitchen, and is divided into smaller rooms by pillars. The furnishing is purely mission all thru, with a great, rough, brick fireplace in one corner.

There isn't much room for a garden, for space is rather at a premium at Sea Gate, but the Moores boast a few flower-beds of which Miss Joyce is very proud.

The house is beautifully situated, for the porch faces directly upon the lower bay and the ocean seems to be right at the front door.

"We bought down here chiefly on account of baby," said Miss Joyce. "It got so hot in the city, and still we had to stay where it would be convenient to the studio. Mr. Moore just happened to find this place for sale, and we took it. Naturally, we have been too busy to fix it up much this summer."

Here I treated myself to an inward smile, for there are few summer homes which are more luxuriously fitted. Space in Sea Gate is at a premium, but a small garage is built close to the house, large enough to hold their two cars, and connected by a latticed arbor.

As Mrs. Joyce confessed, the only unpleasant things are the mosquitoes—swarms of them—something the natives truly declare "never happened before."

The sitting-room is dull dark-brown, with warm rose lights and rose cushions, many of them, and little nooks; the desk is off in a corner. Instead of the customary chair, there is a settee piled with

cushions. Built in the fireplace is a shelf filled with little vases, clocks, and funny ivory elephants. I noticed two canaries hung in the windows. "They always sing when I am out," the fair Alice explained.

A wide door opens into the dining-room, which has its blue-and-brown-yellow breakfast-set, blue-and-white dinner-set and a profusion of cut-glass. Then there is a Dutch shelf with blue, Delft plates, several pieces of Wedgwood, and a Dutch clock.

Upstairs there are three very pretty bedrooms. Then there is a tiny nursery which I had almost forgotten.

And facing the bay is the sleeping-porch. On the night of the New Jersey ammunition explosion, Miss Joyce was nearly thrown from bed and saw the wild, red sky without having to move. She said she didn't care to witness the same sort of fireworks again, thank you.

The other day I was talking to Virginia Pearson over in the Fox studio at Fort Lee. I told her about my visits, and she was immediately interested. "You just wait till I get thru here, and I'll show you my little house," she said. Naturally, I waited.

Some time later she led the way out to her car—a little Mercer roadster which she drives herself—and we were off along the Palisades road. Ten minutes later we drew up before a pretentious place in Cumbermead Road. "My little house" proved to be a three-story bungalow,

ALICE JOYCE ENJOYS COOKING AND ALL THE OTHER DUTIES OF A HOUSEWIFE

situated well back from the street, with an imposing terrace and a flight of steps. As the car came to a stop, the screen door flew open, and a ball of white came tumbling and bowling down the steps and bounced into the car. There the ball turned out to be a diminutive, white, woolly dog with shoe-button eyes.

"This is 'Buttons,'" said Miss Pearson. "I have another one just like him, but I'm afraid he's my favorite, and quite spoiled."

We went indoors. The hall is done in Flemish oak and somewhat on the mission style. In fact, the whole scheme of the ground floor is rather severe in tone. Miss Pearson informed me that the dining-room is done in Adam style, which has something to do with a fluted wainscoting with medallions on top. I must confess ignorance as to this. Off this she has a small breakfast-room in green-and-white.

The feature of the house is the large sleeping-porch on the rear of the second floor. This is opened to the air and enclosed in screens. Miss Pearson's evident good health and spirits are due in good part to this.

"Do you keep a garden?" I asked.

"No, except for a few flowers," was the answer.

VIRGINIA PEARSON AT HOME

"Whenever I want to relax, I spend my time with my dogs and my Yogi philosophy." Yogi philosophy was a new one to me, but I didn't say so.

The sun was beginning to drop over the edge of the Palisades, and I realized the lateness of the hour; so, quite reluctantly, I rose to go.

"I'll drive you down to the trolley," offered Miss Pearson, the good-hearted.

And she did.

As I got on the car, I looked back, and "Buttons" yapped at me from his perch beside his mistress. I think he was saying "Farewell" in Yogi.

James Morrison on the Tricks of the Screen Actor's Trade

By ARTHUR POLLOCK

You have heard much, no doubt, of the great dissimilarity between posing for the films and acting for an audience in a theater. The much that one hears, however, is rather vague, indefinite and vaporous. When the experienced actor from the spoken drama goes in for the movies, he has, it is said, to learn an entirely new art, develop a new technique, meanwhile taking great pains to unlearn completely the art he has already mastered. But why has he to do so? And just how does he do it? These are questions that the proverbial echo fails to answer clearly. And nobody who knows the answer seems, so far, to have bothered to explain.

One definite thing, tho, has been said. And that is, that the picture-player must learn to act slowly—much more slowly than the actor on the stage. To me that seemed hard to believe. Move slowly in the movies? Does the eloping couple, escaping in the motor from the blistering wrath of irate papa, drive slowly, as if merely out to take the air? Did the horse and rider in "Carmen" dash off that cliff leisurely, and as tho in deep thought? Does Charlie Chaplin—— "Go to!" I exclaimed, with infinite impoliteness, to nobody in particular. "Go babble to the birdies!"

But, nevertheless, it appeared that enough smoke enshrouded the subject to warrant the belief that considerable fire might be found if looked for in the right place. And the right way to find it, obviously, was to talk with some actor who had mastered both styles of acting and who was, at the same time, a close enough student of his art to have long since satisfactorily answered for himself all the hows and whys and whats and whens that I might put to him.

And the first name that popped into

my head was that of James Morrison. You know him. He has played leading rôles in a long line of Vitagraph films—"The Christian," "The Redemption of Dave Darcy," "In Days of Famine," and others innumerable. His work has attracted attention not only from the girls, who love his buoyant, spontaneous boyishness, his engaging, graceful manner, but from all those as well to whom evidence of skill, thoroness and sincerity are a constant source of joy and satisfaction. James Morrison is a graduate of the University of Chicago. As a shoe salesman he earned part of the funds necessary for his education. And as a shoe man he was working when, after graduation, he got the idea that the stage was the place for him. For a few years he gave his time to the legitimate, then he spent a summer in vaudeville and finally he went into the films. But when he dropped into the pictures he did not drop entirely out of the spoken drama. To get into ruts, to become stereotyped, is no part of his program. So every now

JAMES MORRISON IN FAVORITE CHARACTERIZATIONS

and then one gets a glimpse of him on the stage. Last summer he spent some time acting in the Portmanteau Theater, the portable playhouse that the peregrinating Stuart Walker folds up and carries from city to city. He has appeared with the Alberti Players in several dramas, among them Hauptmann's and "Pippa Dances," a play for the highest of highbrows. He is a frequent and appreciative auditor at the performances of the Washington Square Players. All of which seems to prove him a young man of considerable catholicity of taste and an actor of versatility, who has seen the actor's art from many angles. He loves his work, loves it not only well but wisely, and therefore understands it. Just the man, in short, to tell me all about it.

I found him, bathrobe-bedecked, relaxing in slippered ease in his apartments after a difficult day's work at the studio, and I put my questions to him. He lighted a cigaret, smoked quietly for some moments, while arranging his thoughts, then answered carefully.

"Yes," he said, "posing for the pictures does require that the actor from the spoken drama change his methods. But, tho the changes he must make are important, they are not so many nor so great as you may be led by some to suppose. It is true that able actors from the stage occasionally fail in the films.

JAMES MORRISON AND DOROTHY KELLY

That is not always because the requirements for screen acting are different, but because the actors are often indifferent. When they look upon acting for the camera as merely easy money, to be made by free and easy methods, they fall down. Posing for the pictures is a much more serious business than casually lending one's face and reputation to a film company and collecting large sums for the loan.

"Fundamentally, the two branches of the art of acting are the same; that is, they have the same purpose—to reveal character and interpret ideas by physical

action and facial expression and words. The main differences in technique arise, I should say, from the fact that on the stage the actor has all the room he wants; before the camera he hasn't. The stage actor is limited only by the height and width of the proscenium arch; the film actor is, the greater part of the time, less free. Since it is essential that every shade of meaning that gesture and facial play can reveal be registered by the lens, he must be close to the camera. Hence most of the action in a film play takes place about nine feet from the camera, on the 'nine-foot line'; and many of the most important parts require close-ups, in which, of course, the actor is even nearer the lens. He cannot move far to either side, or he will not remain 'in the camera.' Also, he cannot move fast, for any quick action will result in a blur. A swift change of facial expression will have a similar effect. An expression a bit exaggerated will appear on the screen as a grimace and make the actor seem to be 'mugging.' Many quick, spontaneous gestures have, therefore, to be inhibited, for, tho they may be natural in life, on the screen they seem jerky, like the actions of puppets.

"Many stage actors come to the studios with the idea that to register on the lens they must overact. That is a mistake. The camera is more subtle than they suppose. You have to be economical with your gestures and time them carefully. Watch the work of Henry Walthall, and you will realize what I mean. He is, it seems to me, the best actor to be seen in the pictures at present. Just as the camera detects postures of a galloping horse which are maintained for so very small a fraction of time that the eye is too slow to detect them, so the lens catches nuances of facial expression that are so unfamiliar that they often seem queer and startling. On the nine-foot line and in the close-up, the Moving Picture actor can make the merest flicker of an eyelash significant. Working more slowly, he has more chance for emphasis; but he has to avoid becoming ponderous and over-emphatic. It is only on and inside the nine-foot line, however, that he has to perform slowly; in the 'long throws,' when he is farther from the camera, the tempo is about that of life.

"And, since the lens registers each action relentlessly, the actor must be always at his best. In the spoken drama he may say, 'I did that badly tonight; I'll get it right tomorrow night.' In the films there is no 'tomorrow night.' The actor must hit the nail squarely on the head the first time. And often he must do so with a director shouting advice to him and give no sign that he is being spoken to. This demands a degree of concentration that one finds almost maddening. Actors of long experience on the stage tell me they find the films much more exhausting than acting for an audience directly.

"Detail is the Motion Picture actor's curse. He must worry about the details not only of his movements, but of his dress. He needs a better memory than the proverbial liar. For instance, I am posing now for three films at once, and in each I must remember just what pose I was in when I stopped work last, just what I wore, in just what mood I was meant to be and by just what means I was interpreting my mood or emotion. Very often, if I have my hair cut while doing a picture, I have to cover even that slight change in appearance by making up to look as I did before visiting the barber.

"Yes, the film actor's job differs from that of the performer on the stage in many matters of technique. But in one respect they are both alike—they are both hard work."

Making a Movie

By ADELAIDE R. LOWMAN

Country town—business street,
General store—gossips meet;
Village belle—city cad,
Bashful lover—stern dad;
Babbling brook—villain's tale,
Night express—parents' wail;
Automobile—lover's chase,
Brave rescue—fond embrace;
Parents' blessings—wedding bell,
Family picture—all's well!

Our Screen Stars ~and~ ~Their Stars~

★ by Johnson Briscoe ★

How the Heavenly Stars Have Endowed Our Screen Favorites
The Solar Biologies of Some of Our Well-known Players

(While it is indisputably true that heredity, environment and association have a great influence upon one's character, in the present series an endeavor will be made to show the specific planetary influences which have governed many of our screen stars.)

MARY PICKFORD, Born April 8, 1893

(Read these articles carefully, because if you were born on these dates, the facts may apply to you as well as to Miss Pickford and Mr. Williams)

THE Stellar Constellation at this time—Aries—saw the Moon in Aquarius, with Mercury in Scorpio, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Aries.

If only, while we were still young enough, we could look ahead, peer into the future, and arrange our lives as we would ultimately wish to have them! And lucky Mary Pickford, that she would appear to have done this very thing. Probably while still a child-actress, in short skirts and hair down her back, she firmly determined to reach the very top of her profession; and tho the medium of the screen may differ from that of the footlights, the result is much the same thing. Not a soul on earth can deny that she has become a leader, that she has reached the very top of her profession.

That same quality of leadership, the dominant sense of taking things into her own hands, is one of Miss Pickford's most prominent characteristics; indeed, it is probably her chief one. She will countenance interference from no one; she is complete mistress of herself, and she is always quite willing to stand or fall by her own opinions. Whatever trials or difficulties she may get into, she does not try to put the blame upon others, but is quite willing to shoulder the whole responsibility herself. She could not possibly be a placid, contented marcher in the ranks; 'tis a

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"Little Mary" Pickford, Farmer

captainship or nothing at all for our "Queen Mary." Indeed, she must often have been rather a sore trial, in her childhood, to her family and friends thru her set purpose to do and have things her own way. And she nearly always accomplished it, I'll be bound!

Had she not become filmdom's idol and a world-famous personage, there is not a doubt that Miss Pickford would have made her presence felt, no matter what the background or setting. Conceding that fate had cast her for a small-town village belle, let us say—a girl with a limited environment—do you think, for a moment, that she would have been daunted by this? Not for an instant, for she probably would have married the village curate, the mayor, or the leading citizen, and bossed the whole town; she would have led in all the social activities and dabbled considerably in municipal affairs. Ah, but she would have done all this so gracefully, so tactfully, so sweetly, that no one could possibly have resented it. People just naturally follow her, serve and support her, and she cannot be blamed for unconsciously profiting by this—now can she? And, you know, real leaders are born, not made, anyway.

You must not get the impression that, because of this supreme belief in herself, Miss Pickford is in any way an arrogant, haughty, self-assertive person. Not a bit like it, for she has accepted leadership merely as her just due, as her right world's heritage. Times without number we hear stories of this wonder-child's sweetness and affability, her generosity and unaffectedness. These are all prominent traits in her, and undoubtedly her chief joy in her success in life is because thru it she has been enabled to help and assist those around her, her family and all near and dear to her.

Especially considering the great publicity attendant upon Miss Pickford's business affairs, it is not surprising to discover that she has a most far-reaching vision as regards money matters. In no way close or penurious, she has a just and right appreciation that one hundred pennies constitute one dollar, and it would have to be a shrewd, almost uncannily clever person who could best her in a financial deal of any sort.

The stars further enlighten us, regarding filmdom's queen, that she is intellectual, far-seeing, most ambitious and strong-willed, even to the point of sheer stubbornness. Once her mind is set upon a thing, there is scarcely a power in heaven or earth that can move her. She probably often herself suffers thru this iron-willed determination of hers, and yet she is practically helpless before it. At that, it is nothing to be greatly worried about, for complete self-reliance is a very enviable thing.

It is rather a difficult task to attempt to foresee Miss Pickford's future relation to the Motion Picture world, for she has climbed such dizzy heights within so short a time. But she may be assured that, no matter how great or how prolonged her success, she will never rest contentedly upon her laurels. Her restless, determined, ambitious spirit is sure to lead her on to greater achievements. Once an Aries child has tasted of the cup of success, nothing is more hateful to her than stagnation, the lack of progress, the sense of joining the ranks; with her, domination is as the breath of life.

Mary Pickford's extraordinary popularity and success so early in life may appear to many of us as a God-given gift or a page out of the "Arabian Nights." But, as a matter of fact, and more literal truth, she has only one person to thank for it, and that person, if you please, is none other than Mary Pickford herself. Nor is she the type that will worry herself into premature middle age.

EARLE WILLIAMS, Born February 28, 1880

The Stellar Combination at this time—Pisces—saw the Moon in Libra, with Mercury in Taurus, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Sagittarius.

One has only to observe Earle Williams upon the screen—let us say in such Vitagraph masterpieces as "The Christian," "The Juggernaut" or "The Vengeance of

EARLE WILLIAMS, Vitagraph Star

Durand"—to at once realize that here is a man with poise and unusual perception, with the sympathetic knowledge and understanding of the true Pisces-born. Indeed, one could almost instinctively guess that his natal date falls somewhere between February 18th and March 20th. His very personality, as mirrored in picturedom, bespeaks a temperament which finds its happiest expression in inner communion, the deep well-springs of life, in which silence, tenderness and sympathy are all splendidly commingled.

Mr. Williams, possessed as he is with keen perceptive qualities, those which comprehend and understand in an instant, makes an ideal friend—generous, self-sacrificing and long-suffering. But if he believes you unworthy of his friendship, his affection, there is nothing you can do to alter his opinion, for the Pisces-born rely solely upon their inner knowledge, the response of the heart, backed by their understanding of human nature. He loves to do kind acts for the very joy of doing, and he rarely makes mistakes in bestowing his favors.

It is quite possible that many of Mr. Williams' friends, and most especially his studio associates, believe him to be a bit too reserved, too much given to exclusiveness and a sense of aloofness. In some circles this quality would be labeled as "stuck-up." But practically all the children of Pisces are possessed of this characteristic, a sort of general reserve, a retiring kind of diffidence which they have to struggle with to overcome. Their inner nature is so fine and sensitive, so highly attuned to the beautiful, spiritual things in life, that they frequently find it difficult to come out of their shell, so to speak. This is probably more true of the Pisces woman than the man, because the latter, with his worldly experience, frequently has it knocked out of him.

It would be interesting to know if any one had ever made Mr. Williams the subject of jest or ridicule, for his solar biology tells us that he is keenly resentful of anything of the kind, his sensitiveness being a sore point with him. He has probably had many an unhappy hour trying to overcome this trait, and he will brook no encroachment upon it, even from his intimate associates.

Pride, probably not too much of it, but the sort which dignifies and ennobles his labor in life, is another Williams characteristic, and he is continually seeking to develop and improve himself along every line of endeavor. He is probably rarely satisfied with his achievements, but is constantly endeavoring to do bigger and better work. That, incidentally, is one of the reasons why his popularity with picture patrons is ever on the increase. Every time he sees himself upon the screen he probably reflects, "Oh, if only I could do that scene over again, how much better I would do it!"

I'll wager his dressing-room at the Vitagraph studios, as well as his own apartment, are both models of neatness, for the Pisces-born cannot stand disorder or inharmonious surroundings. They are naturally careful and methodical, and they have a place for everything; just as their natures are, for the most part, tranquil, cool and poised, they seek to find similar expression in the material things in life. Like most of us mortals, they appreciate, to the fullest, the comforts and luxuries of life, and they will leave nothing undone in their efforts to attain them. Often their desire to achieve something they greatly wish, be it a house and lot, or possibly new fields of labor, will spur them on to the most wonderful efforts. The incentive is the only thing needed to inspire them with heroic resolves and endeavors.

As in direct contradiction to his usual calm and tranquillity, it is a safe assumption that very frequently this filmdom hero suffers from outbursts of passionate irritability, when his usual self-control is a thing forgotten, and his temper has the upper hand for the moment. It is a time when he should be left severely alone, for if so his temper will quickly pass. This is bound to be a prominent trait when Mercury is wholly in Taurus, as it so happened upon this memorable Saturday in February, just thirty-six years ago, when Mr. Williams came into the world, in Sacramento, Cal., a world to which he was to contribute so much pleasure and diversion.

O Girl of the Screen!

By D. UNDINE BAKER

O girl with eyes shining,
And curls intertwining,
Such gold's worth the mining,
O Girl of the Screen!
And yet, all uncaring,
With marvelous daring—
A million eyes staring—
You let it be seen!
Come nearer, I pray you,
There's none to gainsay you;
My arms are awaiting you, Girl of the Screen!
With face like a fairy, a fleet-footed fairy,
Whose rhythmic robes airy you whirl on the screen.

Oh, if I might hear you!—
And, oh! to be near you:—
But then I might fear you,
O Girl of the Screen!
While now you are smiling,
And coyly beguiling;
What pleasanter whiling
Have hours ever seen?
Alluringly tender—
What naiad more slender?
Oh, if I might keep you, away from the screen!
Ah, then I might tire you, just stupidly tire you—
I'd rather desire you—pray stay on the screen!

How to Get In!

Authoritative Advice on How to Become a Photoplayer, by Leading Players and Directors

EDITOR'S NOTE: This series of articles began in the July issue of this magazine, which contained an article by Carlyle Blackwell. The series was continued in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, which contained articles by Florence La Badie, Lenore Ulrich, Lillian Walker, Theodore Marston (director) and Iva Shepard. In the August number of this magazine were articles by Thomas Chatterton, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart and Lillian Gish. In the August CLASSIC, Dustin Farnum, Wm. A. Brady, Cleo Madison, Edna Mayo and Edith Storey gave their valuable opinions. In the September MAGAZINE we were enlightened by Warren Kerrigan, Bryant Washburn, Ralph Ince, Marin Sais, Gertrude Robinson, William Farnum, Marjorie Daw and Gail Kane. In the September CLASSIC we were favored by Norma Talmadge, Crane Wilbur and Ruth Roland, and in the October MAGAZINE by Antonio Moreno, Darwin Karr and Edwin McKim. In the October CLASSIC Myrtle Stedman, Fay Tincher, Marguerite Clayton and Pauline Frederick were the writers, and our readers will hear from many other distinguished players and directors in following issues of both MAGAZINE and CLASSIC. Those who are interested in the subject should read each and every article, because that is the only way to get a thoro and comprehensive view of the situation. Besides, opinions differ, and each writer seems to throw some new light on the subject. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting people to try to get into the Motion Picture business; we merely wish to show the requirements and possibilities, and to supply a long-felt want for dependable information on this important subject.

By KATHLYN WILLIAMS
The Versatile Morosco Star

THE demand for pictures is almost impossible to fill. And good actors, especially those that screen well, can command almost any salary. The profession knows this, and as a result the studios are overrun with talented and experienced people. At the present time there are three persons for every position, and the person with the experience has the advantage. There is a demand for all types, but it seems as if the small women are preferred. An expressive face, a good figure and the ability to "put over" an idea are the principal requirements. As application letters are not always answered, it is advisable for the applicant to apply in person, if possible, to the producer or the manager of the company. If this is impossible, the applicant should send three photos, a full-faced, profile and full figure. Photographs are, however, not very satisfactory, as it is an easy matter to have a photo retouched. I do not advise starting as an extra, if one has had previous experience on the stage. However, I know some very fine actors and actresses who started as extras. The average salary for beginners is from $20 to $30 a week, and extras are usually paid from $2 to

KATHLYN WILLIAMS (MOROSCO)

$5 a day. If I were a beginner and wanted to get in, I would apply at the different studios, and keep applying until I had gotten my chance to see the manager. I would ask him for a trial and would try and impress him with my earnestness and sincerity. So many of the girls who apply come fixed up like a chorus-girl, and, while waiting for the manager, giggle and flirt with the office boy or stenographer, and in that way hope to make a good impression. They will never get there if they start out in that fashion. Extras can advance themselves only by paying strict attention to the director and doing their best work, even if it is only in a mob scene. A smooth skin, a straight nose, a pretty smile and good teeth are absolutely necessary. About five feet four inches and weighing about 125 pounds seems to be the ideal height and weight.

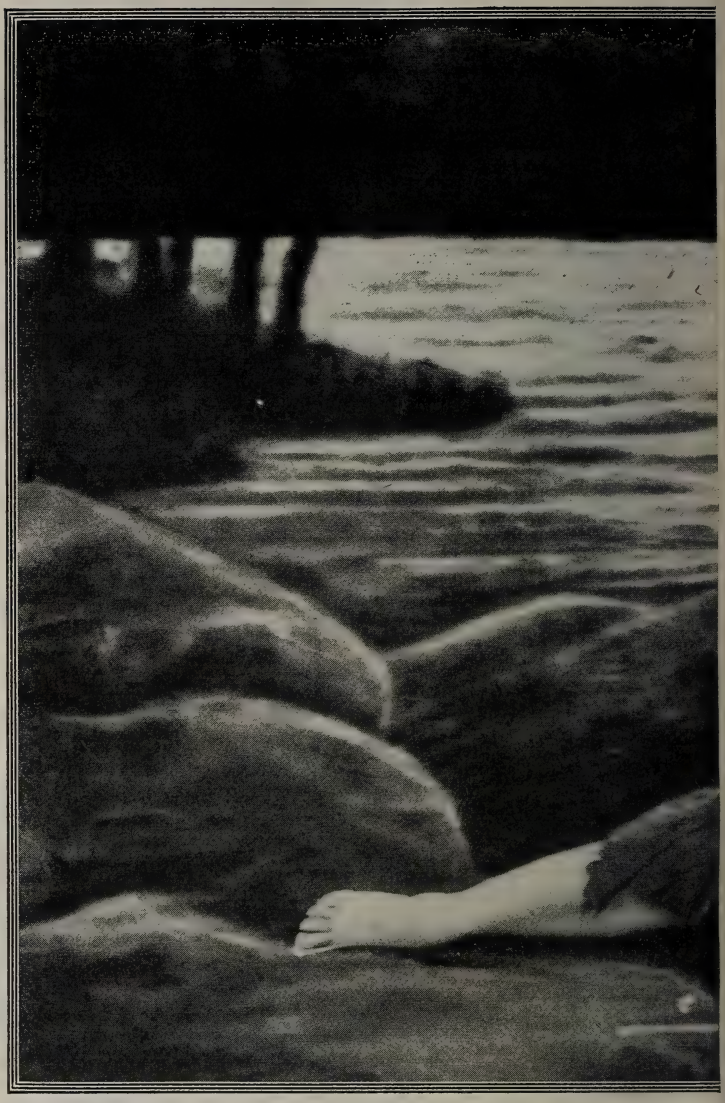


Photo by Floyd

By MARY FULLER

The Many-sided Star of the Universal Company

ALTHO the movies are besieged with people trying to "get in," I believe there is always a good chance for the applicant with the proper qualifications. The best study of the drama for an actor is actual stage experience, and such stage experience is of great benefit to the movie player. This stage experience is not absolutely necessary, however, if one has a first-class director, but as there are comparatively few very good directors, and as stage training is an invaluable asset whether you have a good director or not, I think applicants with stage training stand a better chance for an engagement and for rapid promotion.

I do not believe in submitting descriptions or pictures. Such a course is a waste of time for both applicant and manager. The best way is to have a personal interview with "the powers that be." I do advise starting as an extra, if you can get nothing better to start with. Starting as an extra, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. You can learn everything as you go along without too much being expected of you, and merited promotion is always gratifying along the lines of wholesome development. Beauty, or at least "screen beauty," is essential. Interesting personality, charm of manner, imag-

MARY FULLER

inative insight, beauty, stage experience, the courage of one's convictions, and originality are the principal requirements. Originality of the right kind counts for a great deal; in fact, it is one of the most valuable assets in pictures. By having and developing a charming and original style of your own, you stand a good chance of not only becoming a leading favorite, but of being a high-priced and marketable quantity on the movie checkerboard. The demand for "eccentric" types is limited, and unless such a one happens to strike the popular fancy thru some inherent individuality, his or her chances of continuous work are small.

A bad nature often shows in the face; too great irregularity of features is detrimental; striking complexion blemishes are apt to show, if they are beyond the power of grease-paint to cover; a form that is too fat or heavy (unless for comedy parts) is bad. A face that is the index of a sparkling and intelligent nature, features of regularity and charm, complexion that has the proper shade and texture for camera lights, and a slender and graceful form are some of the attributes of the

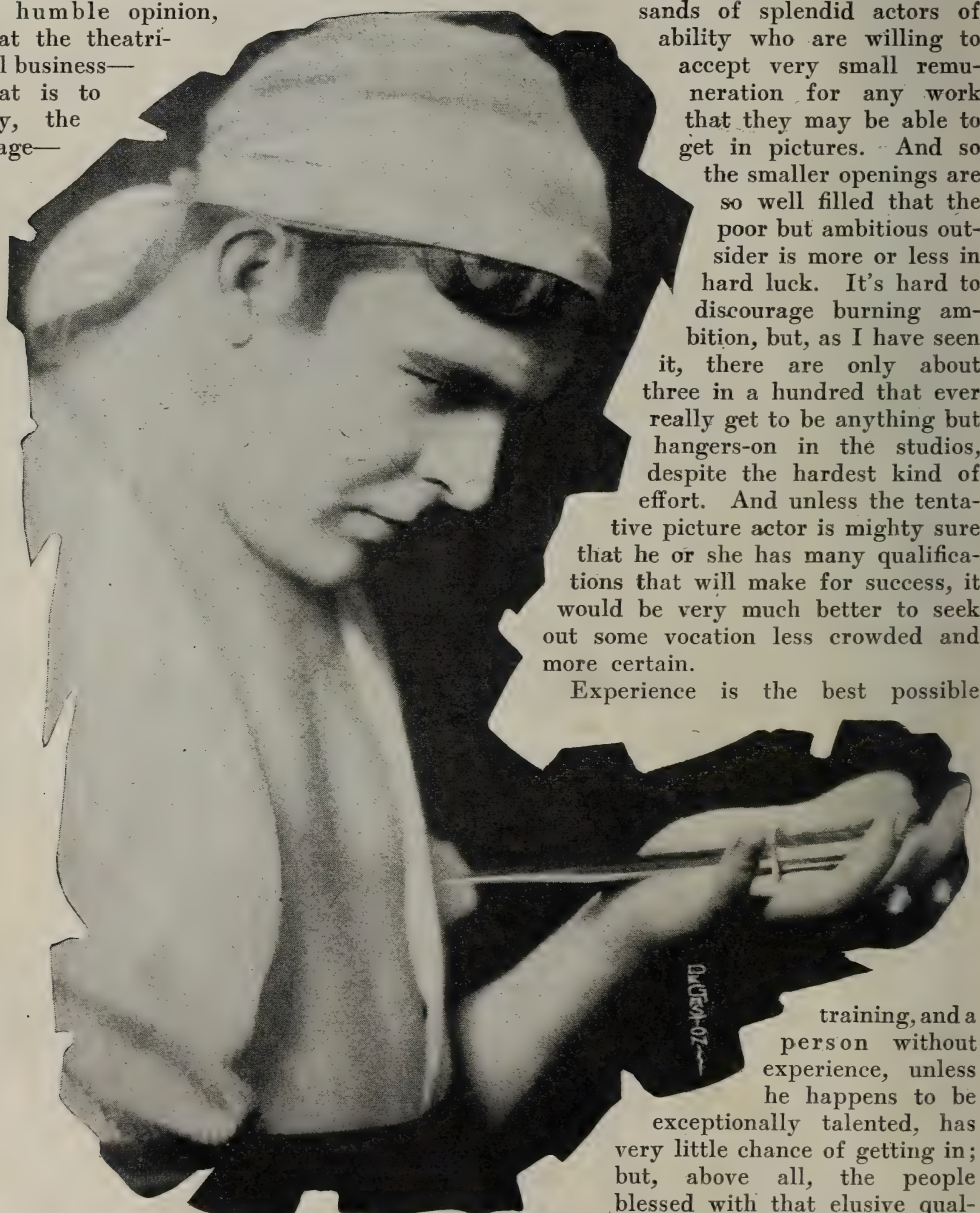
face, feature, complexion and form. In conclusion, let me state that the best ways in which extras can advance themselves are by studying their work, themselves, and what the public likes, by being a close observer of the screen, and by having resolute sincerity and being "on the job" always.

By WALLACE REID

The Popular Leading Man of the Lasky Company

It is a pretty tough game to break into in this day and age, for the reason, in my humble opinion, that the theatrical business—that is to say, the stage—has suffered so much in the past few years that there are thousands upon thousands of splendid actors of ability who are willing to accept very small remuneration for any work that they may be able to get in pictures. And so the smaller openings are so well filled that the poor but ambitious outsider is more or less in hard luck. It's hard to discourage burning ambition, but, as I have seen it, there are only about three in a hundred that ever really get to be anything but hangers-on in the studios, despite the hardest kind of effort. And unless the tentative picture actor is mighty sure that he or she has many qualifications that will make for success, it would be very much better to seek out some vocation less crowded and more certain.

Experience is the best possible training, and a person without experience, unless he happens to be exceptionally talented, has very little chance of getting in; but, above all, the people blessed with that elusive quality known as personality—they



WALLACE REID IN "CARMEN" (LASKY)

have the best chance. I think starting as an extra is about the only way of getting in nowadays. Influence is not necessary, but sometimes is a decided aid. The average salary for those lucky enough to get in stock is about $20 to $30. Yes, indeed, I know of many extras who have finally gotten in, as, for instance, Anita Stewart, and oh! so many others.

There is a demand for old women, homely girls, fat men, etc., but it comes only at irregular intervals, when chance or the scenario writer puts such a character into a story, and mostly, I have noticed, it is the irony of fate that causes a slump in types in all the studios at once, and then a reflex action and wholesale demand all at once.

Age, height, weight, coloring (as to eyes, hair and complexion) is the briefest description of a person's looks and figure to submit. It happens innumerable times that directors will coach extras who are talented. Originality, if applied in the right way, counts for a great deal. It is his originality that is netting Charlie Chaplin $10,000 a week, and the very best and most artistic directors are the most open to suggestion from the humblest quarters.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

By FLORENCE VINCENT

SHE had wanted to be an actress all her life. She was an old, old lady now, bent, palsied and infirm, waiting outside the studio gate. She stood alone and apart from all the others, clusters of young girls, men, women and boys who were gathered together in excited little groups, garrulous and uneasy. [illegible]

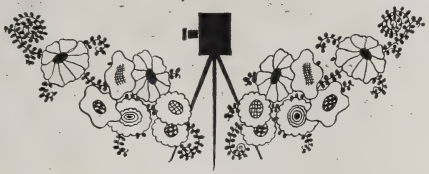
but she lingered at the bedside of a sick mother.

At twenty-five she met Charlie. And at thirty she no longer found time for dreams, with a baby in her arms and a tiny tot following at her heels.

So the years had flown, some swiftly, some slowly. Charlie was dead, and the

When the Camera's Away DUSTY WILL PLAY

By Martha Groves McKelvie



BALANCING himself on a sawbuck with the grace of an acrobat, Dustin Farnum invited the writer to make herself comfortable on the top of a handy sugar-barrel "way back home" on his Bucksport (Me.) farm.

It was a vacation day for "Dusty" and he was out to enjoy it, as usual, under the open sky, reporters notwithstanding.

Having accomplished the top of the sugar-barrel without mishaps, the writer looked expectantly at Dusty. He rose to the look and exclaimed, "This is the life! What can be compared to a good old farm, the real 'tall grass' article, with all the live stock, the ancient apple orchard, the hayfields, the swimming hole—altho all my swimming, sailing and fishing are done out in the bay; little ponds were never deep enough for me—all the nourishing food that can be obtained here—and the fresh milk! There is nothing like it!

For a moment the writer's fancy strayed to "Big Ben." With vague memories of farm hospitality, she couldn't help wishing it was near noon. She envied Dusty the vacations spent on this charming farm, his birthplace, the place you can always safely look for him whenever they will give him a moment away from the studio. She also, very incidentally, envied him the fresh milk.

In answer to the query as to how he spends his leisure hours, the Pallas Pictures screen idol continued: "When I'm home here I'm up with the sun, and in about an hour or so you can find me among the hills, getting some speed out of the four legs of 'Monty,' my 'hoss.'

"Of course, this is only after I have seen to it that my animals on the place have been given their breakfast. After a vigorous gallop I'm ready for a sort of a second breakfast, that is quite welcome." (Jiminy! thought she of the sugar-barrel, this is *surely* the life! Two breakfasts in one morning are beyond the imagination of a mere writer. We would be glad to register a "welcome" for breakfast number one.) "Then," continued Dusty, "I get into the fields with the men and do some laboring, such as pitching hay, tilling, etc. After dinner I hie myself to the lake, or to the bay, and indulge in my greatest sport, fishing. At that lake I have caught some bass that——"

Was it an "I knew it was coming" look that caused Dusty to call a halt and finish the sentence with, "Well—I dont want to start telling you any fish stories"?

I had heard something regarding Dusty's winning the silver button of the Light Tackle Club, the élite fishing club of Catalina Island, in California, and when I pinned him down he admitted his guilt. With encouragement on my part, he related how it was accomplished:

"My brother Bill and I had planned to land the button between us and made arrangements to hang up a new record. Bill awoke early—about three-thirty A. M.—and tried to induce me to get started immediately. He pleaded, but in vain, and went off alone. At noon he returned and with much pride displayed three big bonita fish, each around the thirty-pound mark.

"Just before sundown I prepared my light rod and silk line and went out to win the button. When I returned I had four big fellows each over the thirty-pound mark. Here's the button for the largest catch in fourteen months of the Light Tackle Club," concluded Dusty, displaying the prize attached to his watch-fob.

On inquiring why he waited until late afternoon before starting out for the prize, Dusty replied, with a smile and a wink, that this gave the fish time to get real hungry.

That's the difference between a reporter and a fish. You dont have to wait that long for a reporter to get hungry.

Of course I didn't tell Dusty that! Mother told me, when I was a kid, that it wasn't polite to ask for anything to eat when you were visiting folks. Just the same, I'll bet Dusty and a lot of other stars would like to know the real difference between a reporter and a fish.

"But to return to my day's routine when on vacation," smiled the screen idol. "After enjoying myself with the rod, I usually crank up the *David Garrick*, my new speed-boat, for a few turns around the bay, which I usually follow up with a swim.

"An hour or so before supper (as I said before, 'This *is* the life!'), I spend my time around the farm, my rose-garden, the barn, *et al.* In the evening I spruce up the car, and keep the officers of the law guessing as to whether I'm keeping just about within the speed limit or just a little over. My folks are always with me in my amusements and enjoy the outdoor sports as much as I do. Bill and I have a lot of fun together—we have been pals in all our sports since boyhood, whenever this was possible.

"DUSTY" FARNUM IS NEVER TOO BUSY TO NEGLECT HIS HORSE, CAR AND MOTOR-BOAT

"Once in a while one of my boyhood friends at Bucksport takes a day off, 'b'gosh!' and accepts an opportunity to enjoy life with me. My vacation days are not all spent in this routine. Hunting, golf, baseball and other sports receive my due attention. In all cases I manage to keep out-of-doors and enjoy myself under the open sky. That's the reason why I prefer Motion Pictures to the stage.

"Take most of my photoplays—'The Call of the Cumberlands,' 'The Gentleman from Indiana,' 'Ben Blair,' 'Davy Crockett,' 'The Parson of Panimint'—all dreams of the great outdoors, with plenty of red-blooded action, chiefly enacted on the plains, the mountains or in the fields.

"Acting before the camera demands much hard work and often iron nerve (good field for a reporter); that's why I leave California far behind and hie myself to this little farm when an opportunity for recuperation presents itself."

When the dinner-bell rang, as it did just here, the reporter registered "haste" in climbing off the sugar-barrel, while Dusty relinquished the sawbuck with a sigh of anticipation.

Those who agree with me 'n' Dusty that "this is the life!" say "Aye!"

The "Ayes" have it!

OVERHEARD AT A MOVIE EXPOSITION

By MARJORIE McCOY ENOS

"My! there's Harold Lockwood; aint he just grand?" The speaker beamed upon her fellow admirers with a finality that brooked no disapproval. She was very pale and frightfully slender; clay-colored hair, done à la Mary Pickford, and all "dolled up"; noisy plaid with colors that fairly shrieked even among that multi-hued throng, and hands that outrivaled in "jewels" even the most prosperously endowed star. She shoved with all the force of her bony elbows thru the mob that lingered before the Metro booth, and sighed as she reached a coveted place against the railing. Here she stood, chewing her gum like "a lady" and staring at the stars of the screen in open-mouthed wonder, as tho beholding for the first time some strange animal just arrived at the zoo in Central Park.

A companion joined her.

"Have you saw him, Daisy?"

Daisy silently pointed one stubby finger toward Mr. Lockwood, who was the last word in evening clothes, and looking even more handsome than on the screen, but trying to appear very indifferent to the crowd, devoting most of his attention to lovely May Allison, who was industriously applying her signature to a bit of cardboard thrust over the rail by a dirty little urchin.

Daisy's companion clutched her in a wide-eyed amazement. "My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "Aint he just beautiful! Did you ever see such ivories as he's got?"

Suddenly an idea seemed to enter the empty compartment. She extracted a much soiled powder-puff from a more dingy kerchief and furtively dabbed her freckled nose. Her eye that turned in righted itself, and she courageously edged nearer. A youth within the enclosure sighted her evident agitation, and stopped his cry of:

"Do you know about the Actors' Fund, ladies and gentlemen?" and gallantly answered her beckoning call.

She made a desperate effort at articulation; the words seems to stick in her throat. At last she quavered:

"Is—is—is he mar-ried?"

The youth stared, choked, then replied:

"I—I dont know; I'll ask him."

Eyes twinkling, shoulders a-quiver, he approached the contemplated victim.

"The young lady here wants to know if you are married, Mr. Lockwood."

Mr. Lockwood took one hasty glance in the direction indicated, flushed to the roots of his hair, and murmured something under his breath.

The youth returned. Even Daisy stopped chewing her gum and waited. The moment was so tense, both were totally unconscious of other elbows plunged into thin, delicate ribs, and blissfully unaware that they were losing the beautiful feathers donated by "The Red Feather Company."

"Yes," the youth stated. "He says that he is married; has seven wives." Then he suddenly turned his back.

Daisy was too stunned for utterance, but her companion ejaculated:

"Lead me from the altar! I didn't know that he was a Mormon," she sighed reflectively; then added, "and him so sweet and pure-looking!"

Her friend met her eyes sympathetically.

"Let's get an ice-cream cone, Daisy." So they passed to other booths.

MR. BUGG PROVES A PROVERB

A THRILLING MOVIE BY WALTER WELLMAN

MR. BUGG IS A BELIEVER IN PROVERBS
IT SAYS HERE THAT 'A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.'
I WONDER IF THAT'S SO.
AH! HERE COMES MR. HUMBUGG.
MR. BUGG CONSULTS FRIEND HUMBUGG
THEY SAY 'A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.'
SO THEY SAY.
WELL, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT IF IT'S SO.
HEY! TAKE MY ADVICE AND DON'T DO IT.
MR. BUGG FINDS A BIRD.
AH! THERE'S A BIRD NOW.
I'VE GOT ONE! I'VE GOT ONE!
THAT PROVERB IS WRONG.

E. H. SOTHERN AND PEGGY HYLAND IN

"The CHATTEL"

Vitagraph

By Gladys Hall

This story was written from the Photoplay of PAUL WEST

Out of a dunghill of sordidness and poverty, depravity and filth, Blake Waring had shoved, snarled, bled, bitten his way to an ultimate victory. He had cast off the slough of his murky birth and nameless childhood as one sheds a nasty scab. He had risen from a sewer to a pinnacle. From being cursed and spat upon, he was flattered and fawned upon. From the stench of a home crowded with unwashed humans, stale with drink, horrible with destitution, he had enthroned himself amidst the glories of many lands —beauties wrested from the secret

places—priceless things one does not merely buy. And in the process of his evolution he had reverted to type. He had harked back to the Stone Age, where primitive men, even as he, had shoved, and snarled, and bled, and bitten their anguished, manacled way to victory. *Possession*—that was his code. Possession absolute—uninfringed upon—entire. "I must and will have the best," he thundered; "for it I will pay any price, and count the cost fair. But once the thing is mine, it is *mine own,* and none shall interfere."

"It will be the same with my wife, when I find her," he told Patricia Delevan as they stood together in Roger Carvin's home waiting for the auction of his paintings to begin. "It will be the same with her as with this painting I am going to have, and I *am going* to *have* it tho it cost me blood-money. What I own I toil for with the very sinews of my soul and the sweat of my heart. It has always been so. And when I own it, I own it. Be it a woman, I shall break her to my life according to my precepts—to my death, if need be, according to my time. Will she love me? Ah, that is different."

Mrs. Delevan laughed amusedly. "Do you really think," she said, "that you can make of a woman of today your *thing?* Dont you know that in the very process you are in danger of becoming *her* thing? That her tenderness may be your taskmaster—her frailty the rod under which you bend your back as servilely as you expect her to bend to you? Haven't you read enough to know that gigantic souls, colossal minds, wills that have moved worlds have come at last, cringing, pleading, to eat from a woman's hand?"

Waring smiled contemptuously.

"Weaklings—under the skin," he denied, radically—"mighty powers with a stream of turgid yellow smirching them. Mind, will, soul, what are they, when over the triumvirate stands, dominant, the senses? I shall be free of these things, I say. I shall buy my woman as I buy my house and all that it contains—as I buy my jewels and know them to be without flaw. I shall hoard her, bank her as I bank my gold, and take it out for my own secret pleasure that I may watch it glitter——"

Mrs. Delevan shuddered. "What has made you so barren of tenderness?" she asked—"wiped your heart sterile of dreams——"

"Life," he answered her curtly, as they moved nearer the babel of voices—"life, that has taught me what one does not own utterly, one does not own at all—life, that has taught me the lesson of a luscious fruit held near the eager lips, then, as they move near it, fain of its fragrance, they find it snatched away—*eat* the fruit life holds out to me—grapple for it—consume it—*have* it. That picture"—his cold eyes gleamed as the colorful masterpiece was uncovered and the auctioneer stood before it—"that picture shall epitomize my code. It shall be hung in my home as the crux upon which I shall order my life. The woman depicted there is the keynote of absolute possession. The man *owns* her—he owns her quivering, obedient flesh—he owns her subjected, groping mind—he owns her eager, unfound soul. It shall be so with me."

There were many who said afterward that there was something repulsive in Blake Waring's bids for the picture—his stupendous offers, his strident voice, his greedy eye and locked jaw seemed to gobble up, as it were, the smaller offers, the more timid voices. And when the auctioneer had given him the picture, a sudden gray spread over his cheek-bones as tho the victory had been too hard-won.

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Delevan behind him, "on your—possession."

Blake Waring smiled, but his eyes were not on the glowing canvas. "Who is that woman over there?" he asked, quickly.

Patricia Delevan followed his eye, and her eyes softened. "That is Leila Bard," she answered, "one of the dearest, finest girls in the world, Mr. Waring. Far too fine," she added, troublously, as she saw the renewed fire in his eye, "for *your* theories."

Waring's eyes did not leave the girl's gracious figure—the poise of her proud head—the dark of her smiling eyes. But he shook his head. "Not too fine," he

BLAKE WARING IS THE HIGHEST BIDDER FOR "THE CHATTEL"

answered; "for my theories ask only that a woman be *all* woman—the female to the male—the perfect complement."

Patricia Delevan snorted. "Leila Bard is too much a *person* to be a *complement,*" she retorted, and moved away.

The next week, at the opera, she introduced them. The introduction was inevitable, and long afterward Mrs. Delevan knew that all that followed was inevitable, too—that the fates of this man and this woman had been carved by destiny, past and beyond the ethics of society.

Waring threw himself into the possession of Leila as rapaciously, as violently as he did into anything and everything else. He weighted her down with flowers in and out of season, fruits known only to the epicure backed by millions, rare editions of rarer books, quaint gifts proclaiming loudly the many tongues of his power. He publicly abandoned his vast business projects, and was dragged, a willing slave, at her chariot-wheel, and when he could, he made such love to her that it shook her senses till her world quivered. There was that about him that could not be gainsaid. He was vast, he was elemental, he was epoch-making. He dwarfed the other men of her acquaintance till he seemed a veritable Brobdingnag among Lilliputians. He told her of his early life, and she shuddered at his descriptions. He told of his determinations, iron, ruthless things, and she thrilled to the power of them. He told of his triumphs, and she wept at the lonely glory of them. There awoke in her breast an overwhelming pity for this man—so gigantic and so alone, so crowded, so desolate, so emancipated, so sheerly primitive. She saw herself companioning him at last as never, in the long battlefield of his life, had he been companioned before. She saw herself holding his hand, taut to his side, in the midst of his struggles, pillowing his wearied head on her heart in the after-

maths of his victories. She saw herself keeping pace with him, fearlessly, gladly, joyously, till their feet struck the pathway that leads among the stars. It was a brave vision.

At last, crushed to him till the violets at her breast bled out their perfumed souls on the air, she whispered, "Yes." Then, in tense answer to his reiterated query, "Yes, yes, my love—my love——"

On the eve of the wedding Leila Bard's father had a long talk with Waring, then mysteriously disappeared. Waring gave out that he had gone on a long and indefinite ocean voyage, and the conjecture was hushed up. Leila knew that there had been money troubles, but some innate delicacy forbade her questioning Waring when he was so obviously silent. "This lies between your father and myself," he told her on their wedding-trip, when the matter came up one time.

"But I am your wife and his daughter," she had insisted; "surely, I have a right——"

"Women *have* no rights," he had said; but he had laughed, and she had not guessed the stern kernel of belief behind the jest.

There followed a year of triumph and almost perfect contentment for Blake Waring. His wife seemed to gratify the whole of his code of possession; she was his—absolutely—utterly. She adorned his home, she wore his jewels, she spent his money, and catered to his friends. She took his kisses—his alone—was close to him in the silent hours. She reflected his opinions, laughed with him, wept with him, gave him of herself freely and without stint. "It is of this I have dreamed," he would muse, smoking before the fire and watching the beautiful canvas, "The Chattel," and he wondered vaguely at a lone pain within him that somehow had not been stilled.

For Leila it had been a year, first of a rapturous joy, then a sudden wonderment and introspection; lastly, of awakening and comprehension. She came to know, with a poignant sorrow, a great resentment, just what she meant to Blake Waring—came to realize that he had selected her as he would have selected a gem he admired and craved; that he had taken toll of her as he would of anything he had bought—anything he owned; that he gave her nothing save as *his* possession. Where was her brave visioning of comradeship—a bond so close, so unified, that there would cease to be a separate I and Thou—a love that would sink below the individual and take root in the great evolution of the race—burrow deep down into the first law of things? She had thought him a mighty lover; he had been only a vandal—destroying her heart, her reticences, her independence till he had obtained her. He had begun to treat her of late even as the bestial slave-driver must have treated the cowering girl in "The Chattel." He flung jewels her way, words of flattery, void of all personal sentiment, and lashed her sensibilities at the same time by his indifference.

Leila Bard, in her way, was as forceful a woman as Waring was a man. Superficialities could never fill her great, splendid heart—never appease her soul nor gratify her mind. Hers was the vehement, passionate nature that demands the inner core of things, or else is desolate. There were many women who would have been glad to be Blake Waring's *thing;* to be world-honored as his wife—wear his jewels—queen it in his home. These things were less than nothing to Leila Bard. She wanted the naked heart of the man—close to her own. She wanted the secret places of his mind, the barrenest steppes of his soul. She wanted his joy and his pain, his pride, and, if need be, his dark disgrace. But always she must be *within.* She was of the type who stands close-riven to a man, tho the world stone him and all men accurse him. But in return she must *have the man.*

It had been a slow awakening, as such things usually are—little things that he had left undone; demands that he had made, the demands a master makes of a slave, demands that deny the right of individuality or personal will.

"You will be home at night when I return," he ordered her once; "it is what you are here for."

Jealousy was strong within him, too, the jealousy that goes with the possessive

"HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY—FOR ME?" SHE ASKED

male, the blind jealousy without mentality. "You are not for other men's eyes," he told her once when she had been much admired at the opera in her décolleté, "nor for other men's ears, nor touch."

Leila would not have cared, perhaps would have thrilled to this mastery, had love stood behind it—a distorted love, perhaps, but love, nevertheless, hungry, selfish, desirous. There was no love animating Waring's demands. It was pride, pure and simple—the pride a man takes in the things that he owns, not because of their value, their personal worth, but solely because they are *his*.

The climax came on the night of one of Waring's renowned business dinners. Breckenridge Harding, an old business associate and an intimate friend of Waring's, dropped in at dusk to tell Leila that he would be obliged to remain away. Both Harding and Patricia Delevan had seen for some months that things were not well with Leila. There was a droop to her mouth, a lifelessness to her eyes that bespoke a dreariness of soul, a dimming of dreams. Breck Harding felt a great compassion for her. He knew Blake Waring and the utter vandalism of the man. He knew too well his stern creed of possession. He knew the meaning of the famous painting hanging on the wall. He thought he knew the meaning of the beautiful, wearied woman before him—the woman who, having so much to give, found it thrown back upon her, found herself baffled, repulsed, bruised and stunned.

Tonight, as he made his excuses, his pity rose within him like a flood. She looked so lovely in the firelight, in her gown of shadowy amethyst, the jewels sending strange fires into the shadows of her hair; her face so white, so wistful. They had grown to be quite good friends in the casual talks they had had together.

"Mrs. Waring," he said, taking her hand in his gently and speaking swiftly, "I'm not being presumptuous, really, but I know you are worried, a bit hurt. I just want to say that you mustn't mind Blake. He—his business cares are stupendous, you know, and if he seems——"

Leila raised her head, and her eyes flashed. "Please stop," she commanded

sharply; then, seeing the genuine hurt in his, her eyes flooded with quick tears, and she caught his hand to her impulsively. "Forgive me," she begged. "I know that you mean it kindly, and I—I really—— Why, Blake!"

The man who emerged from the shadows into the firelight had an unfamiliar look to his face. He seemed to have lost the semblance of a man and taken on the likeness of the brute. "Get out of my house, Harding," he barked; "get—out—of—my—house, you—*sneak-thief!*"

Harding started, then glanced at Leila's distended eyes, and choked something down his throat. "Blake," he said, "you are at fault; you——"

"Get—out—of—my—house!" Waring snarled the words, and his body crouched as tho about to spring. Harding cast another glance at Leila's rigid face, then he bowed and left the house.

The door closed, and Waring turned on Leila, his face empurpled, his breath coming gustily, horridly. "You—you—*false thing!*" he snarled; "have I not told you that you are for me—for *my own?* Have I not told you that you belong to me—to *me* as utterly, as abjectly as that slave-girl in 'The Chattel' belongs to the Moor? Dont you know that I *bought* you, paid my money for you; that you are mine, every inch of you—your mind, your heart and your soul? You are my chattel, I say, to do with as I please, and before God I'll torture you to a martyr's death if I find a man's hand on you again, catch a man's eye drinking your beauty, or his ear your words. Yes, shrink, cower, for I could beat you if I would—beat you till I brought red blood from your white flesh—beat you till I sent your soul whimpering home to its futile God——"

He leaned near her, his eyes bloodshot, his voice grating, cruel. A silence followed his words, a silence that drained his face of its crimson tinge and sent a gray line over it. Then she said, quietly, "I am not shrinking, nor cowering. How —how was it you *paid* for me? I do not understand——"

"I paid for the honor of your father's name," he flung at her, "because I wanted *you;* because I had done with mire and disgrace, and did not want a wife with a stain in her family. I wanted you and I paid the price, and I count the cost fair; but you are mine, I say, *mine,* to do with as I will——"

"What had my father done?" she asked, and her voice chilled him like ice laid on his bloodless face.

"Embezzled—used funds not belonging to him—the way of all d—n fools!"

"How much"—her voice broke for the first time—"how much did you pay—for me?"

"A quarter of a million dollars"—he eyed her insolently, eyed her till she shrank within herself with shame—"and, by God! it was worth it," he finished.

There was another silence. The torn spot in Waring's heart seemed to grow till his whole being felt a void of pain. "What are you going to do?" he asked at length, and felt a dull surprise within himself that he should ask a woman what she meant to do.

"I am going in to entertain your guests," she answered him, levelly; "I am still your—chattel."

Something began to die in Blake Waring that night, and something in its place began to live. He never forgot Leila as she sat at the head of his table—armed with her ready wit, her gracious hospitality, her quick, sweet sympathy and understanding. She gave of all these abundantly, and the man who watched her knew that he had broken her loyal heart, trampled her sensibilities underfoot, taken her delicate spirit and crushed from it the essence of its joy.

"By God!" he thought to himself, "no *man* is as game as that. If—if it could be—possible——"

Waring had no time to think the following week. Some one had gained control of a stock he had inside tips on and wanted with the usual ferocity of his wanting. It rose higher and higher, and he finally bought it from the unknown owner at a quarter of a million. That night, for the first time since the night of the dinner, Leila sought him out in the library. In one hand she held a sheaf of banknotes, in the other a bag of gems. Her eyes, that had been like stars, were frozen points in her dead-white face; her mouth had hardened and aged.

WARING SLASHED THE PRICELESS CANVAS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

Some force had laid its hand upon her and wiped away her youth.

She forced the notes and the jewels into Waring's hands, and stepped back. "Your chattel has bought back her freedom," she said, clearly; "there is the purchase price——"

"Leila—how——"

She raised her hand contemptuously. "Oh, honorably," she sneered; "honorably as you acquired all your grandeur; honorably as you acquired *me*. I negotiated my jewels for the stock you wanted, bought it outright, held it, and sold it to you at—my price. Now I am done. I am a free thing again—no man's—my own."

Hours and hours after she had gone—out of his home—out of his life—Blake Waring sat before the graying embers, under the famous painting, and was born again. Fragments of his searing, bitter life danced crazily in his brain: his father beating his mother with a chair, and leaving her prostrate on the floor with a curse—his own sobbing, aching, craving determination to rise above his birth—the fist-to-fist, cruel years between. Nothing of tenderness in it all, nothing of sweetness, nothing of joy. Then Leila—Leila as he had seen her first—poised, proud, so beautiful; Leila as he had seen her last, frozen—all the joy and glamour of her first youth gone—abortively hard and cynical and cold. He had hung her with jewels and clad her in silks, as he would have done to a husk, and when he had done only a husk remained.

What had Patricia Delevan said that first day at the auction? "Her tenderness may be your taskmaster, her frailty the rod under which you bend your back——" Ah, she had spoken the truth. In that hour of his soul's eclipse, Blake Waring knew it. He would go thru the world forever, bent beneath the memory of her tenderness—forever servile to the youth he had destroyed. He would have been so glad to eat from her hand now; her hand, that had led him to a rarer altitude than he had ever breathed in—that would have led him, had he but cared to try, up among the stars.

They found him sitting before the dead

THE BLACK-BEARDED NEIGHBOR CUT HIS WAY THRU THE DEATHLY PERIL

fire in the morning, with glazed eyes, fevered face and muttered incoherencies.

He was ill for a long, long while—so ill that Patricia Delevan relented and came to see him, and Breck Harding called to inquire.

On the day of his convalescence they carried him into the library, and he begged to be left alone. For a long while he lay, inert, his eyes staring fixedly at "The Chattel." His lips moved, and feeble tears coursed down his sunken cheeks. "Yes, I was that," he mused bitterly, looking at the sensual, menacing face of the slave-owner; "I thought in my vainglory that I had outstripped my own people, outdistanced the vile blood that spawned me out into the gutter—but I hadn't. In my veins ran still the low smudge of the sodden men who broke women, body and soul, then made them the mothers of the race. The mothers of the race—Leila—a *chattel!*"

A sickly sweat broke out on the thin face, and for a long while he lay with closed eyes, then his lips moved again. "I hadn't risen," he thought; "for all my triumphs, I'd never *really* risen. I had no sense of values, no nicety of proportion. Leila, my girl, my wonderful, high-bred Madonna among women, and that slave-girl in the picture! I *compared* them. Bah!"

A sudden hot flush swept over the gravish face. He felt nervously, spasmodically in his pockets and unsheathed a strong pocket-knife. An instant later and the priceless canvas was slashed from top to bottom, and, strangely, the gash on the slave-girl's face gave to it the ghastly semblance of a smile, as if, thru annihilation, freedom came at last.

They found him on the floor, below the ruined thing, his knife in his nerveless hand, and foam around his mouth.

Patricia Delevan accepted her third tea-cup from Waring's thin hand, and smiled at him. "This," she commented, frankly, "is the first time I've ever *really* liked you. Now tell me what you want to know; I am consumed."

"Where is Leila, Patricia? That is what I want to know."

"Badly?" teased Patricia.

"So badly that—well, I cannot tell you *how* badly, Patricia," he finished, with dignity.

Patricia Delevan looked at him curiously, intently. It was a ravaged face

she saw, ravaged by more than bodily pain. But out of the crucible a *heart* had been born, a heart of understanding—that understanding which is humanity, and embraces within itself man and woman alike.

She leaned toward him. "She's at my camp on the north shore," she said, gently. "There's a tiny shack next door, vacant. Leila is very proud, very hurt——"

Blake Waring took the hint Patricia Delevan gave him. He grew a beard—a black, virile, disguising beard—and betook himself to the country.

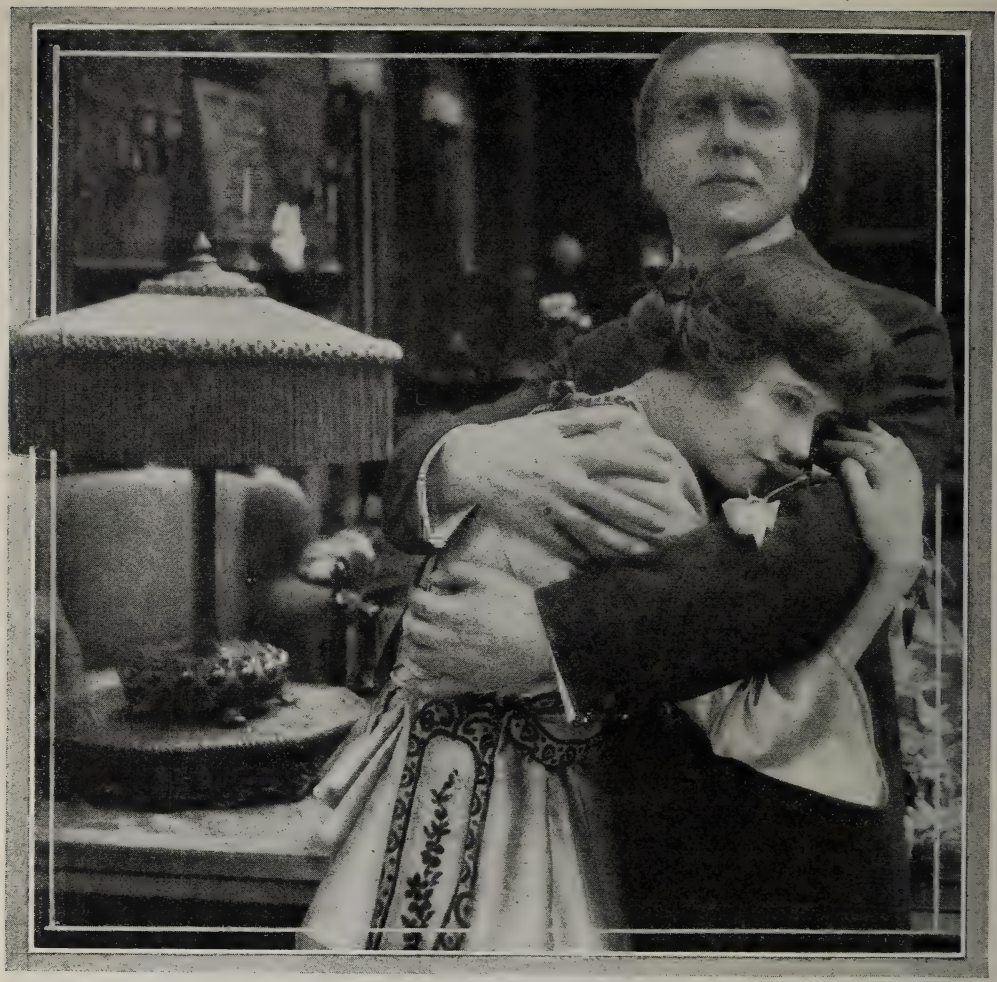
There in the woods, with the blue Sound gleaming in the distance, he lay in his hammock and watched her, and grew to know that all of his triumphs had been Dead Sea fruit; that he had never dreamed that, of all sweet things, the sweetest of these is love, the dear, one love of a woman.

"She used to like the *personal* things," he thought, remembering the wistful light in her eyes when the florist sent up the daily, soulless offering of orchids or beauties. And so he gathered a few flowers for her from the tiny, olden garden back of his door, and, long after she slept, he laid them at her door.

He did not know, but they brought to Leila's numbed heart a faint reviving hope in things, a tiny, glad belief that sentiment still lived—the sentiment that will remember the little kindly things, and so keep fresh the great heart of *all* things.

She came to look on the silent, black-bearded figure with a quiet, impersonal interest. "He is very kind," she thought; "I guess he knows—perhaps he, too——"

"LEAVE ME, PLEASE," SHE SAID DULLY



"I KISS THEM," SHE WHISPERED, AND WARING UNDERSTOOD

"Is the gentleman next door an invalid?" she asked the small, mutual delivery-boy one day.

"Nope; but he's *been* one," affirmed the lad. Then, looking up at the still beautiful face above him, he said, curiously, "He's got your picture on a table by his bed, ma'am. Dont you know him?"

"My picture!" Leila started, then looked incredulous. "Impossible," she smiled; "perhaps it's some fancy picture that looks like me——"

"No, *ma'am,*" emphasized the lad. "That there's no fancy picture; it's a *photo,* or I'll eat *nails.*"

"Or perhaps," mused Leila to the boy's cheerily retreating back, "perhaps it's the picture of some one who looked like me long ago. Perhaps, thru sorrow, he's lonely, like I am."

Three nights later Leila awoke to a sense of imminent suffocation—to the terrifying sight of her one door banked with fire and thick, yellowish smoke—and then to the vision of the black-bearded neighbor, cutting his way thru the deathly peril. A black-bearded stranger, with utterly strange eyes and Blake Waring's resonant, unforgetable voice!

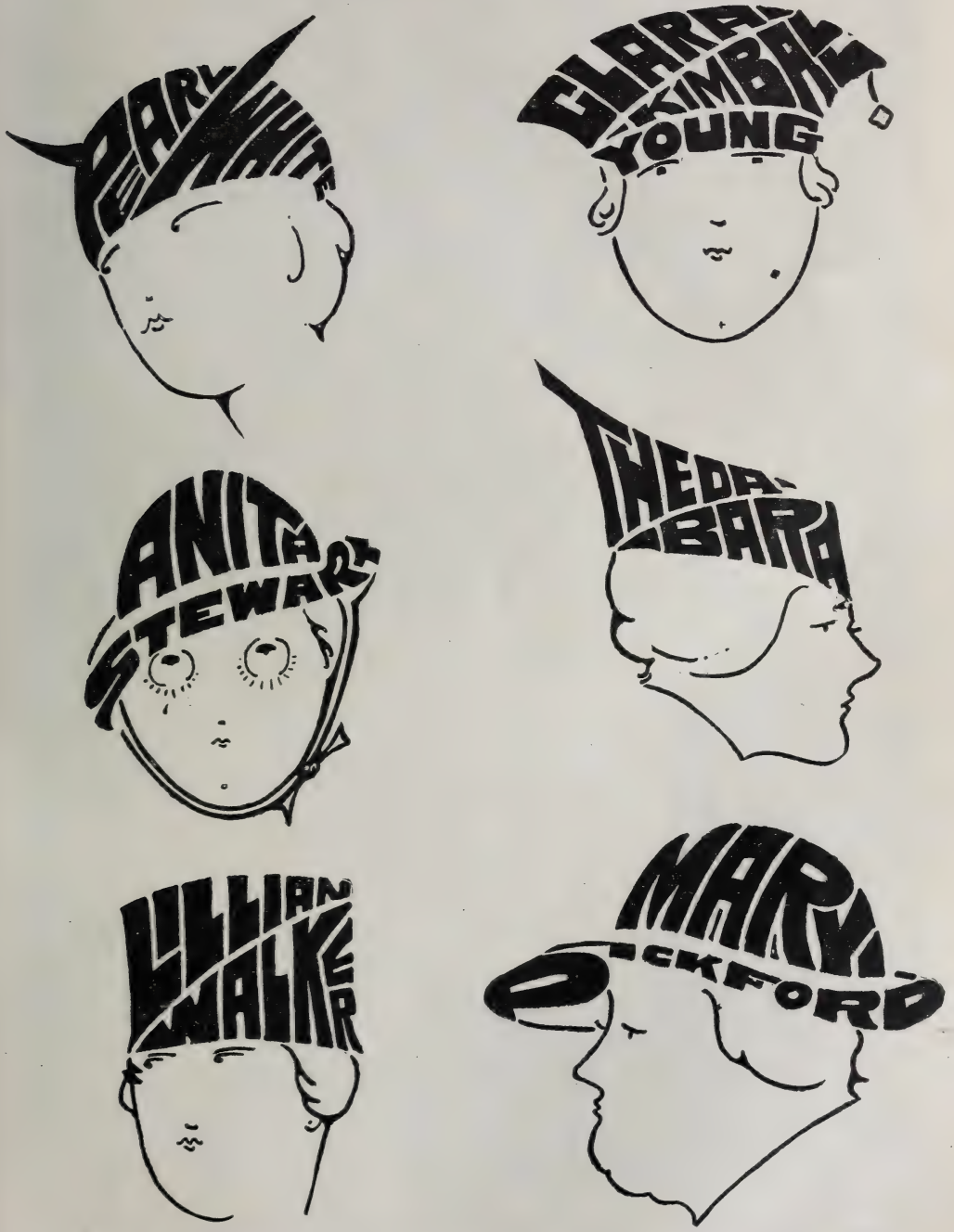
A curious night followed: the extinguishing of the fire first, excited conversation over its source, his discovery of it, what was saved, perfunctory thanks on her part, then silence. Silence absolute under the waning night—silence while the dawn flung its red banners of hope across the heavens, flaunting, challenging, eternal. Then Leila went inside to dress, and Waring crept home.

(*Continued on page* 172)

Appropriate Fall Millinery

For Admirers of Moving Picture Stars

By HARVEY PEAKE



Instead of using badges, stick-pins, pennants and pictures to announce your favorite, why not this more practical method?

MARGUERITE CLARK TAKES TEA BETWEEN ACTS

This dainty little film star is a light eater, and seldom touches meat, but she must have her little cup of tea occasionally

WE MADE THE JOURNEY TO GUATEMALA CITY IN TWO DAYS

Showing Below the Line

The Adventurous Difficulties of a Picture Showman in a Flight Thru a "Banana Republic"

By FRANK KAVANAUGH

I MET Gordon at Porto Barrios. He was broke. He had an old picture machine he had picked up in Jamaica, a four-reel film, with Spanish leaders and a box of carbons. The carbons were still in the office of the steamship company, because he hadn't the money to get them out. The machine and the reels he had brought as baggage. After a talk of ten minutes, I went into the Moving Picture business in Guatemala.

Zacapa, about forty miles up the line of the little, narrow-gauge railroad, Ferro Carril del Norte (The Railroad of the North), was our first show-place. It was impossible to get a house to show in, but after some diplomatic haggling we secured the use of a church. Our screen was the whitewashed wall of the church, just above the altar—or, rather, where the altar had once stood. The church had been out of use for several years.

Advertising was not necessary in Zacapa. Half the population watched us install the machine, which had to stand in the aisle because of the size of the church and our lens. That half told the other half all about the show, or as much as we could tell them, and by the time the doors opened, both halves were waiting for admittance. It was Zacapa's first picture show.

Guatemala money is all paper, except the coinage of nickel below five cents in value. At that time the paper money was worth twenty to one—that is, it took twenty dollars of the native currency to buy one dollar American. We placed our admission fee at one peso—about five cents. We gave the four-reel play, and then repeated it.

That reel deserves mention. It was "A Trip to the Moon." Four scientists invent a cannon, the bullet of which is fitted as a living-house for them. When they are all aboard, the cannon is fired, and the bullet goes into space. The moon, at first in the far distance, draws nearer until, when it covers the screen, the bullet hits it in the eye. Tears fall from the eye, copiously, and hit the spectators, back on earth, who stand watching. Then the bullet appears close up, and the scientists open the door and get out. After a series of adventures, during which the earth men fight men and animals of strange appearance, they come back to earth by the simple expedient of pushing their bullet over the side of the moon. They land in a bay, and a little tugboat tows them ashore,

ZACAPA WAS A GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE UNTIL THE PICTURE SHOW STRUCK IT

all the scientists astride the bullet. Oh! it was a thriller, all right, and the natives couldn't get enough of it. But after showing it twice that night we closed.

We had counted the money and were turning out the lights, when a squad of soldiers appeared. They talked to me, as I was the best dressed. Would the Americano be kind enough to come and see the chief of police? He was anxious to see me and had sent an escort. I went.

The chief and the jefe politico (mayor) were together when I entered the room. They were polite, but with that politeness that cuts. I was informed that as I was taking all the money in Zacapa from the natives, it was but meet that the city officials should have their bit. We call it a hold-up in this country. I have slipped a sergeant of police a five-spot in Kansas City on Sunday nights when I just couldn't keep a few people out of the aisle. So, as in Kansas City afterward, my hand went to my pocket, and was quickly withdrawn—empty. Some one had "touched" me.

The chief himself accompanied me to the church. It was dark and silent now, and Gordon was gone! So were the machine, film-rolls and box of carbons. I thought this was strange, as we had announced a show for the next night. As I searched the improvised box-office for my roll of "billetes" (paper money), I saw a message in English scribbled on the white wall. It read:

Dodge the bulls and walk toward the city (Guatemala City, the capital), and you will find me at the next station on the railroad some time tomorrow. I have the roll. G.

The police chief was all the "law" near. I muttered something about "looking outside a moment," and, as he followed me out, I struck a match. Once outside, I threw the match into his face and did a marathon down the street.

In Zacapa the railroad station is about half a mile from the town proper. Before the police chief had recovered from his astonishment, I was at the station, and there I lost no time in hot-footing it down the line. Once, late that night, or early next morning, I became sleepy and lay down for a few hours on a pile of tiles, only to wake with the largest flock of mosquitoes, outside of New Jersey, on my face. After that I walked steadily, and at daylight I entered the first little town out of Zacapa. There were no signs of Gordon, the machine and films, or the carbons. The wiring I didn't mind; we had borrowed most of it from the electric company at Zacapa, and they had collected in advance for the current.

The sun rose, and the day began to get warm. I sought a shady portion of the station platform and fell asleep. A punch on the shoulder awakened me. It was Gordon!

"Get up!" he said. "How many drinks of aguardiente (a native whisky) can you stand?"

"I never drink," I protested, "but perhaps I can stand one or two. Why?"

"The train wont be here until four o'clock, and I must keep the burro-man drunk until then." It may be explained here that a burro is a miniature American mule. Gordon had hired two and a

WE WERE TURNING OUT THE LIGHTS WHEN A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS APPEARED

driver the afternoon before in case of the necessity for a quick getaway. He knew the Latin-American countries.

"Why not let him keep sober?" I asked.

"He'll talk and get us into trouble," Gordon replied. "We'll stick by him until he gets good and drunk—too drunk to talk. If you cant drink as much as he can, chuck them over your shoulder. Do anything to keep him soused—soused to the gills. Here," and he threw me the "roll."

After a ceremonious introduction, I asked the burro-driver over for a drink. The invitation was accepted instanter.

We adjourned to a cantina (saloon). I ordered one drink, then another, and another, until I lost count of them. I could afford it, as they cost but three cents each. With water they cost one cent more, but my guest looked at my water with such disdain that I knew he never would be a laundryman. During the drinking he told me the story of his life, with digressions. I never did keep account of the number of glasses of real good aguardiente I threw over my shoulder that day. Along about noon Gordon, having waybilled his effects, came over and relieved me, and an hour before train-time the burro-driver's head fell on the table, dead drunk. Giving the cantina-keeper a dollar to treat the driver with when he awoke, we went to the depot. That night we arrived at the end of the track, a place called El Rancho.

By dint of persuasion, we made the journey to Guatemala City in two days. Guatemala burros are slow travelers, and we had hired four. Every one of the four wanted to get in the rear of the procession, it seemed to me. But at last we reached our destination.

We were a week getting a house and arranging with the authorities to show. Nothing like a picture show had been in the city before, other than traveling tent-shows, and a new law had to be promulgated for our benefit. We were to pay ten per cent. of the gross receipts for the privilege of showing, but as the city owned the electric-light plant the power cost us nothing. We gave the first show on Sunday night to a full house. That

(*Continued on page* 174)

A Make-Up That Grew

By A. B. BERND

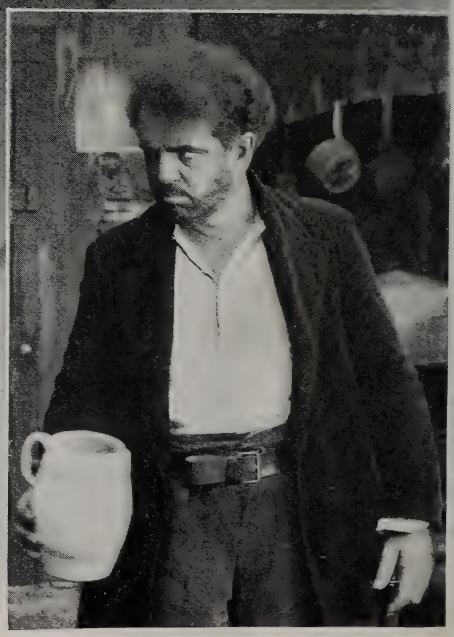
WHEN Walter Law read the script for "The Unwelcome Mother," he discovered that he would have to play the part of a burly sailor, who had not known the luxury of a smooth face since boyhood. Law was an adept in make-up, but whiskers were rather out of the line of work he had been doing.

Law visited a make-up dealer. When he emerged, he carried large bundles of crêpe hair and spirit-gum. He locked his door, arranged his materials before a mirror, and proceeded to turn himself into a whiskers laboratory.

First, Mr. Law tried a scattered fringe of iron gray, arranged in rather promiscuous fashion along the under edge of the jaw. A glance in the mirror proved that this was inartistic and unnatural.

Another effort was wasted when the actor discovered that a long, flowing beard was too hot an appendage to carry about in July. Then experiment followed experiment — in side-whiskers, in imperials, in mustache draped Kaiser-fashion, in every way imaginable. All were futile.

There was only one thing to do, and he did it. He grew a beard. The pleas of a distracted wife went for naught. All the determination in two hundred and twenty-five pounds was devoted to that beard. Within two weeks of seclusion he raised the best crop of whiskers this side of Russia.



WALTER LAW

Snow Stuff in the Orange Belt

By MOSGROVE COLWELL

AMID the dust, which was hot, the figures of the actors could be seen perspiring thru their rôles in the Western drama being filmed. At one side the "extra" people mopped their foreheads and fanned themselves, seeking relief from the sun's rays.

Kelly, the assistant camera-man, and I were standing apart, waiting until the scene had been made. The clear Southern California light pounded upon us and made our eyes ache. We were talking, not of the picture, but of the delights of beach and mountains as a surcease from the heat.

"Lord!" said Kelly, "but I'll be glad to get thru. I'd give a good bit to be back at Big Bear with the snow flying. D'yuh remember that trip?"

Did I remember? Even thought of it made the air cooler. The scene before me dissolved—"irised out"—and instead——

Night-time. A group of log cabins at the shore of a wind-swept lake. Thru the towering pines hemming in the little settlement the gale sings a winter's lullaby—a promise of snow and ice blasts soon to blanket the mountains.

Kolma, the Siberian wolfhound, lifts his head and answers the distant call of some coyote strayed from the Mojave desert, miles away, to the heart of Bear Valley. His cry echoes weird and loud thru the camp, and the other dogs in Johnnie Johnson's prize Alaska team take up the savage refrain. Sleep is banished.

A figure appears at the door of a cabin —a sturdy figure of a man in flannel shirt, corduroys, knee-high boots and fur cap. Unlike the others in the camp, he had not been sleeping; instead, the oil had been burning while he pored over plans for the next day's work and for days to come.

ROLLIN S. STURGEON, DIRECTOR

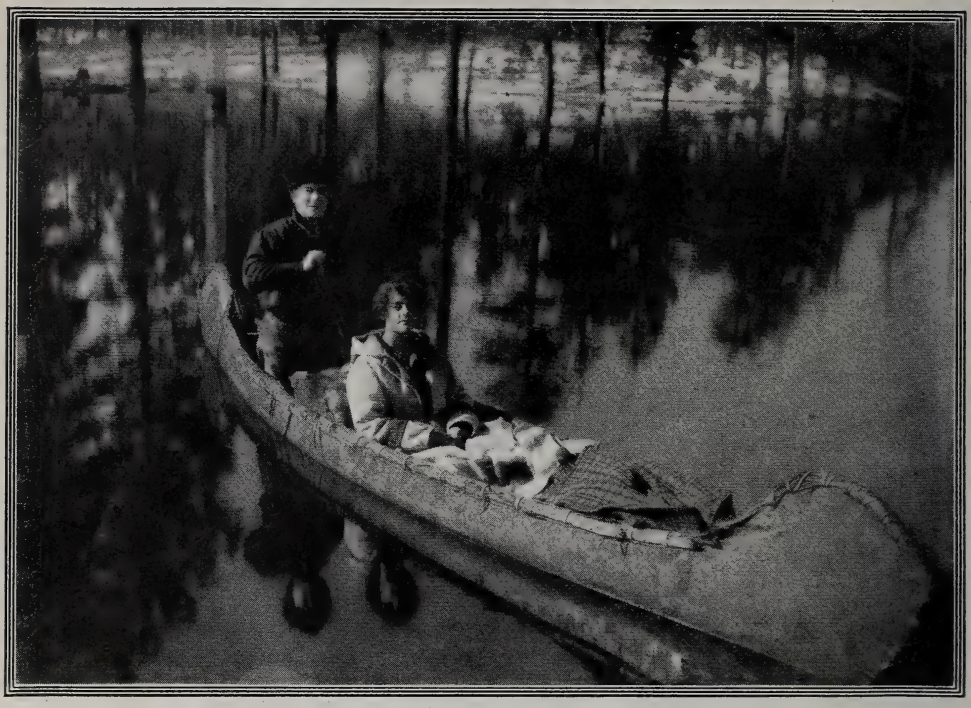
Unheeding the clamor of the dogs, he stared at the clouds scudding before the stars. The wind was raw, cutting. Then he turned to some one within the cabin and said:

"This weather will mean that snow we've been looking for. Early in the morning we'll turn out ready to shoot those blizzard scenes."

And making sure that the camera-man was ready to do his part, and that due preparation had been made thruout the camp, Rollin S. Sturgeon turned to quiet the dogs. Such was my first glimpse of the Vitagraph director who was filming the big eight-reel feature, "God's Country and the Woman."

It was only late that afternoon that I had made my way to the Vitagraph Company at the mountain camp high above the orange groves of Southern California. From San Bernardino, center of the orange belt, bathed in sunshine and warmth, I had gone forty miles thru the Mojave desert and up the mountain trail which soon would be closed until spring.

"You'll find real snow stuff and real mountain work up there," I was told when I planned my visit to the photoplay



WILLIAM DUNCAN AND NELL SHIPMAN IN A FAR NORTH SCENE

DIRECTOR STURGEON, IN ORDER TO MAKE HASTE TO GET TO A SCENE, ADOPTS SKI RUNNING

workers. Now, after having passed from semi-tropical heat to severe cold in a few hours, I did. I found more: a director whose heart and soul are in his work—a taciturn man who knows what he wants and, while using the gentler methods by preference, gets what he wants when that thing will improve the film.

For weeks Sturgeon had been facing a problem—that of the snow and the possible complications which might follow it. Bear Valley, a garden spot of the out-of-doors, set cup-like in the San Bernardino mountains, meets all the requirements of a country such as described in the story of the photoplay. There are lakes, dense pine forests, wild-running streams; and now there was snow.

But while to stay in Bear Valley long enough to get the snow was easy, not to stay so long, that the trails from the valley would be blocked and the company snowbound until spring, was another matter. At this time of the year but one trail was open—that leading thru the Mojave desert and to Victorville.

It was by this path that the company had reached the camp. Three large automobile trucks, carrying the members of the company, their properties and costumes, had worked their way up the mountain grades, while following them, the next day, two more trucks had come, bringing dozens of Alaskan dogs to be used in the picture. These trucks had been equipped with a snow-plough, to which they could be coupled, if necessary, to battle their way thru the house-high drifts.

For weeks those in the company—Nell Shipman, George Holt, Edgar Kellar, a painter of note, William Duncan and George Kunkel—had been at work on the scenes of the story preceding the winter snow. There, too, had been cause for worry, for the snow might have come while those scenes were incomplete. But now the locations, barren of snow, were all awaiting the developer's test, and on the snow depended the success of the mountain expedition.

Morning came, and with it activity in all the group. The dog-teams were harnessed, waiting. Kolma, half-dog and half-wolf, for whom thirty-five hundred dollars had been refused by his owner, kinged it over the others of his team and

NELL SHIPMAN, THE BEAUTIFUL LEADING WOMAN OF THE WESTERN VITAGRAPH, WHO FIRST CAME INTO PROMINENCE FOR HER FINE WORK IN "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN."

disdained acquaintance with a team of Alaskan "huskies" near-by.

Then the fighting word of dog language was passed, there was a growl, and the two teams were an indistinguishable mixture of dog-snarls, flying harness and excitement.

EDGAR KELLAR AS JEAN CROISSET IN "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN"

Sturgeon, standing near with a cameraman whose magazine fortunately was loaded with film, saw the opportunity for an unrehearsed bit of "atmosphere."

"Quick! get them in action before we separate them," he directed.

And before Sturgeon and Johnson

WILLIAM DUNCAN, THE PICTURESQUE LEADING MAN OF THE WESTERN VITAGRAPH

untangled the belligerents, many feet of real dog-fight were wound on the reel.

"It was worth the cuts," said Sturgeon, as he held up his hands, bleeding from a half-dozen bites, while another poured iodine on the wounds.

Thru the blizzard effects, while the wind drove the snow in fine particles, each knife-edged, into the faces of the actors, Sturgeon's work went smoothly on. Careful, deliberate, he watched each move, both in rehearsal and when "Camera!" was called, to be sure that no error in the slightest detail, no incongruity which might mar the logic of the action, crept in. For the Vitagraph managing producer, above all things, is a stickler for correctness of detail.

"Too often," he said later, "I've seen otherwise good films injured by a detail which was not correct. Even a probable story can be made improbable by lack of logical action, and, on the other hand, an improbable synopsis still will move smoothly and naturally if the logic which connects the action is strong."

Of the expedition into Bear Valley, many sidelights stick in my memory. There are mental glimpses of a frail canoe, after the setting sun had ended that day's work, starting forth on the ruffled waters of Big Bear Lake.

THIS IS THE BAD MAN OF THE WESTERN VITAGRAPH—GEORGE HOLT

At times it was Sturgeon who knelt in the stern of the canoe wielding the paddle. Again, it would be George Holt, with his immense physical strength driving the barken float ahead with powerful strokes. Or Nell Shipman, heroine of the picture, would be laughing at the menace of the waves, where the water was deepest and the winds strongest.

There were no moments of idleness for Miss Shipman. When make-up came off for the day, there was nothing in athletics in which she was not proficient. There were long hikes over the pine-strewn floors of the forest, hard-contested tennis games, and, when the snow came, ski-running and snow-shoeing.

And often, during the long weeks of the camp at Big Bear, the members of the company dined on canvasback, redhead and mallard duck brought down by Sturgeon early in the morning before the rest of the camp were awake.

It was after the last of the snow-pictures had been filmed that the company played parts in a "thriller" which will not be in the photoplay. With the first snow, the auto-trucks started back toward the outer world before heavy drifts and washed-out roads made the trip impossible. With their drivers went word that on a certain day they were to return as far toward the camp as the snow would permit.

The telephone had been relied upon to carry word of the start of the auto-trucks. When days passed and no word came, more than one member had visions of a fast disappearing larder and of winter hardship of which the snow-scenes filmed would be but an imitation. The telephone wires were down.

Finally, one morning, the bell tinkled. Temporary repairs to the line had been made just long enough to let the word come thru that the trucks were on their way. Here the dog-teams proved their value. Without them, the mass of properties and costumes must have been left in the mountains for the winter. Then the company started afoot, and, as the last straggler safely climbed aboard a truck, the members looked back over the road they had followed, to see another blizzard slowly sweeping away their footprints. From that day Bear Valley was snowed-in for the winter.

Mrs. Griffith Returns

Wife of Noted Director Will Again Be Seen on the Screen

Linda A. Griffith, film star, writer, and wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," has returned to the movies, after a brief absence, to take the leading rôle in a new feature, written by her, and soon to be released by the Frank Powell Company.

The new picture, which is called "Charity," exposes the existing conditions in many large charitable institutions, and is especially timely in view of the recent exposé in New York.

Mrs. Griffith, in the part of Mary Fleming, will be given an opportunity to display all her talents as an emotional actress, and those who remember her work in such productions as "Everyman," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Wife" and "The Stampede" are looking forward to an epoch-making film.

Linda Griffith's return to the screen brings reminiscences of the early days in Motion Pictures, when, as "The Biograph Girl," she worked fourteen hours a day with her husband to make a success of the new field which they had chosen despite the ridicule of their friends. For a long time it was hard sledding—all work and no play, and mighty little pay. Mrs. Griffith wrote scenarios and played leading rôles, while D. W. did the directing.

Then came "The Adventures of Dolly," one of the biggest hits of its day, and with it Linda's place in the horizon was definitely established. Since then she has played the lead in many big pictures—and, incidentally, has found time to earn the reputation of knowing as much about Motion Picture technique as any other actress in the country.

The recrudescent star is of the physical type so much in demand nowadays—little and blonde and alert. Before entering the magic picture portal she was well known as a stage ingénue in support of Margaret Anglin and Florence Roberts.

Saladae Moviae

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE, Author of "Frozen Echoes"

It really isn't so bad as it sounds—the name, I mean—for it happens to involve some of your favorites; and when you make the recipes your enthusiasm for the players and for the "saladaes" will mount several degrees more. As to the name, "Saladae Moviae"—well, it's

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

merely meant for Movie Salads, and I guess that wont have to be explained. And now for a surprise. The actors have a hand in this, and who could resist when they happen to be world favorites—namely, Charles Chaplin, Tom Forman, Wallace Reid, Harold Lockwood, Edward Earle and Antonio Moreno?

Chaplin Nut Salad.

A Chaplin Nut Salad! I hope the "King of Comedy"—in acting to some and in salary to all—wont be offended by this ungracious name. But still we always think of Chaplins—both real and otherwise—in connection with Fords. Now, dont we?

Take a half of a Rocky Ford cantaloupe and clean it out nicely. Fill the hollow with chopped pieces of celery and apples and sprinkle on this some shelled nuts. With a little mayonnaise dressing and a cherry on top it makes a delicious salad—just nice enough to make you wish for another portion and to want to thank Charlie personally for originating this.

Reid Divinity Salad.

Who said divine? He's more than that; he's adorable. And that isn't all; he's capable of the finest of acting and never fails to delight thousands of people. I dont suppose there was a single girl who wasn't jealous of Jerry Farrar in "Carmen." But why wander on like this? Let us see what the salad is that is worthy of this fine actor.

The inevitable lettuce leaf, and then some sliced white grapes—the kind that come from the same State Hollywood is in. Then some shelled nuts, cut-up grapefruit, some whipped cream and a maraschino cherry. Isn't it divine, girls?

Photo by Witzel

WALLACE REID

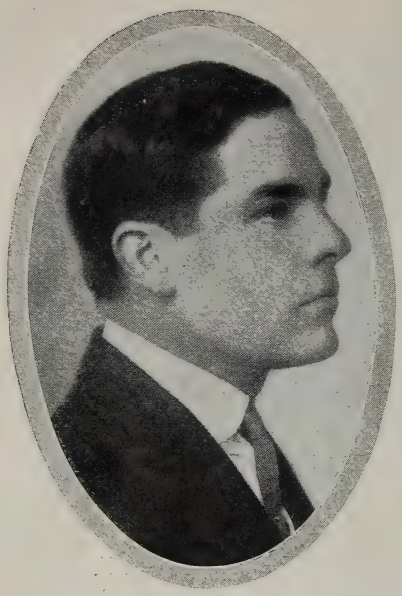


Photo by White

ANTONIO MORENO

Moreno Dream Salad.

I know one girl who calls "Tony" a dream, besides myself, and I'll wager there are many more who give him the same title—not because it's more convenient than his whole name, but because they like him. Mr. Moreno, we take our hats off to you and dedicate this salad to you, too.

Who will ever forget him in "The Island of Regeneration"? Not I, for one. On the island, you remember, he was left all alone as a wee kid and had to scramble for his food. And what was his favorite meal? Why, bananas, of course, and from this comes my inspiration. And just wait till you taste it!

Of course a lettuce leaf first goes on the plate, and on this place a banana sliced lengthwise. Between these slices put in chopped-up maraschino cherries and pears cut in cubes. Pour on some cream dressing and then serve. If you have any guests who should be unacquainted with this Vitagraph star, you will hear them besiege their neighbors with questions. And if there's a Moreno release near-by, you'll have to turn your little dinner into a theater party. But do you blame them?

Tom Forman Club Salad.

Doesn't Tom Forman make you think of tennis, country clubs, and everything pertaining to the word "sports"? I mean the outdoor variety. He reminds me of all this, and, of course, a country club lunch wouldn't be complete without a club sandwich. So I have tried to be original by proving that not only sandwiches are "clubs," but salads as well. And some day I hope some of you may share one of these salads with Mr. Forman himself.

I'm sure that Tom Forman is an easy fellow to get along with, so I have made this a "sympathetic" salad—something easy to make up and very easy to like, indeed.

Of course the lettuce goes on the plate first, and then follow the slices of chicken. Then put on another piece of lettuce, and then some chopped pickles and stuffed olives with some French dressing on top. Another leaf of lettuce and some slices of tomato with some more French dressing, some slices of pickle and an olive. It makes a regular mountain, but you'll eat every bit of this delectable salad, and season it with nice thoughts of the gallant Tom.

Photo by Witzel

TOM FORMAN

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Lockwood Yum Yum Salad.

"Yum, yum!" both for the salad and for the one it is named after. It's all the better since you know he isn't married; isn't it, Florabel? But if some one does get him this leap year, you'd still like him. Try the salad and compare it with the best of Harold Lockwood's.

On a lettuce leaf place a cucumber that has been sliced once. Have the seeds removed and fill the hollow space with chopped-up stuffed olives and pieces of lobster. Cover with oil dressing and try it sometime after an evening's enjoyment of watching this Metro star on the screen.

Earle Combination Sandwich.

Could I forget this "extra nice" and "extra talented" star of whom the whole movie world is proud? Why, an evening at a show wouldn't be complete without him, and as for this article not having a salad for him—why, that would be impossible. I hope the millions of people who admire Edward Earle will like this salad.

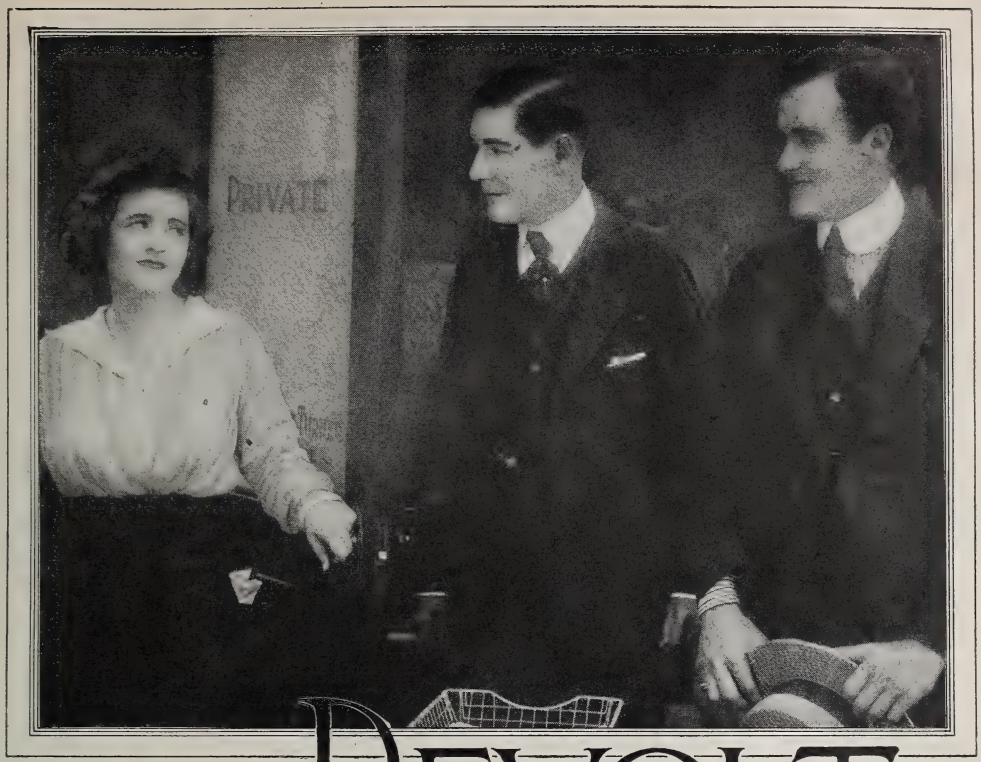
On a lettuce leaf place some slices of tomato, and over this some pieces of shrimp and celery—cut up. In this mix some French peas, and then pour on the mayonnaise. I assure you it will prove a toothsome dish, and I hope both you and Mr. Earle will like it.

Photo by Bangs

EDWARD EARLE

Now, I hope the men are satisfied. One of them asked me when they would be remembered, and others also asked me, so I had to make a dash for my pen and pad. I hope every one enjoys eating these as much as I have enjoyed making them, and I wish to thank every one of these actors for their screen work that has inspired me.

THE ADVENTURES OF FLIM FLAM, THE FILM FAN.



The REVOLT

World

By NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Stageplay by EDWARD LOCKE

ANNA BRISTOL folded the last pair of near-silk socks mechanically, and knelt on the narrow strip of floor behind the counter to put the box in its place on the lowest shelf. Behind, above her flowed the tide of barter—cash-carriers whirled overhead, customers clamored and complained, scraps of gossip floated raggedly from passing shop-girls. And, unexpectedly, Anna found herself listening. Two clerks had paused by the counter. They were speaking of Lena Schmidt, her best friend, and their accents were those that go with sly looks and nudging elbows.

"When a girl who earns twelve per takes to wearin' a five-hundred-dollar fur coat, there's a reason, *I* say, and you dont have t' strain your thinker much findin' out *what*."

"Well, b'lieve me, she *earned* it, however she got it," tittered the second voice; "but she'd better look out. Trimble an' Company wont stand for carryings-on in store-hours, an' Lena's gettin' reckless. I was just in to J. T.'s office, an' she sailed in, bold as brass, an' says, says she, 'I must speak to you a moment, Mr. Turner,' an' led the way into his private room as if she owned the place. They was two men waitin' to speak to the boss, too, an' they winked when she done that. She'll be gettin' a blue slip in her pay-envelope if she aint careful——"

The voices passed on out of hearing, and Anna Bristol got to her feet with an effort. She was shaking as tho chilled, and was obliged to hold to the edge of the counter for a moment until the "Bargains in Men's Neckwear," over the way, ceased turning dizzy, orange-and-purple handsprings before her sick gaze.

"Lena!" she muttered. "Nonsense; I dont believe it. Aren't I her best friend?

Wouldn't *I* know? Oh, Lena's all right. Of course she's sort of a fool about men, but she's *straight*—straight as that string——"

She picked up a scrap of cord from the counter, then dropped it, with a little, nervous giggle. In the center was a knot. The tall, handsome girl with the sullen mouth and heavy, slightly reddened eyelids, who came up behind her at that moment, touched her on the shoulder.

"What's so funny?" she rasped harshly. "Gawd! What's girls like us got to laugh about, anyhow—work, work, work, from mornin' till night. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy at it, or maybe jump in front of a subway train. What you lookin' at me like that for, Anna Bristol?"

For Anna had glanced down at the hand on her arm, and then at her friend, white horror on her face.

"Lena"—she seized the clenched hand in a tight grip—"Lena, what you got there? Tell me that! No use your pullin' away; I'm goin' to find out. I been hearing things—dirty things—about you, an' I would ha' sworn they was lies——"

Slowly she forced the rigid fingers apart. In the palm of Lena's hand lay a crumpled twenty-dollar bill. The girls stared into each other's eyes—the one defiantly, the other incredulously—for a long moment. Then Anna shrank back with a low cry.

"So it aint lies they said!" she moaned. Oh, Lena, whatever did you do it for!"

"Sh-sh!" muttered the other, with a hurried glance about her, "some one 'll hear. D'you want me to lose my job?" She thrust the money into her waist. "I guess I aint the only girl that's tried to get a little fun out of life; I guess I got a right to do as I please. You needn't put on the virtuous stuff; you'll come to it yourself some day—you're bound to—wait an' see!"

"I'd rather die an' be done with it," said Anna. Scorn edged her voice. "How long has it been goin' on, Lena? You might have told me. It's Turner, I suppose?"

Lena nodded gloomily. "Since the night him an' me an' you an' John Stevens went to the Bohemia. You threw a fit when John tried to kiss you, and beat it when dinner was over, but Turner and I—stayed."

"John apologized." A wave of rich color swept Anna's cheeks. "He's not what you think; he's a better man than Turner ever was."

"Men are all the same," said Lena, with the dreary philosophy of bitter experience. "They're crazy enough about you till you give in to 'em, an' then they get sick of you. Turner has got sick of me. He told me today to take this an' get out an' quit botherin' him! I wouldn't ha' touched his rotten, dirty old money, only"—her sullen, violet eyes widened with tears; she glanced appealingly at Anna—"I'm—I'm *scared!*" she moaned. "Gawd! I wisht I was dead! What's goin' to become of me? A pretty girl who has to work f'r a livin' hasn't got a fair show in this world!"

Anna reached out and patted Lena's cold hand tenderly.

"I'll stick by you, honey," she whispered. "Look out—they's a customer comin'. Here; you go into the next room and put cold water on your eyes. I'll look after your counter till you get back."

It seemed to Anna that she had never lived thru such a long day. She waited on her customers mechanically, fighting against a rising tide of emotion and trouble that threatened to overwhelm her whenever she caught a glimpse of Lena's set, white face under the dark shadows of her filleted hair. When the closing-gong sounded, she snatched her hat and jacket from their hooks in the locker and fairly ran into the street, colliding violently with a man who stood at the employees' entrance, watchin the stream of clerks flow out into the street and freedom.

"*Hul*-lo!" cried John Stevens, cheerfully. "How's my girl tonight? Pretty tired, aren't you, hon'? What's wrong? You look as if you'd lost your best friend."

"My best friend *is* lost," said Anna. The shake of her voice warned him not to pursue the matter any further; he talked gaily, on the way home, of inconsequent things, feeling the small, shabby glove, tucked into the bend of his arm, trembling, and longing to catch up the forlorn little figure and hold it close, safe

DETECTIVES PROBE REGARDING HIS AFFAIR TURNER WITH LENA

from any trouble or grief, in the shelter of his love. They had been engaged only two weeks, yet, even in that short time, John Stevens had learnt to read his sweetheart, or perhaps he had gained something of his knowledge of women elsewhere, for he had lived a man's years in a man's way.

"If any brute at the store has insulted her, I'll knock his d—n block off," he thought. "If it's that Turner——"

But he discovered his mistake in an unexpected fashion. As he and Anna sat in the untidy sitting-room of her flat, a little later, listening to the garrulous complaints of Mrs. Biddle, her stepmother, anent the landlord's hard-heartedness, the door burst open, and Lena Schmidt and her mother hurried into the room. The older woman had been crying. Her broad, Ge.man face was swollen with tears, and they still streamed in a weak trickle over her flaccid cheeks, onto her broad, heaving bosom; but Lena's handsome, violet eyes were ablaze with anger. She flung herself at Anna, thrust her face close to her, and clutched her arm with maddened fingers.

"So you double-crossed me, did you?" she spat out venomously. "You milk-faced little spy, you thought you'd stand in better with the firm by telling tales on your best friend, didn't you? Well, I may be a bad lot, but you can take it from me you're a blame sight worse, with your whining, virtuous airs and your traitor-tongue!"

"Lena!" gasped Anna, "are you crazy? What do you mean?"

The girl broke into a jangling laugh. "So that's your game, eh? Injured innocence! Well, I suppose you didn't know, did you, that both Turner and I were fired this afternoon? If you didn't tell 'em, who did? There wasn't but three knew about it—me an' him an' you. Oh, it was you, all right, an', believe me, Anna Bristol, I'm goin' to make you sorry for doin' me dirt, some day!"

She panted from the room, dragging her mother after her, and the door slammed furiously. Anna turned a dazed, white face toward her lover.

"I—— Of course I didn't tell——"

"Of course you didn't," he stormed. "Turner's got a jealous wife. There has been a lot of talk about her having him shadowed. Probably the 'tecs overheard him and Lena talking and reported them. Dont you worry, hon'! She wasn't any kind of a friend for you, anyhow. Say, listen, girlie; I bet I've got some news that'll dry your tears. I got a raise today, and we can get married as soon as you say the word!"

Anna went to her lover and took his face between tremulous little palms, turning it to her searching gaze.

"John," she said solemnly, "you're the first man in my life. When I marry you,

"I'M GOIN' TO MAKE YOU SORRY FOR DOIN' ME DIRT, SOME DAY"

I want to be able to think that I'm goin' to be the last woman in yours. I'm not asking you to tell me there haven't been any others. I s'pose that's too much to expect of a man, but you got to promise —solemn-true, John—that there wont be any others except me, forever and ever."

"Forever and ever, hon'," he said huskily, oblivious to the curious stare of the gaping stepmother. "I wish to God I could wipe out some things that's over an' done with, but I'll be good to you, hon'—I'll be good to you!"

The next day Anna resigned her position behind the stocking counter, drew her last pay-envelope and expended it in eight yards of white organdie and satin ribbon, and a week later she and John Stevens were married. There were very few people to wish them happiness as they turned from the minister, only the uncouth stepmother, sniffling sentimentally, and a big, broad, quiet man with steadily smiling lips and a lingering sorrow in his eyes, who held the little bride's hands a long moment, as he said:

"God bless you, Anna, and give you all the happiness and joy I would have tried to give you if I could."

Then, before she could answer him, he had turned away, picked up his hat, and gone from the room, striding erectly, as a man does who meets sorrow like a man. Dr. Martin Goode had loved Anna for five years, but he went from her wedding to the hospital, where he performed a delicate operation with a steady hand and a calm brain. There *are* men like that in this world.

There is also the other kind. (Mary pity women!) John Stevens was one of these. But for two years Anna was as happy as a queen. She moved about her little flat, singing a wordless song of content, as she swept and dusted and sewed on tiny, white garments, which she touched with awed fingers as if performing a sacrament. When her little daughter was born, and she first held the warm, small, wonderful body in the hollow of her weary arms, she closed her eyes and murmured three words that held all the story of her marriage—"blessed among women."

And the days and months that followed—the dear mother-services she performed; the drowsy twilights, when she sat rocking wee Nannie and awaiting the click of her husband's key in the latch;

the evenings together in the lamp-lit sitting-room—afterward Anna remembered them with the agonizing grief of a woman mourning her dead.

Looking back, it was hard to tell just when the change began, tho it coincided roughly with the period when John Stevens gave up his position and began to speculate in Wall Street.

"I'm sick of being a piker with a piker's pay," he told her gaily. "Watch me make us rich, hon'! You shall have a diamond tiara, and Nannie shall have a solid gold rattle, one of these days!"

But fortune proved fickle. Sometimes, to be sure, Stevens won, and then he brought home reckless, useless presents for his wife and baby; but for the most part he lost steadily, and Anna had to stand by powerlessly and watch their little savings trickle away to swell the roaring tide of speculation on which so many frail family-craft are shipwrecked by amateur captains of finance.

At first she remonstrated, but it was futile, for the snare of chance had caught her husband pitilessly, body and soul. Then came quarrels, bitter recriminations, tears—dreadful scenes that bruised the hearts of both and, healing, left callous spots behind—then apathy on her part, and injured pride and sullenness on his.

Often, now, Stevens spent whole evenings away from home, coming in at midnight with eyes that avoided hers and unsteady hands that fumbled helplessly over his shoe-strings.

"You've been drinking!" she accused him sharply one evening. "Dont you lie to me!"

"What if I have?" he retorted. "It's a more cheerful way of spending the time than sitting around here and listening to your jawing. A man has got to have a little fun in life, hasn't he?"

"What about me?" she asked passionately. "What do *I* get out of life, I'd like to know—starving and pinching all day long, no clothes to wear, never seeing anybody but you and Nannie? It's a dog's life, that's what it is! If I'd known what was coming I'd never have been fool enough to marry you."

"And if *I'd* known what was coming you wouldn't have got the chance," he retorted. "We're quits, I guess, on that score."

And so they fanned the sparks of dissension and discontent until the smoldering fires in Anna's soul burst into red flame at some words of her stepmother, who dropped in one evening, to find her trying to put a patch over a hopeless hole in one of Nannie's little dresses.

"I seen Lena Schmidt today," Mrs. Biddle said, with a sly look at Anna's weary face. "Dressed up to kill, she was—satin gown, diamonds in her ears and on her fingers. She certainly looked fine. She asked after you, too. 'Tell Anna to come to see me and I'll show her a good time,' she said. Why dont you go, Anna? Maybe Lena's a bit flighty, but my! what elegant clothes!"

Anna laughed harshly. "I guess that's the kind that gets the good times in life!" she said. "Folks that get married dont have many of 'em—I know that!"

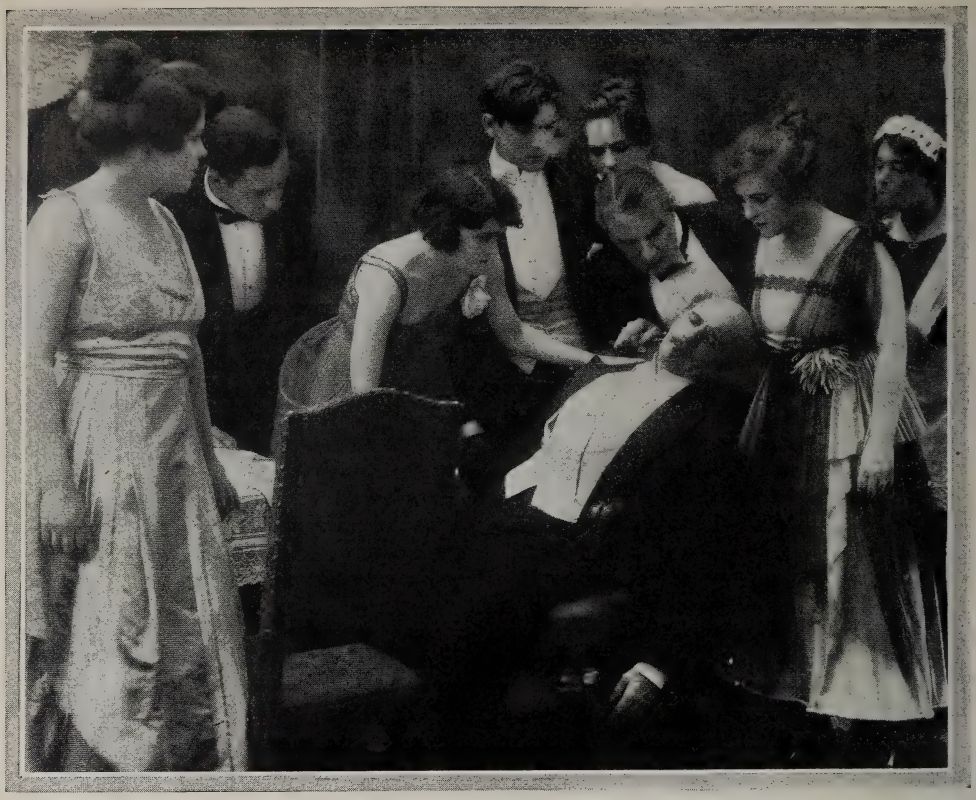
"Oh, I dont know"—the old woman's voice was deliberately malicious—"I guess John manages to have a pretty good time even if he *is* married. Lena was tellin' me she seen him only last night with Cissie McKay, the vaude-veel actress, at Rheingardt's Beer Garden."

The small dress slid from Anna's lap to the floor, as she got to her feet. She was almost terrible in her anger. Curiously enough, its effect was to erase the lines of fretfulness and drudgery, to give the old, bright color to her faded skin and the old luster to her eyes. She had never been more than a pretty girl, but now the alchemy of anger made her actually beautiful.

"John—with an actress!" she repeated, ominously calm. She looked at the clock on the mantel, and suddenly resolve tightened her lips. "Mother, you stay here with Nannie this evening. I'm going to Lena's and let her show me a good time."

"But she aint respectable——"

Anna whirled upon her stepmother with outflung hands. "I'm sick of respectability!" she stormed. "Look what it's done to me—worn my fingers to the bone, dressed me in rags, left me stranded alone evening after evening, while my husband makes love to pretty, well-dressed women who aren't respectable! I'm going to get a taste of real life before



SHE STOOD STUPIDLY STARING DOWN AT A DREADFUL, RED, CONGESTED FACE

I'm too old to enjoy it. I'm going to get some fine clothes and learn to drink and laugh and act like a sure-enough quean, and then perhaps my husband will come to see *me* and admire *me!*"

The strong tide of her anger swept her on—into her hat and coat, out on the streets, where the pleasures of the city night were already in full swing, and at last into Lena's luxurious apartment, heavy with oriental perfumes, smothered in red velvet, filled with strange faces that stared and leered.

In a curiously detached way, as if her inner self were a spectator watching the performance of her outer self from the wings, she responded to Lena's delighted greetings, arrayed herself in the beautiful gown which her hostess lent her, and at last saw herself sitting at a table, all hard glitter and sparkle, with a strange man, who leered at her wickedly over hoary, deacon's whiskers, on her right, and a painted creature, with naked back and burnt-out eyes, on her left. In the same detached fashion she saw herself laughing and chatting vivaciously, drinking champagne that almost choked her because of the childish lump of dismay in her throat.

"This is the sort of thing he admires, is it?" she raged in her soul. "Then I will learn how to do it. The man beside me is horrible—faugh! he is trying to flirt with me. Well, let him. This stuff burns my throat; the perfume is so heavy—but John prefers this to his home, does he? Then I shall prefer it, too——"

The lights swam dizzily in a red mist before her eyes; the cackle of voices sounded very far away. One of the men was standing now, holding his glass high. Was he tottering, or was it the wine in her brain?

She stood stupidly staring down at a dreadful, red, congested face, dimly aware that the others around her were wringing their hands, running about aimlessly, opening and shutting doors——

A blast of cool, outdoor air roused her at last. A tall man carrying a medicine-case had entered the room. His eyes

"GO IN TO YOUR CHILD, ANNA"

met hers, and she saw recognition in them and incredulous scorn.

"You — here?" said Martin Goode. "My God!"

Then, before she could speak or move, he had bowed coldly and turned to the prone figure on the floor. Now they were carrying him into the adjoining room; they were all gone except the man with the gray side-whiskers. She took a swaying step toward the door.

"I must go home," she moaned—"I must go——"

"Not much you must!" The man with the whiskers was at her side, grasping her arm. "I've paid for my entertainment, and I'm not going to be cheated out of it, my beauty."

She struggled in his loathsome grasp, felt his reeking kisses on her face—shrieked, and Lena stood before her, smiling contemptuously.

"Still Miss Virtuous!" she sneered. "Perhaps, after tonight, you wont go about tattling of other people's little mistakes. Why, you poor little fool, do you suppose I got you here to let you off so easily?"

The telephone rang sharply. Lena took down the receiver. When she turned, a cruel smile twisted her purpled lips.

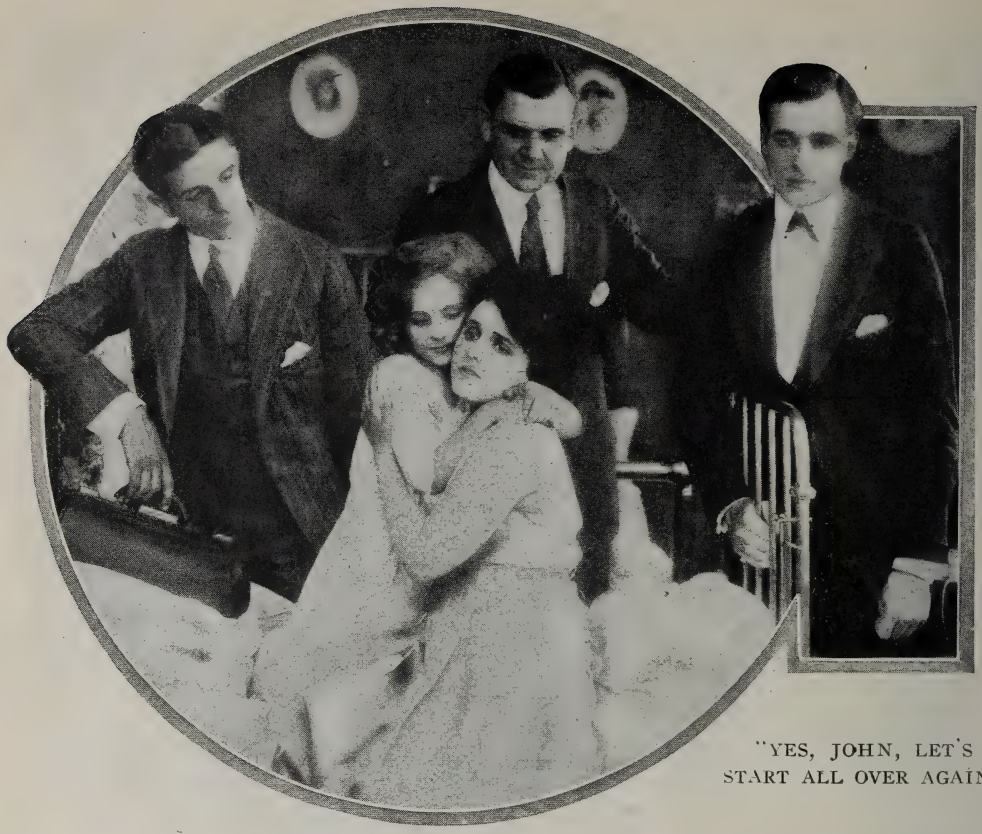
"It was for you, dear," she said smoothly. "Your husband was trying to reach you. It seems that your child is very ill, but, I dare say, you wont hurry home on that account. If you feel that you must, of course you can go—if you *can*——"

John Stevens was pouring out a spoonful of medicine in the tiny sitting-room when the door-latch clicked and his wife and Martin Goode came into the room. The spoon clattered from his fingers to the floor, spilling its contents in a brown pool as Stevens faced the woman in the torn evening-dress, with the disheveled hair and the white, rigid face of a dead thing.

"The—baby"—she said tonelessly—"is she—— I must go to her. John! John! You wouldn't keep me from my own child?"

For he had thrust her fiercely back from the door into Nannie's room.

"You dare to come here *like this* and ask to see the child you left to die?" John Stevens' face was terrible to see. The muscles of his jaw twitched; great



"YES, JOHN, LET'S START ALL OVER AGAIN"

drops stood out on his forehead. He pointed to the open door behind her. "Get out, and get out quick before I say anything more!"

Martin Goode's great, muscled arm shot out, swinging the man aside as if he had been a child. He spoke gently to the cowering woman.

"Go in to your child, Anna."

She was gone in a flash, and they heard her voice in the next room, crooning, tenderly, a maternal fugue. Goode turned to the man and laid a firm hand on his rigid arm.

"John," he said slowly, "tonight I saw a woman forced right up to the brink of hell, and I saw her fight to keep from going over. God! how she fought! It was your wife, John, and you were the cause of it. She told me the whole story coming home——"

In two rooms of a tiny flat that night two battles were fought and two victories won. At midnight Goode and the doctor John had called saw the child sink into a life-saving sleep in her mother's arms, and tiptoed away, leaving the husband and wife facing one another above the small, slumbering form.

"John—forgive——" said the wife, brokenly; but his hand on her lips cut short the words.

"It is I who need to be forgiven," the husband said. "It is I who have been the quitter all thru—the liar, the loser and the thief of your happiness."

"Ah!" she sighed, and the word meant worlds, "but you were the stronger in the end."

The man sobbed as he clasped her hand humbly. "The strength of weakness," he said, "is despicable. Anna, tomorrow I'm going to try to get my old job back. Cant we start all over again?"

Anna laid her hand on the dark head bowed on her knee. Inarticulately, she realized that this was more truly their marriage moment than that time three years ago when the minister had spoken the solemn words of the wedding-ritual over them. But she only said, simply:

"Yes, John, let's start in all over again, and do it right this time."

Adventures of A Cub

(Related in Letters to the Folks Back Home)

By
MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME: Thanks for the stamps. They make it possible for me to answer your letter right away.

Yes, Dad; I have been discouraged at times. I told Peggy last night that I had started an investigation to find out how a "cub" could live on $7.50 per (month).

Peggy suggested that it would be better to have the Editor start an investigation to find out how he could afford to pay me that much.

Na doot he's investigating said extravagance at this very moment.

You know, Dad, it's my firm conviction that the Answer Man gets more than I; even tho he clings to the hall bedroom mode o' living. So, without consulting the powers that be, I decided to follow in the Answer Man's footsteps and secured a position as Photoplay Editor and Answer Man for a newspaper in a middle-west town.

Gee! Some stunt! At first, hoping to earn my $7.50 per, I wrote several pages of stuff each week. Of course they didn't use it all, but I thought I would keep them supplied.

The Editor has been cutting my space a lot, to make room for some silly advertising. He said, yesterday, that the less space I had, the more I was worth to the paper.

At the rate that my space is dwindling I should be drawing a fair salary soon.

Just listen to some of the questions I had last Sunday:

Q.—Please, dear Movie Editor, are you a lady?—TWO FANS.

A.—Counsel (same one employed by A. M.)—Remember! Anything you say may be used against you. Editor—By advice of counsel, I refuse to answer.

Q.—Is it true that the man who discovered wireless telegraphy has invented a long-distance Motion Picture camera?—TRAVELING MAN'S WIFE.

A.—If there is such an invention the legislators have by this time passed a law making it a crime to possess one. It would probably come under the "concealed weapon" clause.

I receive a lot of press material from the studios, and one of the publicity men wrote me the other day saying: "We will be glad to put you on our mailing list, if you will give us a *definite* address." Who ever heard of a $7.50 cub having a *definite* address?

That's what I told Richard Travers the other day, when, because it was too warm to make the effort to go to his room, he promised to *send* me a real, autographed photograph. "A photograph in the hand is worth two in the mail," I quoted, and it did the work.

"Dick" Travers is *some* person, Dad. He *has been* a number of things—he *is* a number of things, and, from the gait shown at present, he is *going to be* a number of things more. All of the things he *has been,* he *is!*

Sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? But it's just a dense way of saying that he seldom acquires a thing that is not well worth keeping.

He's that type of man. He likes to

conquer things. He has, without conceit, confidence in himself, and so inspires confidence in others.

"Say!" he exclaimed, when I encountered him in the hotel lobby; "it *sure is* hot today! You know, I come from northern Canada, and I have never grown accustomed to the heat of summer-time here."

I thought for a moment that this was a polite way of telling me to hurry so he could go to his room and divest himself of a near-wilted collar and a coat of excellent cut.

But when he told me that he was the son of the first Protestant missionary in northern Canada, I knew he would be a good talker, and settled myself for a good, long listen.

Folks, "Dick" has a nice doctor's degree, and, at one time, practiced medicine in New York City.

This proved too tame, so he answered the "footlight call," and spent a part of his young life in stock and starring with such celebrities as Viola Allen. With all due respect for Miss Allen, I must say that this also failed to satisfy "Dick's" thirst for "doing things," and our boy from the "North Woods" rushed over to England and went with the British Colonials to South Africa to help make the Boers behave.

He brought home a few mementoes that even he and his doctor's degree couldn't extract.

Not until the movies got him did Travers find the thing that was exciting enough to keep his six-footsome of energy busy.

For diversion, he plays around with the "big bugs" on the Stock Exchange, and is, in Chicago, a "real fellow" with the hardest-headed bulls and bears of the wheat pit.

"Will you tell me," he asked, "what limit there would be to the possibilities of the Motion Picture industry if every one interested in every angle of the game would work together? In just eighteen years the industry has reached the standard of the fifth estate, and without much in the way of organization. The day is passing when beauty and 'a good photographic type' is sufficient to pass one into the hall of screen stars. Brains are being demanded by the public, and, in consequence, by the producers.

"It is not sufficient that a star knows but one angle of the game. Youth and beauty are, as age advances, taken from us, and then, if we would survive, we must be 'fit.' We must know the business end of the game as well as the artistic end of it.

"I am a firm believer in the 'survival of the fittest'; also, in preparation for age. This applies to pictures as well as to people. The Motion Picture game has reached sort of a turning-point in its career. It would be a good thing to ask ourselves, we who are interested in its future, 'Are we prepared?' "

Richard, otherwise "Dick," thinks the letters from sweet young fans "all very beautiful," but he is also "strong" for the letters and approval of those afflicted with a serious mind.

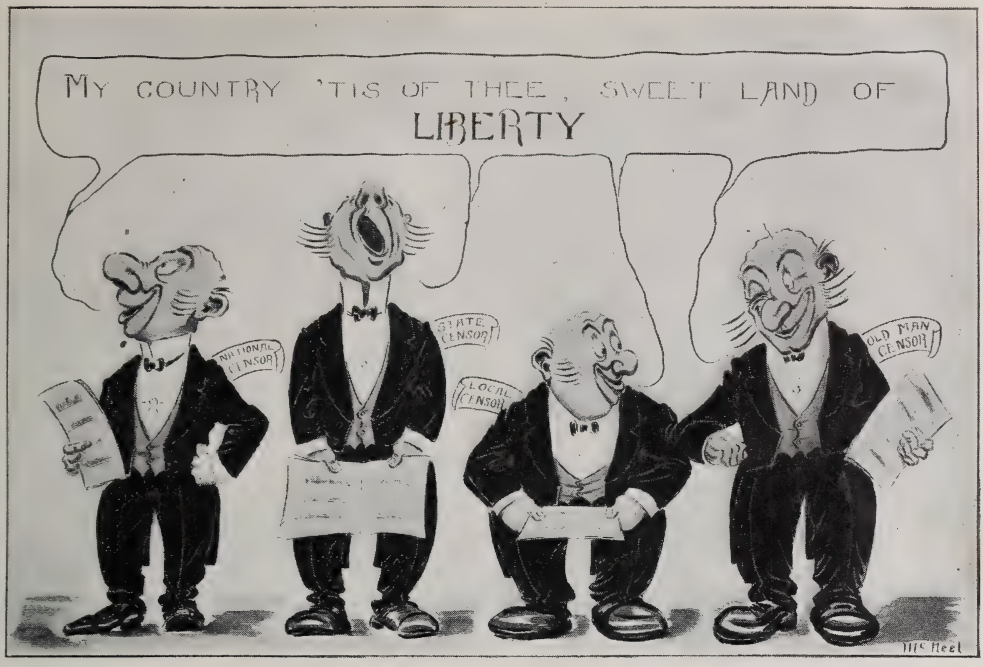
He's a big fellow, Dad, and has nice brown eyes, black hair and a deep, musical voice.

Sometimes you get the best impression of stars when they are not being interviewed. I met "Dick" later at a tea (he isn't strong for teas), and I noticed that he "mixed" well with the business men present, who were not of the easily impressed variety.

When he made a graceful exit, I heard one of the hardest-headed ones say to his hostess, "Say, I like that Travers! He's a regular fellow."

And, Dad, dont tell Mother Grundy, but that's exactly the opinion of

THE CUB.



THE LATEST COMEDY HIT

Sung with remarkable success by the "Official Censorship Quartet"

How They "Censor" the Films

By CLARENCE M. ABBOTT

Of the National Board of Review

A GREAT advertising man recently said that it would cost a million dollars to make an emblem as well known to the public as is the seal of the National Board of Review. But, despite its familiarity, many movie fans would be unable to answer these questions:

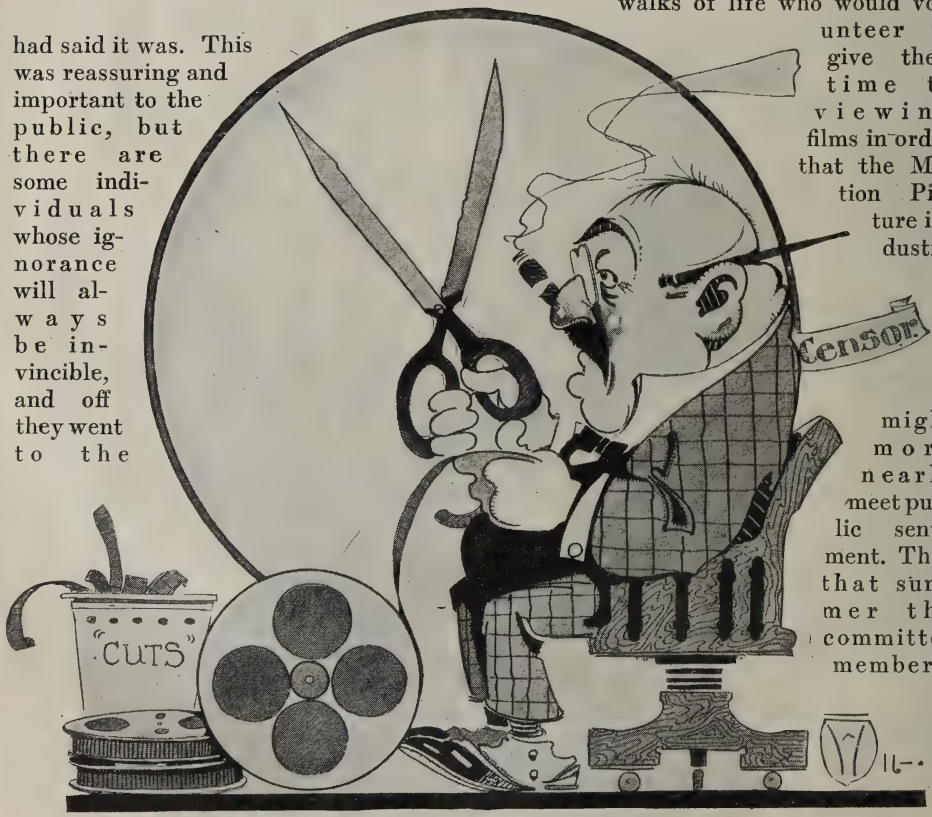
What is the National Board? How did it come into existence? Who are the members and what do they do? Screen devotees will be herein informed upon these points, and that without delay or preliminaries.

Years ago (the movies are now in history), but, to speak more accurately, in 1909, when the pictures were still in their swaddling-clothes, when store theaters held sway in the cities and "Black Tops" and "Hale's Tours" at the county fairs, there arose a great disturbance in New York. Good people had found a new danger to civilization: the Motion Picture was criminal, lawless and wicked, and so they would destroy it. But, not so fast! Perhaps it would be well to thoroly investigate first. Conservatism triumphed. Now, in those days, and in these, the People's Institute of New York represented good, sound public opinion, which was translated and applied by a staff of workers, of which Professor Charles Sprague Smith, the public servant, was the chief. Associated with him was John Collier, an authority in public amusement matters. So, joined with the Women's Municipal League, they set out to learn all about this new danger to American life. And what was found? They reported that, after all, there was no real cause for alarm, and that the general character of pictures was not at all what some people

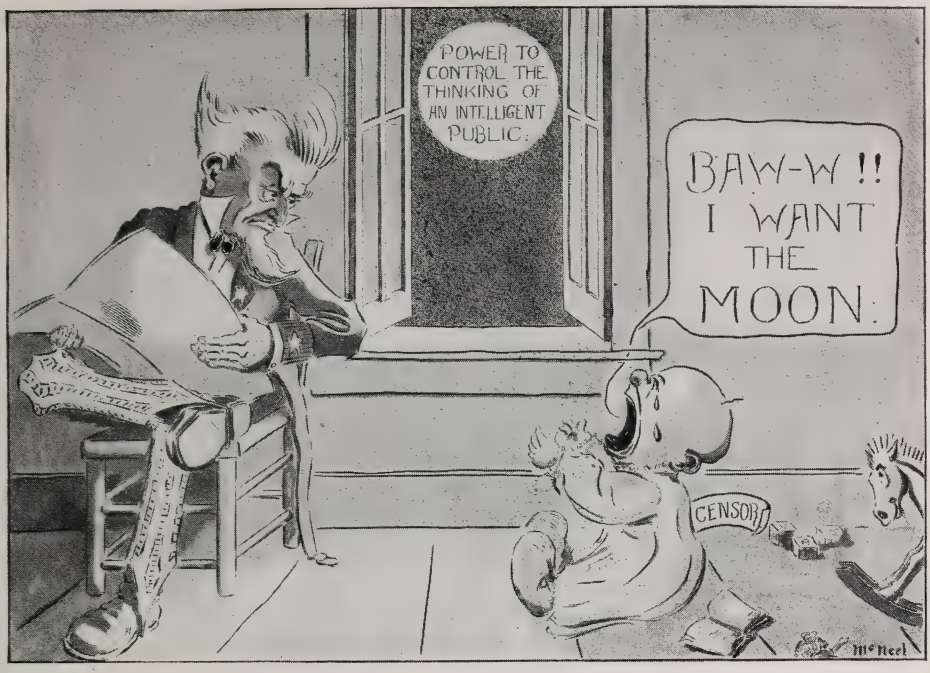
Editorial Note:—The cartoon illustrations are not aimed at voluntary censorship, such as the National Board of Review, but at the menace of official censors. The author is not responsible for them.

STRIKING AT THE FOUNDATION OF AMERICAN LIBERTY

mayor with more bitter complaints than ever. Altho the report of the People's Institute was reinforced by a similar opinion from the City License Bureau, the mayor resolved upon the drastic course of revoking all Motion Picture theater licenses in New York. This was indeed a bombshell, and the exhibitors were in despair. They turned then to the People's Institute, and asked if it would not assume some sort of general responsibility for the films shown in New York, and gave their word that they would abide by its decisions. This was a difficult duty to assume, but consent was given, and plans were made for the work. In the opinion of Professor Smith, any board or committee of the kind proposed should represent "a cross section of America." It was not to be scholarly nor stupid, composed of rich people nor poor people, but representative of people in all walks of life who would volunteer to give their time to viewing films in order that the Motion Picture industry might more nearly meet public sentiment. Thru that summer the committee members, had said it was. This was reassuring and important to the public, but there are some individuals whose ignorance will always be invincible, and off they went to the



"ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT



Uncle Sam—What he needs is a good spanking.

in stuffy rooms, faithfully viewed "The Great Train Robbery" and other thrillers of the day, to the satisfaction of the public and the exhibitors. When the fall came, the work of the committee suddenly grew to be country-wide, and the National Board of Censorship (now Review) sprang into being. Manufacturers voluntarily submitted their films to the board, the members of the board gave their services, and the country profited. So much for the historical side of the matter.

The present organization of the National Board and its service come next. Professor Sprague Smith's principle still holds good. A general committee, composed of thirty persons prominent in civic, social and church organizations, govern the National Board, while two hundred men and women, selected from varied pursuits in New York, constitute the Review Committee. Supporting the work thruout the country and interpreting local sentiment, an Advisory Committee of eighty members is of large importance to the National Board. Numbered among the members of the Advisory Committee are Jacob Schiff, Samuel Gompers, Rabbi Wise, Shailer Matthews, Dan Beard and Dr. Aked. From Seattle to Boston persons of prominence on the Advisory Committee attest to the fact that the reviewal of pictures is done for the whole country.

Cranston Brenton, chairman of the National Board, is a leader in literary, ethical and social circles of New York, and for ten years was a member of the faculty of an Eastern college, where he conducted special courses in dramatic technique and criticism.

The great Review Committee divides itself into sub-committees of four to twelve for the purpose of passing upon pictures. With regularity they visit the Bluebird projection room, or the Universal, or the Paramount, or one of the many other concerns making releases for the American market. The films are run for the inspection of the committee, the lights are turned on, and discussion begins. There would be danger of individualism in these meetings if it were not for the "standards" of the National Board, which exhaustively discuss moot points in pic-

THE EXTREME OF SENSUOUSNESS PERMITTED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD —AN EPISODE FROM A MELODRAMA WHICH WAS APPROVED BECAUSE OF ITS TRAGIC-MORAL ENDING

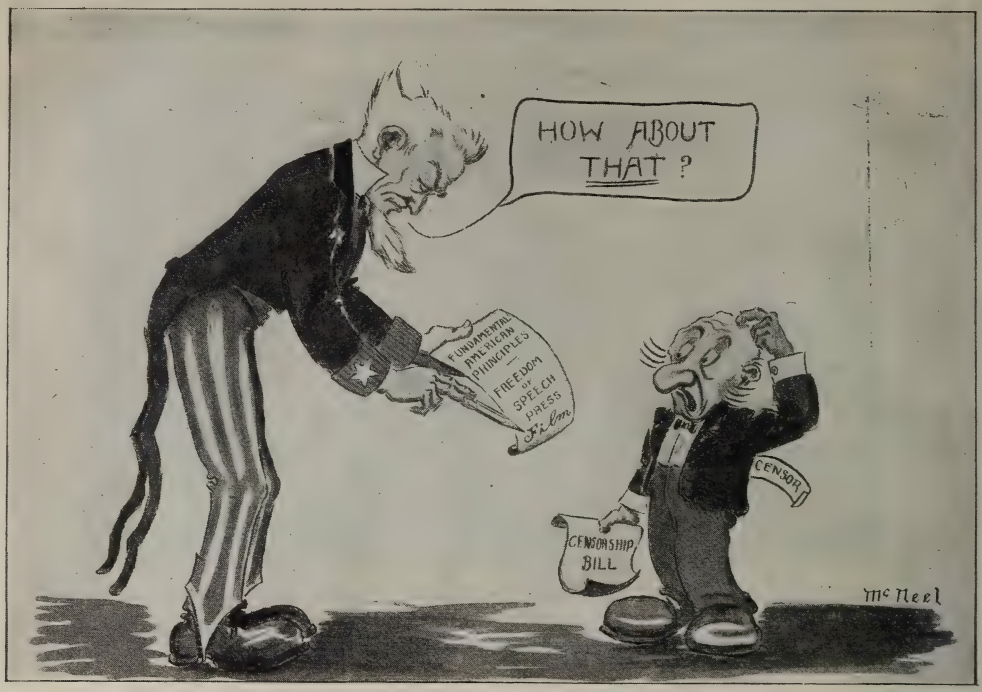
tures. They are, in effect, a code of ethics for the film, and in a broad and careful manner consider such subjects as "costuming," "vulgarity in pictures," "murder" and "underworld scenes," recognizing the particular circumstances which may allow the presentation of these matters, but expressing clear-cut principles of conservatism which should govern judgment. The test of sincerity is frequently applied to action which is questionable. Themes may be made immoral when their true importance in the relations of society is ridiculed and shown in a farcical and burlesquing light. Marital infidelity, degeneracy and sexual irregularities are notable examples. On the other hand, a plot developing in whole or part about infidelity may be employed, if its character is serious and if in the end good is rewarded and evil punished. Pictures must be judged as a whole, with a view to the total effect upon the audiences. Doubtful action, if essential to a plot, may be allowed, if the net result of the film is good, but the National Board cannot pass features in pictures which stamp with approval the saying that "the end justifies the means." It recognizes that

THE KIND OF VULGARITY THE NATIONAL BOARD DOES NOT PASS. A DANCING PARTY IS BEING HELD UPSTAIRS; A WOMAN FALLS THRU THE CEILING

A TYPICAL CRIME-EPISODE SHOWING MURDER AND ROBBERY—THE NATIONAL BOARD CONSIDERED IT JUSTIFIED THRU ITS RELATION TO A SIGNIFICANT PLOT

an evil instrument may bring about good, but here the act must be only incidental and not of principal importance in the play. Details of crime must be omitted: the pistol may be fired, but we may not see the victim fall in the same view, or the man may fall to the ground while the discharge of the gun may be but imagined; the villain may powerfully grasp the woman, but a prolonged struggle in physical contact may not be shown; a low dance-hall may be depicted, but the presentation of low actions therein is cut down to the minimum; the despairing man may commit suicide, but even the slightest thing which can be construed as a justification of the act and an incentive to it must be avoided; the criminal may stealthily approach with the poison needle, but it may not be seen entering the arm; the burglar may cautiously enter the office with his tools, but the actual process of opening the safe may not be shown; the injured man, woman or beast may appear upon the screen, but depiction of the causal brutality is not allowed; poison or stupefying drugs may be administered, but the audiences may not be informed as to their character or where they may be easily procured. One illustration of more definite character: in a recent picture reviewed two women appeared upon a sea beach, established themselves behind a large umbrella, and in several flashes were seen disrobing; partially draped, they appeared three or four times upon the screen. It was necessary to the progress of the plot that the seashore scene be shown, but the committee held that there was unnecessary repetition and cut the film, eliminating all but the first view of shadows upon the sand, merely indicating that the bathers were about to put on their bathing costumes.

In these matters the National Board is more conservative indeed than the legitimate stage, which not infrequently makes light of infidelity, shows complete murder scenes, dramatically emphasizes attempts upon virtue, conceals little of underworld life, and in other doubtful matters sooner or later completely informs the audience. The press, most potent of all instruments, fully, and with more or less accuracy, depicts all human actions but that which is legally immoral. The National Board coincides with Thomas Dixon, who recently said: "The Mo-



A POSER FOR THOSE WHO ARE ADVOCATING NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL CENSORSHIP

tion Picture is a new, more vivid and powerful manner of printing." Therefore the screen should be allowed to develop as freely as the press, but it must be mindful, too, of the extraordinary and widespread character of its influence. The National Board is at once the counselor of the manufacturers and the interpreting agent for the public.

The reviewing committee has seen the picture. Then comes the application of principles thru discussion and ballot. The committee votes whether the picture shall be passed without change, passed subject to specific eliminations, or condemned in toto. Constructively, it votes upon the educational value, the entertainment value, the art of production and the moral effect of the picture. Opinion is also registered upon the ballot with reference to placing the film upon the selected list for the family circle and that for children. Not infrequently there is a divided vote, and if any member is dissatisfied with the verdict of the majority and believes the pictures should receive further consideration, he is privileged to refer it to a second reviewing committee or to the general committee. Provision is thus made for appeals. Similarly, the manufacturer, if he cares to do so, may appeal from the reviewing committee to the general committee, which acts as a court of final judgment. In rare cases, when there may be serious question concerning the general character of a picture, a large review meeting is held, to which the National Board invites several hundred persons outside of its own membership for the purpose of securing public reaction upon the picture.

Most pictures are passed without change, few are condemned, but in a considerable number eliminations are made of transitory action or of subtitles which are contrary in one way or another to the standards. The vote of the committee is reported to the manufacturer; necessary changes, if any, are made; the copies are printed and distributed to the exchanges, and the public gets the benefit. The National

Let nothing creep into the affairs of gov't which will in any way take from the American people that spirit of freedom for which our fathers fought + died.
AMERICAN
U.S. GOV'T.
CENSOR
McNeel

UNCLE SAM—And I intend to keep you in here until you learn that lesson.

Board now views the pictures of every manufacturer making regular releases for the American market and estimates that it sees 99 per cent. of all pictures exhibited in the country.

The work of the National Board, however, is not merely negative. It is constructively critical in its efforts. It sends special bulletins to manufacturers, suggesting action to be generally avoided in pictures; provides them with lists of books suitable for scenarios, and, upon their request, furnishes them with special reports concerning pictures which have been viewed.

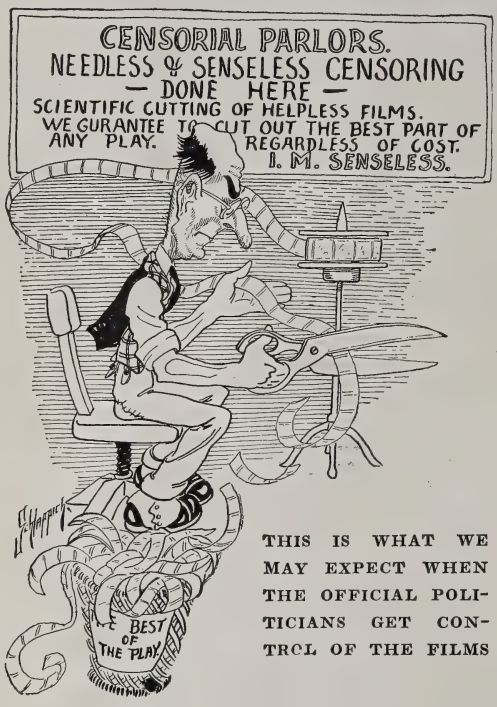
But the "punch" is put into the constructive work thru the Children's Department and the "Better Films Movement." Altho fully 85 per cent. of the persons in attendance upon Motion Picture performances are adults, some people in the interest of children would reduce all plays to the level of youthful intelligence. The National Board and other persons and agencies who think carefully say that this would not be fair; that it would be ridiculous and destructive of the nation-wide amusement value of the film. Special children's performances given at some free time, such as Saturday morning, remove any objection that might be made, and the National Board has had a considerable part in fostering the more than 200 such performances which are now in existence in America. Before inaugurating the Children's Department, the opinions of nearly 200 child psychologists, teachers and others working with children were secured concerning the kind of films that would be especially suitable for children. Children's standards were thus formed and are the basis for the selection of films for the "kiddies." It is definitely established that the purely educational film or the picture without any thrills does not attract the children. They want to be entertained.

The "Better Films Movement" means the selection of films for the whole family group, consisting of father, mother and children — pictures which can be viewed by all with entire satisfaction. The National Board believes that pictures of this kind have a large amusement value and serve a fine purpose in getting the family to take its pleasures together.

But there is a fly in the ointment—a buzzing, blue-bottle fly—a busy, noisy fly! His name is official censor-

ship, and he is backed by the partisan politician and the office-seeker. Few hearkened to his voice, but still the buzzing is heard, altho it is fainter.

Official pre-publicity censorship—what does it mean? Just this: a manufacturer would be obliged, under severe penalties, to submit his product, reel by reel, to a board of three or four persons, paid to look for trouble, who


CENSORIAL PARLORS.
NEEDLESS & SENSELESS CENSORING
— DONE HERE —
SCIENTIFIC CUTTING OF HELPLESS FILMS.
WE GURANTEE TO CUT OUT THE BEST PART OF ANY PLAY.
REGARDLESS OF COST.
I. M. SENSELESS.
BEST OF THE PLAY

THIS IS WHAT WE MAY EXPECT WHEN THE OFFICIAL POLITICIANS GET CONTROL OF THE FILMS

would say whether the picture might be shown to the public. If they said "no," then that would end it, except as the producer might undertake long-drawn-out court proceedings that would cost him more than the prospective profits on the film. The story would be told and the books closed. If, in violation of the judgment of the political fault-finders, the picture were publicly exhibited, the manufacturer would be heavily fined. The paramount objections are that official censorship is undemocratic and un-American; that it opens the door to censorship of the press, the stage and free speech, and that it exposes the whole art to the whims, caprices and wrong judgments of a small group who would not be in a position to reflect public opinion. But four states have been bold enough to place censorship statutes upon their books, and their experience has been unhappy. Only three cities in America have succumbed to the arguments of repressionists, and conduct censor boards which act independently. But, nothing daunted, our antiquarians have invaded the halls of Congress and left a statute upon the desks of legislation.

It is therein proposed, by inference at least, that local communities surrender their control over Motion Picture houses to the National Government, and that the Southern States and all other commonwealths that believe in the good doctrine of State's rights take down their boundary posts and let the government dictate amusement policies. This bill may be shelved, but in the meantime it behooves all friends of the pictures to ask their Congressmen and Senators to oppose the legislation—in short, swat the fly!

Friends, do you want some good advice? (*Chorus: "Yes, if it's not too long."*) Be a true friend to the pictures and to the exhibitor. If you like the films you see, tell the manager. In this way you can build up and register a community public opinion which will be hearkened to. If you dont like them, tell the manager also, and you will find that he will give you what you want. If there is a moral question involved in any picture to which you take serious exception, communicate your views to the National Board, and thus you will help it register public opinion.

Motion Pictures are the greatest contribution in all ages to the amusement of the people; potentially, they are the greatest educational force; morally, they are good and getting better. In the ultimate, however, they will be what the sound judgment of a decent American public wants them to be, and in working out their destiny, every man, woman and child of the 12,000,000 who daily see them should have a part.

Wm. S. Hart, the Man of the West

By GERTRUDE GORDON

To talk for an hour with William S. Hart—actor, associate of cowboys, brother to the Indians, plainsman and Westerner to the core, and now leading man with the New York Motion Picture Company — is like turning the pages of a Bret Harte story or leafing thru a series of Frederick Remington pictures. In a number of plays, notably "The Virginian" and "The Squaw Man," he has given splendidly characteristic Western types. In "The Barrier" he gave a faithful presentation of the real "bad man" of the North. In "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" he was the backwoods mountaineer. Now he is portraying rôles in which he simply lives the ideas he has had for years, working out his own characterizations of Western men—good, bad, outlaw and desperado.

He is at the front of the delineators of these types; he is surpassed by no other actor in the Moving Picture world today. Tall, loose-limbed, raw-boned, with perfect muscular poise, quick as a hair-trigger, Mr. Hart is a delight to watch on the screen. He is a real "two-gun" man, being able to handle and shoot accurately with either hand—and with both hands at the same time.

His voice is deep, and the watcher of the screen loses much in not hearing its slow drawl or quick, sharp note of command, as the character he plays requires. His eyes have a trick of suddenly narrowing as he talks, a typical Western characteristic, gained from long days of looking over the vast reaches of prairie in his beloved, open, range country.

Gladly he will turn any time from rest or recreation to talk of his own West. Reminiscence, anecdote and tale of the frontier, all in a sort of piquant O. Henry style, are poured without stint into the ears of his hearer.

One of the bits of Western history with which he is fully acquainted, and which never wholly came to the ears of the world, is that of the great Custer fight. Mr. Hart gives a version which is not known outside official circles and which strips, to some extent, the romance from the figure of Custer and a little of the barbaric cruelty from the memory of the Indians, who everywhere have been execrated for their massacre of the soldiers.

"Custer was a very brave man—no one can deny that," he said one day recently while "resting up" in his cabin between two of his strenuous Motion Picture plays. "But he also was self-opinionated and hard-headed. Had he not been killed in that famous fight, there is no doubt he would have been court-martialed on two serious charges—disobeying orders and dividing his

force in the face of an enemy of superior numbers. The story as it really is, and as I can vouch for it, goes something like this:

"To begin with, Custer was an inordinately ambitious man. At one time he went to Washington to try for the commandership and control of all the West. But General Grant had too fine a knowledge of human nature to give it to him. Just before the Custer massacre, General Terry, with the Seventh Cavalry, was stationed at Fort Buford, now since abandoned, near the Dakota and Montana line of the Missouri River. General Terry, of course, was chief in command. When the campaign was begun against the Indians, this command started down the river on the steamer *The Far West* and four other boats. When the mouth of the Yellowstone River was reached, the spot for disembarking, General Terry told Custer to go on and scout in advance for ninety miles; not to invite any attacks from the Indians; to take two days for the march, and then wait for him, General Terry.

"Custer had about five hundred men with him, with Major Reno, Captain B. F. Benteen and Charlie Reynolds, better known as 'Lonesome Charlie,' one of the best scouts the West ever knew. Never did a cavalcade start out in better spirits. The horses were fresh; the men were full of enthusiasm. A great work lay before them. The country rolled away to the horizon in plain and butte and far-off hill, with a mute invitation to dare and do. Leaving the rest of the company, which, with General Terry, was to bring up the artillery, General Custer and the whole line went swinging off.

"They left Terry at six o'clock in the morning. At four o'clock the next morning they had arrived within four miles of the Little Big Horn River, where they were to wait for Terry. Instead of consuming two days on the march, as he was ordered, Custer had taken only twenty-two hours to it. As the day broke, Custer could see the tents of an Indian village about four miles away up the river. With his field glasses he could see the buffalo robes lying around the tents. At first he thought that the village was abandoned, but the more experienced frontiersmen said that the seeming absence of Indians was only a decoy, as the Indians never left their robes lying around like that. Custer immediately formed the notion of advancing upon the ambushed Indians, annihilating them, and so making a great name for himself. He wanted to do himself what General Terry had set out to do. 'Lonesome Charlie' expostulated with him, but to no avail. All the men with whom he talked told him how foolhardy the project was, as the Indians, doubtless, were in sufficient numbers to wipe the command off the earth. But Custer was obdurate. He could see no danger—think of none. All he saw was the star of glory shining before him so brightly that it obliterated military honor and obedience, duty, common-sense, and every other saving grace.

"He took two hundred and sixty-eight men and made a detour to the right. Major Reno and about half the remaining men detoured to the left, while Captain Benteen went straight ahead. Of course I know a great deal of this is common history, and so am making it brief; but much of what I am now telling you is not generally known. Most of the men knew that they were riding straight into the face of death, but they gave better obedience to their superior officer than that officer had given his chief, and went, uncomplainingly and unafraid, to their doom. Custer was, in every sense, a brave man, for he took the worst end of the fight and was into it in less than no time. Inside of thirty minutes he and his men were wiped out completely. Some records say they fought longer, but they simply were swept away by the myriads of Indians who surrounded them in a few minutes. Not a man of his division was left. It was all done so quickly, and Major Reno and Captain Benteen could not have gone to his assistance even if they had been able to subdue their own foes, for the Indians were as thick as blades of grass on the ground. Benteen heard the firing on his right, and knew there was no hope for Custer, so he worked around to the left to the assistance of Reno, who had gathered his men at the foot of a huge butte, which protected them and gave them a fighting chance. Benteen knew the country, and he knew

that Custer, out on the plains as he was, simply was being cut to pieces, with no help possible for him. The remnant of the two divisions fought with but little cessation until the two days from the time they had left Terry were up. Relief then came with Terry and the rest of the command. Terry arrived just as he said he would and saved the rest of the company, the greater part of which had been done to death by one man's vainglorious conceit and hot-headedness.

"How do I know? Because I lived in that country then as a boy. I heard soldiers, civilians and Indians talk about it, And I saw the facts, down in Captain Benteen's handwriting.

"On the tenth anniversary of Custer's death, Chief Gall, of the Sioux tribe, the leader of the Indians who had been in the Custer fight, made a speech before some officers of the United States Army. Before he spoke, the officers pledged themselves by an oath never to reveal anything that he said, in case he spoke in a derogatory manner of Custer or any of his men. But Chief Gall had too much admiration for the bravery of Custer to speak ill of him. He gave all credit to the little band of soldiers, but there was not an Indian there who did not have contempt for Custer's judgment.

"An interesting incident of the fight was that only two bodies of the white men who fell were left unmutilated. One was that of Custer, because he was the chief, and the other that of Miles Kellogg, a newspaperman. Kellogg was correspondent for a little paper called the *Bismark Tribune,* and several times had spoken kindly of the Indians in his articles. They knew him, remembered, and did the only thing they could do in respect for him—left his body lying as he died. A great deal of my information regarding those troublous times in the West I have been given by

D. F. Barry, of West Superior, Wisconsin. Barry, I firmly believe, knows more of the real history of the frontier days than does any other man, living or dead. He was the intimate friend of all the United States officers of the West during the time civilization broke into that country. He also was the friend of all the great Indian warriors. He speaks the Sioux language fluently, is one of the squarest men who ever lived, and compared to his array of knowledge of the West, which he has at his fingers' ends, mine is that of an infant."

Mr. Hart was taken West when he was only six months old. He lived there until the age of fifteen. For a number of years he lived with the Sioux tribe, and he always is greeted as "Brother" by any member of that tribe. He loves the West, its people, its freedom and great, open spaces. And he loves the Indians, whom he knows as well as any white man could. He is a firm ally of the red man, believes strongly in his integrity, and hotly denies the idea that he naturally is cruel, inhuman and dishonest.

"Never in God's world has any race been so abused and robbed and cheated as has been the Indian," he said indignantly. "The Indian was a king in his own right—a monarch, an emperor—and in one generation was compelled to become a servant. The Indian cannot really serve any more than could members of a royal house of Europe. A white man cannot understand an Indian's pride. It is more intense than that of the white man, because the red man is more primitive. He is an aborigine, a savage, and his few instincts and feelings correspondingly are stronger than the many influences of civilization. The Indian for years was hunted down and crowded out. But now our government is doing all it can for the red man, altho much yet remains to be done.

"There never lived a better-natured or finer man than the Indian. The Indian of the plains—the full-blooded red man, without any taint or admixture of Spanish or Mexican strain—naturally is gentle, kind and honorable to a fault. The Sioux, Cheyenne, Crow and Blackfeet Indians belong in this category. The Apache is from the lower part of the states and is not a true Indian. But the Indian does not receive any credit for the good qualities he possesses—even now trampled upon and outraged as he yet often is. His children are taken from him and sent to school, there to learn to live as does the white man, to talk his tongue and to grow entirely away from their parents. If the Indians do not give permission for the children to go, they are taken from them by force. The squaws will beat their heads on the ground in sorrow and grief and despair when their little ones are carried away. The men go around with drawn, set faces, fairly breathing their misery and hate against the whites.

"When the red man is gone, then the American nation will begin to waken up and say, as they do of the buffalo and of the forest trees, 'What a pity we let them go! How sad to have allowed them all to die! Why didn't we treat them with consideration while they were here?'

"They talk about the Indian being dirty. He doesn't know how to be clean in the cramped quarters they give him, any more than does a wild animal in a cage. Take a bear from the woods; put him in a cage. He may be glossy and beautiful and clean, and cleanliness itself when captured; but he is not in captivity very long before his fur becomes shaggy and snarled, his eyes grow bleary, he goes around with a hang-dog look. Well, that is the Indian."

Mr. Hart is just as much interested in the cowboy as the Indian, and he likes to talk of this exclusively Western product of our country as much as he does of the red man.

"One thing this Moving Picture business has done," he said, real thankfulness in his voice and a smile in his eyes, "and that is, banish the 'stage' idea of the cowboy. Before the movies were so well known, it used to amuse me to see stage representations of the cowboy. I have had lots of people, while I was on the stage, ask me, just casually and off-hand, 'What is the real cowboy like?' As tho any person could sit down and tell in a sentence, or even in an hour, just what one particular kind of man is like. Even the cowboy's clothes are marvels of mystery to the average Easterner. I know a very famous actor who once," he said

in a dry tone, gazing nonchalantly at the ceiling, "was asked by a reporter why cowboys wore their cartridge-belts so loose. And this actor, mind you, was famed for his interpretation of Western rôles. 'Why,' he said, groping for knowledge he did not possess—'why, they do that on the stage just to look romantic, and because artists paint them that way. In the West, of course, they wear their belts tight.' Which was plumb silly."

"Well, what is the reason?" I asked him, wondering myself at that to which I had never given a thought before.

"The weight of the gun and cartridges, of course," with a slightly surprised lift of his eyebrows, and a still more pronounced drawl in his voice. "Strap all the weight there is in a cartridge belt, with pistols attached, tightly about a man's waist; put him on a horse and let him ride about sixty or seventy miles, straightaway at a gallop, most of the time, and—well, the chances are that you would have two parts of a man instead of a whole man at the end of the ride."

Then, at my request, he described the uses of a cowboy's clothes, from hat to spurs:

"He wears a broad-brimmed hat to keep the sun out of his eyes; of course," he said, "you know that. Then there is a gee-string, which runs in two loops—one around the back of his neck and up

to his hat, and the other under his chin. No matter which way his hat blows off, he cant lose it. The gee-string is fastened in front with a poker-chip, and the cowboy can loosen or tighten it with one movement. He usually wears a silk handkerchief around his neck, and for two reasons. One is that the average cowboy is a bit of a dandy, usually has plenty of money, and likes the best of everything. The other is that the silk is soft on the neck and face. When herding cattle, he doubles the handkerchief corner-wise, and puts it across his face just under the eyes. This keeps his mouth and nose covered from the dust raised by the herd. And protection of some sort is needed, believe me, for a herd of several hundred cattle sure does kick up some dust.

"The handkerchief is fastened with a poker-chip. Sometimes a fancy ring is used, many of them with very valuable stones set in them. When not 'ridin' herd,' the cowboy pulls the handkerchief down around his neck, and that is the way he wears it on the stage.

"When a lot of cowboys are at work rounding up cattle, they look like bandits. Any honest man, a stranger to the country, would sure be frightened if he came across them suddenly.

"In the West, a cowboy always wears a vest. On the stage he rarely does, as that would spoil the romantic look of the creature. Shirt-sleeves seem to catch the feminine eye more than a prosaic vest. But the real cowboy needs the pockets in a vest, and so wears one constantly.

"His 'leathers,' from five to seven and a half inches long, which cover his arms from wrist to elbow, are to protect his arms from the rope when he swings it. The lariat would cut him up terribly if it were not for the leathers. The 'dust-rag,' a strap which goes around his arms just above the elbows, protects his whole body from the clouds of dust he rides thru. His shirt-sleeve is buttoned to the wrist, of course, but the opening above the cuff comes above the top of the leathers. The strap above this keeps the dust from going up his sleeve and all over his body. His gauntlets, of course, are for protection, as are the leathers. And, by the way, no real cowboy ever handles his gun with his gauntlets on. A stage cowboy does, but a real one, if in great danger, would do that only once. There wouldn't be anything left of him to do it a second time. It would be suicide sure.

"The 'chaps'—those great, shapeless riding-breeches—are to protect his legs from the chaparral or underbrush thru which he rides and which would tear his clothes from him without them. They are made from the skin of the angora goat—those with the long hair—for rainy weather. The leather chaps are for dry weather. The hair turns the rain better than anything else would. Many persons wonder why the handle of the 'quirt,' or short whip the cowboy carries, is loaded; also the why of the leather loop by which the whip hangs from the cowboy's hand. Let me draw you a picture. A cowboy is riding his herd. A big steer becomes unmanageable. Perhaps the steer charges him. Of course he could shoot the animal, but a steer is valuable, and the cowboy knows he isn't supposed to be so reckless as all that with his employer's property.

"As the steer comes on, head down, the cowboy simply brings down the butt of his quirt on the animal's head rather forcibly, and Mr. Steer stops right where he is. The quirt is held by the loop, not by the lash, and is swung down with tremendous force on the steer's head. That loaded butt saves a cowboy's life many a time.

"If you would examine the sash of a cowboy, you would find that it is tied in a peculiar way. By pulling one end of it, he can untie it in less than a second. When a steer is roped, the cowboy lets his horse hold firm (the horses are trained to do this), and runs to the animal, which is struggling in the lasso. As he runs, he pulls off the sash, and, in an instant, the steer is 'hog-tied'; that is, his feet are tied together, two by two. A sash is a mighty useful article, and, when it is needed, it is needed quick. It wouldn't do to have it tied in a true-lover's knot, for instance.

"The cowboy's high-heeled boots are to give him a firm grip in the stirrups. With low-heeled boots he always would be 'feeling' for a grip, and, ten chances to one, when he needed it, it wouldn't be there. He must feel absolutely sure of his hold in the stirrups, or he would be completely

and positively a 'goner' in a riding contest, or a ride of any sort. His spur-leathers, of course, are to fasten his spur to. The little balls of metal, which jingle so prettily when he walks, often serve a very cruel purpose. As you know, the rowel of a spur turns as it is put against a horse's side or flank. Well, the little balls of steel, or bells as they generally are called, are used to lock the spurs, so the rowels will not turn. The bells go thru a hole in the rowel and hold it fast. A cowboy can dig his heels into his horse and stand right up on his spurs. Of course it rips a horse open, but it has been done. It is counted a foul in a riding contest, and any person who practices it is utterly disqualified. But no one but a greaser would do it. The strap you see around a cowboy's thigh fastens the holster of his gun down tight. Then, if he has to draw quick, the holster doesn't come with the gun.

"So there you have the cowboy. No; one thing more. In wet weather he wears an oilskin over his hat and a 'slicker' over his clothes. To see a crowd of cowboys standing around a 'chuck-wagon' (you would call it lunch-wagon) on a rainy evening, you instinctively would look for the boat, for they look like nothing so much as a group of Gloucester fishermen.

"The cowboy is a creature of real romance, but much more romance has been woven about him than really belongs to him—rather fake romance. He often is misunderstood and rarely fully appreciated. But he is real and vital, and even today is a thrilling factor in our land. The most typical cowboy I ever knew—square, staunch, a living example of a real cowman, even as poets and artists and novelists have pictured him—is Bud McDonald. I feel sure proud that he is my friend and pardner. He is not of the East. I doubt if Bud could stand it in cities very long. Every chance we get we see each other. I remember, one time I was in Denver," and Hart's eyes softened and his voice dreamed low, "Bud traveled in the saddle over two hundred miles to see me. He slept out in the open, with the temperature below zero, just to come to see me. He landed in Denver with a case of pneumonia. So you see"—he brought himself back with a jerk—"he is a right down good friend. And he is the best master of a horse that ever looked down over a horse's ears. They cant bring a horse too mean for him to ride, and no person can say he ever used a dishonest method with animals, or ever was unkind to them.

"In May, several years ago, he rode a horse two hundred and fifty miles, in a riding contest, in twenty-seven hours and a few minutes—a world's record; and when his beast stepped in a prairie dog-hole and wrenched his shoulder, Bud slid off his back to the ground and cried like a kid. He will go out and win a riding contest from the very pick of the riders of the West, and then go right back to the ranch to herdin' again.

"I used to despair of seeing the real West put before the public in the East. But now, since the Moving Pictures are exhibited so universally, the people who see them are getting a better idea of what our country is like and why we love it.

"The West is home to me," and his eyes and voice grew tender; "it is family and friends; it is faithful and dependable; it is honest and straightforward and true; it is father and mother."

And, I thought, it sure must be proud of its son, William S. Hart.

"Well, Viola, I've Arrived"

By HECTOR AMES

Shirley Mason achieves her dearest ambition; but, if she shows signs of pride, Viola, her sister, will "take her down." The inside story of the rivalry of a pair of stage tots whose talents have made it easy for them to shine behind the footlights and beneath the arc lights.

SHIRLEY MASON IN "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL." BOTH SHIRLEY AND HER SISTER, VIOLA DANA, MADE A REPUTATION IN THIS PLAY

SHIRLEY MASON AND VIOLA DANA IN "RIP VAN WINKLE," WITH JOSEPH JEFFERSON

WHEN Shirley Mason, now the sixteen-year-old ingénue of McClure Pictures, made her entrance into this world and saw her sister, Viola Dana, viewing her from the bedside with a baby's curiosity, Shirley doubled up her chubby little fists and bawled, because Viola had over a year's start in the race to be a star.

It has been nip and tuck between them ever since, with the honors about even. Both have been on the stage since they were three years old; both have played important parts; and now both have become film stars—Viola Dana with Metro; Shirley Mason with McClure Pictures.

Where once Shirley lamented that Viola was older than she, now she triumphs in the fact that she is more than a year younger, for that makes her, so far as she knows, the youngest star on the screen—certainly the youngest to have scored so heavily both on the stage and in the films.

Shirley and Viola were born in Brooklyn, and when scarcely out of babyhood, attended a children's dancing school there—they literally danced their way onto the stage.

GEORGE LA GUERE HOLBROOK BLINN

SHIRLEY MASON

SHIRLEY MASON CHARLES SUTTON

When Shirley was but two and a half years old, both took part in a children's entertainment at Tony Pastor's. The antics of Shirley attracted the attention of a stage manager in the audience, and he persuaded her mother to let her appear in his play.

After that honors came thick and fast to both Shirley and Viola.

It was Shirley, when four years old, who created the part of Little Hal in "The Squaw Man," played by William Faversham.

It was Viola who played Little Heinrich with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," while Shirley had the rôle of

Photo by Bakody-Berger

SHIRLEY MASON (left)
VIOLA DANA (right)

Little Meenie—not many plays called for child parts in those days.

It was Shirley who played Little Jan, the principal child character in "The Piper"; but it was Viola who first secured the part of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," with Shirley as her understudy. Shirley's chance came when Viola fell sick in Philadelphia, and she played the part with an excellence that led to her later playing it on the Pacific Coast.

To either tot it was a cross to have to understudy the other, but honors, or humiliations, were also even here. It fell to Viola's lot to understudy Shirley in "The Squaw Man," and she did not fully recover from the blow until her triumph in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Joseph Jefferson found great amusement in the rivalry between his "Little Meenie" and his "Little Heinrich." While playing "Rip Van Winkle" on the road, Shirley broke one of his rules.

"Young lady," he said, "you'll not play 'Little Meenie' tonight. You'll go to bed early, and Viola will take your part. I'll put the understudy in her rôle."

Night came, and Shirley went wrathfully to bed. She was up in a flash, however, as soon as the others left the hotel, and later they discovered her sitting before the footlights, making scathing criticisms of the way in which Viola was playing her character.

The entrance of the sisters into filmland put an end to the rivalry. Rôles were too abundant to permit time or thought for it, and they both had a career to make all over again.

Yet, once in a great while, it crops up over trivial matters. One day Shirley, having been scheduled for a new part, asked Viola's permission to wear a costume the latter had worn in a successful film made a few weeks previously.

"Permission refused!" said Viola. "We look alike now, and if the public sees Shirley Mason in Viola Dana's clothes, they'll say Viola Dana played the part."

"Which would be very much to Viola Dana's credit!" retorted Shirley.

Shirley isn't asking such favors now. As a full-fledged McClure star, her wardrobe is plentifully supplied with choice creations by leading Fifth Avenue costumers, and honors are again even.

Stage and studio men, who know the deep affection existing between the two girls, and who are familiar with the remarkable talents of each, predict that, tho playing under different management, their popularity upon the screen will be as great as that of the Taliaferros on the stage. The prediction seems well founded, for no child actresses have appealed to a larger public than have these two; and now, with the gates to the screen realm thrown wide for them, every city and village in the world lies open to their conquest. One thing is sure: if the sisters do not achieve the very highest measure of popularity, it will not be because one fails to make the other do her best.

TWO NOTABLE VISITORS

The Motion Picture Magazine was recently favored with a visit from Mr. Sidney Olcott, a famous Famous Players director, and Miss Valentine Grant, an equally famous Famous Players leading woman. Both of these distinguished guests were shown thru the plant and introduced to all of the employees, much to the delight of the latter. If Miss Grant and Mr. Olcott knew the impression they made, they could well exclaim, like Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici"; but, not knowing, they simply penned and forwarded the following charming notes, which are much appreciated:

My Dear Mr. Brewster:

Many thanks for the "personally conducted tour" of your splendid institution. It was thoroly enjoyed, and your courtesies much appreciated.

Wishing you, your staff and the magazines unbounded prosperity, I am, Yours heartily,

Screen Club, N. Y. Sidney Olcott.

Dear Mr. Brewster:

Once again I want to express my appreciation of your kindly reception the other day, and tell you how much I really enjoyed meeting you and your staff personally.

You surely have a model institution which reflects itself in your publications.

Long life to all o' ye, say I, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

With the very best of good wishes, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

Valentine Grant.

315 W. 51st St., New York City.

Drafts in Your Gloom-Attic

A Limerick's the Only Weather-Strip to Keep Out the Chilly Blues

A good way to have a lovely fireplace in your home, at practically no expense, is to take all the clothes (if you have any) out of your closet and to line it carefully with tin-foil. Next build a fire of kindling-wood on the closet floor, seat yourself cross-legged before it, and see how long the fire will last. It's sure to make a pleasant little blaze, sometimes warming up the whole house.

Impractical, you say (if not silly), but it's just as silly for you to try to fan the blues with a Good Cry or a Stiff Hooker. And dont carry the Drafts from your Gloom-Attic down to the parlor, where mother has set herself out to please father on his only night in.

Did you ever try to amuse yourself, without getting stuck on yourself? Try it on a night when the wind is moaning in your Gloom-Attic, and try it by writing a Limerick. Thousands have tried it and stopped the blue leaks. And if you want a testimonial from the Limerick editor for your first offense, here it is: "Your verses will Live when Shakespeare and Dante are Dead!" *When* they are dead, notice; but, poor dears, they are immortal!

But every tiny bit of verse *lives,* if it survives only long enough to gasp out its requiem on the editor's desk. Send it to him—*he* knows its joyful birth, and promises to hold its hand at the end. Each month we offer a cure for the Drafts in your Gloom-Attic by giving $12, in prizes of $5, $3 and four driblets of $1 each, for the brightest Limericks about Plays and Players. Come to your own rescue! Be a self-supporting joy-maker. And if you can make a stranger smile, and forget himself, you have turned an artistic trick. This month we award the prizes to the following Gloom-chasers in the order named: D. C. Stewart, G. B. Dexter, Frederick Wallace, H. J. Smalley, Mabel W. Burleson and T. A. Tinsley.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

ROSCOE, THE TRAGEDY CHASER.

When I'm tired of watching "vamping"
by the mile,
And I wish to clean my mind out and to
smile,
I go where that dimpled "Fatty"
Makes me laugh until I'm batty,
With his innocent and cunning baby smile.

Mabel W. Burleson.
108 N. Fourth, Temple, Tex.

WILLUM, STEP UP!

There's an actor named William Courtleigh,
Who's as handsome as handsome can
beigh,
An' I'd be so happy
That I'd leave my pappy,
If, instead of Courtleigh, he'd court meigh!

Mary E. Smith (of M. M.).
Kingsville, Baltimore Co., Md.

HAZEL DAWN

HAZEL DAWN.

HER charm is alluring and rare,
There are sunbeams enmeshed in her hair;
She heralds a day
Never gloomy or gray—
And I would that all dawns were as fair!

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

A PAIR OF BEAUTS!

MY face is so funny it's farcial,
It's homely all over—not partial;
But I've found a "guy"
Who's as homely as I—
Pleased to meet you, indeed, Tully Marshall!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

ENID MARKEY

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN.

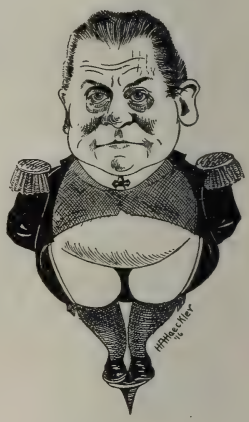
THE garland of Fame is his lot,
His brain never misses a shot;
When he clutches his hair,
With a Byronic stare,
You can bet that he scents a good plot!

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

NOT THAT WE CARE, BUT—

DONT it give you a pain in your bones,
And make you emit cries and groans,
As you read, with a sigh,
Of your favorite "guy,"
"He's married to Annabelle Jones!"

Burnside, Conn. L. C. HALE.



DANIELS

ALL IN A "CAST" OF ONE "REEL"!

POOR Enid, 'tis always her fate
To be cast in the drama as "bait";
The men take one look,
And just dive for the hook—
Which proves father's wisdom is great!

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

RYE USED TO BE "WET."

HERE he is, folks, Frank Daniels of Rye;
Oh, my! but he's droll and he's dry.
This is why it is dry
On Sundays in Rye.
(Did you ever see Frank wink his eye?)

JOS. S. HAIGHT.
230 First Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

In one of her plays Mary Minter
A barrel head-first she falls inter,
Showing all of us there
A be-you-tiful pair—
What wonderful weather for winter!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"CIVILIZATION" TOM.

The super-dynamic Tom Ince
Is of Western directors the prince;
The extras turn pale
And the props simply quail,
When he thru the camera squints!

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.

MAE MARSH

EVERYTHING BUT POISON GUMDROPS!

I've heard it said—is it true?
Dear Mae, just give us a clue;
You're so sweet and fair,
Now say, on the square,
Were Marsh-mallows named after you?

Corning, Cal. D. C. STEWART.

RATHER, ON A MANLY BOSOM.

The ostrich, pursued by a man, sir,
Will bury its head in the sand, sir;
I wonder if she—
Miss Muriel—gee!
Would try it? I pause for an answer!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HOLD YOUR BREATH—YOU'LL CATCH IT!

Johnny Hines, 'tis surely outrageous
To harbor a smile so contagious;
'Twould be wise, it would seem,
To compel quarantine,
Where laugh-germs would spring up to cage us!

Adams, N. Y. GORDON B. DEXTER.

LILLIAN GISH

HER SMACKS ARE ALL CERTIFIED AND SCREENED.

THERE is an appealing young Gish,
With a quirk to her mouth, and I wish
I might have the delight
Of being the knight
She kisses—it must be delish!

MABEL W. BURLESON.
108 N. Fourth, Temple, Tex.

AND THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER!

POOR Myra is dogged by the master,
Who brings on her woe and disaster,
And we hope her next play
Will be lively and gay,
For she's had enough trouble to last 'er.

Bristol, Conn. FREDERICK WALLACE.

SHOWER BATH, MAINE!

WHEN Eddie Foy went to Bath, Me.,
He got caught in a shower of re;
"Why, I thought Maine was dry,"
He remarked, with a sy;
"Now, what good is this gold-headed ce?"

JOS. S. HAIGHT.
230 First Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

MR. WILSON, GET BUSY!

"HELEN HOLMES is a girlie I like,"
Said a railroad employee named Mike;
Give her *six hours* per day,
And, with her winning way,
She'd soon stop all talk of a strike!

EARL W. JOHNSTON.
270 W. 11th St., N. Y. C.

W. S. HART

GIVING HIS STRENGTH AWAY.

A CRIPPLE saw William S. Hart
In a typical William S. part;
He shouted "Hooray!"
Threw his crutches away—
And beat up a cop as a start!

THEODORE A. TINSLEY.
159 E. 116th St., New York City.

Eugene O'Brien

Essanay's Newest Leading Man

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

EUGENE O'BRIEN

"EUGENE O'BRIEN?" said the office girl at Essanay. "Why, no, he's not here today. One of the actors is ill, so the filming of 'The Return of Eve' had to be postponed for a day. Mr. O'Brien lives only around the corner, however," she added, apologetically. "And I am sure he'd be glad to come over."

So there was a hasty telephone call, and for five minutes I sat and wielded my fan frantically while I anxiously hoped "Eugene" would not be furious that his holiday was not to be a holiday at all.

At that moment the tall, straight form of a young man, clad in white flannels and dark-green coat, a young man whose hair turned to waves of burnished gold in the midday sun that shone from the open skylight, filled the doorway. With a quick, boyish smile that revealed the whitest of teeth, he came forward, and, after the formalities of introduction were accomplished, he sat down at my side.

"And now," he said, while the clear pink of healthy youth came and went in his cheeks, "what do you want me to say?"

"Well," I answered, "I want you to tell me all about yourself, your career, and why you went into the movies."

"I had always been crazy about acting," stated 'Gene, enthusiastically. "But in the first place, it was a girl. Oh, no," he said, hastily, as I pricked up my ears; "not anything sentimental, but just a girl who went to school with me in Boulder, Colorado, and made a success on the stage. One time when she returned to our home town in stock, she sent for me and introduced me to the manager, who offered me a small part. When that came to an end, I went to New York with little, very little, in my pockets and a great ambition in my soul. It was a long struggle," he said, and the blue, blue eyes of this immaculate, stunning youth took on a far-away expression, "but at last came an engagement in vaudeville. After that the way ran more smoothly. Elsie Janis discovered me when I was just twenty and she was sixteen, and gave me the lead in 'The Little Duchess.' After that came 'Brown of Harvard,' 'Kitty MacKay,' 'The Thief,' 'The Builder of Bridges' and 'Mid-Channel' with Ethel Barrymore. Last winter I played in 'The Ohio Lady,' and as for playing in the movies, it's quite the thing to do, dont you know, and so I am here playing lead with Edna Mayo in 'The Return of Eve'; after that we are going to do 'The Chaperon.'"

My pencil had been running a poor race with his tongue, but now he heaved a great sigh, groaned that gee! it was hot! then grinned and said, "I'm sorry I haven't done anything out of the ordinary, such as commit a murder, divorce the wife I dont own, nor even steal anything—that is, not since I used to confiscate hotel towels, until one day I learnt that the chambermaids have to pay for them, so I dont even do that any more."

"And do you like working in pictures?" I asked this wholesome young fellow.

"Indeed I do," he enthused, "and you simply must see 'The Return of Eve.' It is taken in the most ideal scenery, in the dells of Wisconsin. We spent sev-

EUGENE O'BRIEN AND EDNA MAYO IN "THE RETURN OF EVE" (ESSANAY)

eral weeks there, and I quite caught the spirit of the whole thing, in the primitive surroundings and wearing my delightfully comfortable costume."

"What is your ambition?" I quizzed.

"I would like to pass from juvenile lead, and be taken seriously as a leading man. I do like serious parts, and one does get tired of being always young, you know. Also, I dont see any reason one shouldn't combine his efforts on the stage and in pictures. I am sure each helps the other.

"Would you mind if I smoked?" questioned the patient Eugene. "And if you'll permit me I'll give you a confession—the indiscretion of my early youth. I was once a lofty-browed medical student, and my flop to the stage was a step which only an Irishman, with a sense of humor, could consider and carry out successfully. Isn't that a shocker?"

"No, indeed," I said, "and I wont keep you another moment, much as I have enjoyed this interview," and I rose rather reluctantly, I confess.

"It's awfully good of you to say so," he said, with a Milesian air; "now, if I were a regular picture actor, I would offer to take you to the city in my motor-car, but being only a poor 'legitimate,' I dont own one," and he laughed delightedly at his own joke.

"Now, dont forget," he added, "to see 'The Return of Eve.'"

And, take it from me, I wont.

Popular Player Contest

Here Beginneth the Closing Days of This Memorable Election

THIS is the beginning of the end of the Popular Player Contest. In the next issue we shall announce the date of closing and final particulars. Want of space this month prevents our adding the usual comments, but the figures given below tell the story of the success of this election to determine who are the most popular players. We have reason to believe that many friends of the players have been accumulating large bundles of votes which they are reserving for the final days of balloting. This is unwise, for the reason that other readers will be deceived into believing that their favorites have no chance. We therefore urge all readers to get busy during the coming month and send in all the votes possible. Then we can all see what is necessary to be done. A ballot will be found on another page of this Magazine, and also in the Classic, which will be out on October fourteenth.

HOW THE LEADERS STOOD UP TO SEPT. 11, 1916

Mary Pickford	125,945	Romaine Fielding	18,460
Marguerite Clark	111,830	Tom Forman	18,220
Warren Kerrigan	92,685	House Peters	16,860
Francis Bushman	89,810	Kathlyn Williams	16,635
Pearl White	73,285	Mae Marsh	15,785
Anita Stewart	69,835	Owen Moore	15,760
Theda Bara	68,460	Edward Coxen	15,360
Henry Walthall	65,350	Herbert Rawlinson	15,310
Edward Earle	65,070	Henry King	15,235
Wallace Reid	61,540	Geraldine Farrar	15,090
Billie Sherwood	57,740	Al Ray	15,010
Harold Lockwood	56,610	May Allison	13,935
Wm. S. Hart	54,280	Dorothy Gish	13,725
Grace Cunard	53,915	Anna Little	13,410
Earle Williams	53,870	Ruth Stonehouse	12,765
William Farnum	52,775	Lillian Walker	12,720
Ruth Roland	47,670	Fannie Ward	12,600
Pauline Frederick	41,885	Thomas Meighan	12,580
Alexander Gaden	39,995	Marie Newton	12,485
Mary Fuller	39,485	Irving Cummings	12,475
Blanche Sweet	38,955	Robert Mantell	12,455
Beverly Bayne	38,130	Mabel Normand	12,385
Dustin Farnum	37,235	Jane Novak	12,350
Mary Miles Minter	36,710	Naomi Childers	12,275
Robert Warwick	35,410	Bessie Barriscale	12,140
Crane Wilbur	35,085	Ethel Clayton	12,135
Carlyle Blackwell	33,815	Hazel Dawn	12,055
Marguerite Snow	32,515	Lenore Ulrich	12,020
Nellie Anderson	29,395	Vera Sisson	12,010
Florence LaBadie	28,860	Violet Mersereau	11,405
Nell Craig	27,515	Billie Burke	11,025
Creighton Hale	25,625	Hobart Henley	10,990
Olga Petrova	25,520	Richard Stanton	10,950
Norma Talmadge	24,165	Jean Sothern	10,865
Mary Anderson	24,165	Louise Glaum	10,860
Clara K. Young	22,860	Margarita Fischer	10,785
Edna Mayo	22,530	Edwin August	10,690
Bryant Washburn	22,070	Viola Dana	10,290
Francis Ford	21,865	William Courtleigh, Jr.	10,205
Edith Storey	21,790	Helen Holmes	10,085
Antonio Moreno	21,690	Richard Travers	10,000
Cleo Madison	21,585	Marie Doro	9,690
Lillian Gish	21,565	E. K. Lincoln	9,560
Charlie Chaplin	21,520	Florence Lawrence	8,405
Ella Hall	21,505	Milton Sills	8,285
Marguerite Courtot	21,410	Ethel Grandin	8,260
Harris Gordon	19,660	Lottie Pickford	8,160
Douglas Fairbanks	19,550	Dorothy Kelly	8,095
Alice Joyce	18,925	Louise Bates	7,895
Cleo Ridgely	18,730	Maurice Costello	7,865

(*Continued from page 15*)

"A Matrimonial Mix-up" (Pathé).—This farce is about one thousand feet long. It has little else to recommend it to a tired public that is anxious to laugh. J.

"The Man Who Would Not Die" (Universal).—William Russell's attempts to die are diverting, if not highly humorous, and this photoplay is interesting, if not clever.

"Phantom Fortunes" (Vitagraph).—This is the first of a series of comedies featuring Barney Bernard, of "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawruss" stage fame. Mr. Bernard screens well, and is quite as funny before a camera as he is before the footlights, and he is supported by an excellent cast. These comedies will probably become very popular.

"Intolerance" (D. W. Griffith).—Supposed to be the crowning effort of the career of the producer of "The Birth of a Nation." While it is stupendous, masterly and impressive in many respects, it is unintelligible in several places, and does not accomplish what it sets out to accomplish. It is dazzling to the eye, yet bewildering to the mind. No doubt it will be edited before it finds its way into general circulation.

"Youth's Endearing Charm" (Mutual).—Makes no pretenses of tense drama, melodrama, nor even solving a problem. Mary Miles Minter, as a farm drudge who runs away to the city in search of adventure, carries a natural plot thru to a happy ending. Miss Justice, its author, is of the newer school of photoplaywrights that believes in unfolding a simple story that gains its charm thru contrasted touches of character, humor, pathos and clever situations. She has succeeded well in the present production, which shows sympathetic direction, fine touches of sentiment, and adds further emphasis to the ability and beauty of little M. M. M. No doubt this play will prove to be one of the most popular of her career. E. M. L.

"The Dawn-Maker" (Ince-Triangle).—A photoplay that is different. Indian traditions, sentiment and ambitions are aimed at by its author, C. Gardner Sullivan. It hits its mark, and William S. Hart, as the Cree half-breed, torn between love of his race and his duty to the whites, plays his difficult rôle with insight, delicate handling, and inspiration. Joe Elk is a character of repression rather than the flamboyant passion of the traditional stage Indian. "The Dawn-Maker" is not an overflowing cup for lovers of cheap romance. It is so true to life that its subtleties of sentiment, its ideals, make it a philosophy of the primitive rather than its drama. E. M. L.

"Under Cover" (Famous Players).—A universally interesting story of a Secret Service man searching for the "weak spot" in the customs. There are splendid light comedy touches, which William Courtleigh, Jr., and Owen Moore make the most of, and Hazel Dawn is attractive and capable as the girl who is bullied into spying on her lover. Rather carelessly directed; for instance, at an afternoon tea the men all kept on their high silk hats. Also, dinner guests enter and leave the dining-room at most peculiar moments *pour la vie sociale*. H. S. N.

"The Man Behind the Curtain" (Vitagraph).—Here is indeed blood-curdling melodrama. It quite sends the chills down one's backbone. Not a particularly pleasant theme, nor can we see that it serves any uplifting purpose. Lillian Walker and Evart Overton capably play the leads. H. S. N.

"The House with the Golden Windows" (Lasky).—A young wife looks enviously from her cabin to the castle on the hill. Like most of her fellow women, she imagines she would be happy could she have the house and wealth it typifies, or the thing that is just beyond her grasp. Fortunately, a dream warns her that all is not gold that glitters. "The House with the Golden Windows" is an extraordinarily satisfying picture. It is well cast, has some lovely country scenes and good photography. Cleo Ridgely and Wallace Reid please in the leading rôles. H. S. N.

"Pillars of Society" (Griffith-Triangle).—It is a difficult thing to film an Ibsen play, but this is a mighty good attempt. The subtle irony and biting satire of Ibsen's work is largely lost in the picturization of his philosophy, but, for all that, and in spite of a few minor faults, this photoplay must rank above the average. Henry Walthall, as usual, was excellent; the others fair. L. T.

MARGUERITE CLARK

If the whole page is mounted on light cardboard before the figures are cut out, the different parts will last longer and the tabs will not tear so easily. Cut along curved line in hat and slip the head into the slit thus made. Fold the base on dotted line to make the figure stand. Then color to suit taste.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

At last Earle Williams has been found. After an absence of six months, he is ready to appear before his friends in the audience in "The Scarlet Runner," the a-mile-a-minute automobile serial. 'Tis said that it heats up so in its dramatic situations, that it is familiarly known by Vitagraphers as "The Scarlet Fever."

News comes from the war zone that the "Divine Sarah" is posing again, despite her advanced age and physical handicaps. This time Madame Bernhardt will appear in a French patriotic photoplay in which the boys in the trenches are working out the story.

Frederick Church, Universal's stalwart leading man, was carried overboard recently when a squall struck his yacht. Mr. Church was stunned by a blow from the boom and was dragged unconscious from the water. He is recovering without any ill effects.

In one mighty gulp the Vitagraph Company has swallowed the entire V. L. S. E. program. This makes them, overnight, one of the largest companies in the world. It is rumored that they will swallow several more producing companies, and they promise us big things in the way of productions to come.

Holbrook Blinn has finished his first McClure picture and has gone into retirement for a few weeks on his farm in Croton, N. Y., where he has donned his overalls and is forking grain lustily into the hungry threshing-machine.

Picture-actresses have all sorts of presents, queer and valuable, sent to them by admirers. Among other things that Valentine Grant has received recently are an Irish harp, a German helmet, an Arabian cimiter, and a Moorish headpiece of gold-and-silver cloth. Miss Grant is appreciative, and says she intends to wear or use every one of them.

Jane Gail and Matt Moore have come to the end of their Universal serial, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and have departed from the Universal Company and Los Angeles, heading for New York, with future plans not yet announced.

We weren't invited—it was too private and cozy—but we have just learnt that Anna Little and Alan Forrest have taken each other in wedlock. Bless you, my children! Screen folk are gettin' to be real marryin' folk.

Anita Stewart has departed for the mountains to regain her health after her recent attack of typhoid. In a month or so, at her pleasure, she will return to Vitagraphville to finish "The Girl Phillipa," which her illness left incomplete.

Ruth Roland, the queen of the serials, has already made her plans for 1917, and will star in "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," which, we glean, is full of matrimonial bumps and bruises.

Vincent Serrano, considered by many (especially the ladies) the handsomest man on the stage, has decided to join the picture fold. His first appearance will be in a Thanhouser feature, "A Modern Monte Cristo."

And now for the more important entrances and exits: E. K. Lincoln, of the World Company, has flopped to the Monmouth Company, taking Edna Hunter, of the Clara Kimball Young players, with him; Dorothy Green and Milton Sills, Fox headliners, have been signed by the International Film Service to support Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patricia." Gladden James has flitted from World to Triangle, and Norbert Myles has deserted Signal also to try a taste of the Triangle menu.

Reggie Morris, the Keystone cut-up, has broken all records for rapid courtship in shadowland. After a heart siege of only three weeks, May Repetto surrendered and was led under the conjugal yoke by the lucky man.

Earle Williams is still a bachelor, but he is polygamous at least in films. Ten leading women support him thru the various episodes of "The Scarlet Runner." The list of beauties are Gypsy O'Brien, Edith Storey, Louisita Valentine, Billie Billings, Adele Kelley, Blake, Betty Howe, and Zena Lillian Tucker, Jean Stuart, Peggy Keefe. Slow up, Earle; your sexometer is registering too fast!

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Harry Carey has been quite severely injured by being thrown against a railroad track while performing one of his thrillers in "The Underling." An X-ray photograph at the hospital located broken bones, which are now happily on the mend.

Add to the list of recent accidents a broken arm for Betty Schade, the Universal leading lady. Miss Schade sustained her fracture in the performance of her duty while working in an underworld story, "Three-Armed Maggie," which title is hardly excusable under the circumstances.

Big-hearted "Bill" Conklin, for many years a friend and camper-out with the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and who made his film impress as Illington in "Neal of the Navy," has joined the Lasky Company to play leading rôles. Good cess to his future fortunes!

Helen Gibson has been granted a vacation from her nine-lived "Hazards of Helen" and will compete in a rodeo at Bakersfield, Cal. Miss Gibson is an expert in all, and a champion in many, cowboy feats of skill, and, of course, will defend her title against all comers.

Lois Weber, one of the few women producing geniuses, is busy filming "Idle Wives," taken from the James Oppenheim novel of that name. A recently added prolog includes Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber as principals.

Herbert Rawlinson, who enjoys a screen fight as much as Douglas Fairbanks, has at last met his Waterloo. Recently, in staging a thrilling fight scene, he fell heavily and tore the ligaments of his leg, which probably means a month of enforced and painful leisure.

At last here is an ideal combination. Altho Bryant Washburn and Margaret Clayton have each been with Essanay for nearly five years, they have never appeared in a feature picture together, and now comes "The Prince of Graustark," in which these two "better halves" make the bestest one.

Good-by and Godspeed to two of the oldest and best of the famous "Flying A" stock of Santa Barbara. Louise Lester and Jack Richardson, after six years' association, are about to sever their connections with the American Company. *Ave et vale*, worthy players! Thus departs the last of the "Old Guard" of the original "Flying A" Company.

Another narrow escape—this time with E. H. Sothern and Edith Storey the near-victims. They were playing in the set of a mediæval city, when a wind-storm struck the edifices and crashed them to the ground. The players miraculously escaped uninjured, but Sothern's horse was buried under the débris and had to be shot.

Ruth Stonehouse is hors de combat for a week or so—the result of too much realism in her latest picture, "Kinkard—Gambler." She was shot in the wrist with a revolver at close range—painfully but not seriously injured.

Henry B. Walthall is now on his third trip to the Manitouwish waters of upper Wisconsin, in pursuit of the knowing muskie. On his first trip he caught several. On the second he took his brother along to show him how it was done, and didn't catch anything. Now, in order to stop the latter from laughing at his failure as a fisherman, he has made another trip.

Jack Kerrigan and his company of fellow-players have recently flirted with death in an accident that bade fair to have a tragic ending. While returning to Los Angeles on shipboard, after filming "The Measure of a Man," their steamer was run down at midnight by a lumber schooner and left in a sinking condition. By a marvelous stroke of fortune, they kept afloat long enough to get into San Francisco Harbor.

It is a pretty well settled rumor that Sir Herbert Tree has canceled his picture contracts and sailed for London. Gossip says that he was requested to take the part of a negro in "The Old Folks at Home," and that he balked so strenuously that the contracts were torn up. Howbeit, Sir Herbert appeared in the rôle of an old farmer. Please register surprise at the "good taste" of his producers.

That PESKY

By Edwin M. La

Featuring IVY CLOSE as "Dovey"

"You can talk about your vampires and vultures," said Dionysius, the house-painter, as he slid his sizing-brush down my library wall, "and even your phœnix, the fire bird, but for pure trouble-making cussedness there's nothing to equal a parrot. I once did an emergency job," he resumed, seeing that my eyes were attentive, "for a young couple, the lovey-dovey-ducky kind, and their pet bird caused me more serious trouble than a roomful of creditors.

"It seems that Lovey was right in the thick of his first year's love-sickness when he received a sudden notice from his firm ordering him on a trip West. The first I knew about it was when Dovey, her pretty face all slobbered over with tears, and her china-blue eyes full of misery, came into my shop early on the following morning and asked me to call at once to do a rush job.

"It had been the dream of her young life, so she said, to have Lovey's den repapered, and she went into raptures over a dado design of bright green parrots perched on tropical foliage. 'I've got just enough of this,' I said, glad to get the eye-sore off my hands. 'It was imported especially for Mrs. Stoutenborough Terriberry, the society——'

"'Never mind,' Dovey pleaded; 'bring it up at once.'

"I arrived at their snug little dove-cote in half an hour, my wagon stocked with ladders, cutting-boards, and everything else to make a rush job. Dovey was terribly nervous, and before I had gotten my stuff laid out she had given me a thousand instructions to be very careful and not touch one of her Lovey's hallowed possessions. There were about one hundred pipes racked on the walls, and snapshots of Dovey in everything from bathing-suits to nighties, and I must not touch one of them.

"'Do you expect me to paper right over all of these lovely pictures?' I asked.

"'Heavens, no!' she quavered. 'Ned would never forgive me; but isn't there some other way?'

"I didn't see any, but climbed the ladder with a length of parrot paper, and tried to slip it under three of her pictures. She gave a stiff little scream because I had

PARROT

Kalem

Roche

even touched them, and it so startled me that I took a step backward. Down came ladder, parrots, myself and the tools in a terrible mess. Dovey screamed again, and was awfully sorry.

"To make matters worse, she tried to untangle things, and went upstairs sobbing because she stepped plumb into a pail of sticky sizing. I never heard how she got her stockings off, because she had enough glue on them to stick up the whole town.

"After that, Dovey didn't bother me very much, and I was left alone to rush the job. In one corner where I had to make a lot of fancy cuts, a parrot hung in his cage, and he got more and more excited as I approached him, climbing head over heels across the bars, rumpling his feathers and emitting a sarcastic laugh. As I was under strict instructions not to take him down, I thought I had better get acquainted with him.

"With my ladder within a foot of his cage, I tapped the bars gently, and said, 'Nice birdie; papa's little oofty-goofty;' and even offered him a chew of tobacco. But somehow, he wasn't a friendly bird, and just backed away to the end of his perch and blinked his eyes unsociably. I pulled a length of parrot paper up after me, and the procession of beautiful rivals passing by must have gotten his goat. Suddenly the parrot gave a squawk. There was a flurry of feathers, and his beak came shooting thru the bars, aiming for one of the paper birds. His aim was poor, and hooked up with the end of my mustache instead. If you ever felt the agonizing wrench of at least one hundred hairs leaving home at once, you will know how I felt. The tears streamed from my eyes as I howled with pain. I squirmed and wrenched like a crazy man, but might just as well have tried to pry the door off a safe as to loosen Polly's hold. Presently the ladder gave way again, and the wrenching pain of my lip was deadened by the blow from a pail of calcimine on the floor that seemed to reach out and deluge me squarely down the neck. In a moment I was a sodden, stiffening mess, and as white as a marble statue. Above me the parrot looked down and chuckled. The best part of my mustache hung in his bill, giving him the look of a bloodthirsty pirate, but I had no further use for it.

"You may say all this is all in a day's work, but listen to what followed. I

had no more than picked myself up and tangoed about a bit in the white pools that were pouring off of me, when a heartrending scream sounded above me, and I guessed that Dovey must be in some sort of trouble. I flopped upstairs, doing as good a job as a tennis-court marker on the way, and ran into a bedroom, where Dovey was clutching a servant by her paste-curl.

" 'This creature has stolen my engagement ring!" screamed Dovey, and from her tones I felt sure that she thought it was the record crime in the world's history.

" 'What do you want me to do,' said I, somewhat peeved; 'wear it?' Dovey gave me one stony look, and ordered me to fetch a policeman. I had no trouble in finding one, and he piled up the stairs after me, hot for his first arrest. Dovey burst into tears at sight of the law, but made her charge. We formed a procession, and trooped down to the den, where the parrot still chewed reminiscently on my mustache. The policeman closed his charge very briefly.

" 'Well, well, my proud beauty,' he said to the maid, 'you've got to come along with me.' Minnie, or Lena, began to get frightened; she even strained out a tear or two herself.

" 'Please, please dont take me away,' she pleaded.

"But that was the end of it. The officer led her out, and Dovey and I were left alone in the wrecked room. Suddenly the parrot began to squawk again and do a whirling-dervish dance in his cage.

" 'Booful birdie,' cooed Dovey, 'what's er matter wif oo?' She approached him, and tried all her little tricks of endearment, but Polly continued his mad capers.

" 'I know what it is!' she cried, suddenly; "the poor dear is jealous of these parrots on the paper. We will have to take them down.'

" 'Well, well, well, what d'ye think of

that?' I said, disgustedly. 'I suppose we will have to find a design of peanut vines and crackers.'

"Dovey was awfully put out. 'We've got to go right around to your store,' she said, 'and pick out a new paper.'

"The Lovey-Dovey cottage was a mean place to get to, and I knew if she waited to doll up for the cars that she'd keep me waiting until night, so, just like that, I offered her a seat in my wagon. She sprang at the idea, and before I knew it, I was standing up in the wagon, holding out both my hands to give her a lift. We jogged down to the shop in short order, and she thumbed thru my papers impatiently.

" 'None of them are good enough for Ned,' she said, and I suspected that I was about to have another sob scene on my hands.

" 'All right,' I said; 'the Acme Art Store is open until six, and they've got a line of papers that would make a jungle beast roar. We've got just five minutes to get there.'

"We were into the wagon again in a jiffy, and caught the boss just as he was closing up for the night. And there Dovey sat in a regular waterfall of papers, while the boss and I fanned over samples."

Dionysius paused between reminiscent strokes of his brush, and looked at me rather sheepishly. "What happened afterwards," he apologized, "looks as if I was a regular heartless masher, all right, but I leave it to you if it wasn't the fault of that tarnation parrot.

"It seems," he resumed, "that Lovey reported to his office, but found out that the firm had changed its plans, and that he would not have to be torn away from Dovey for even a single night. There must have been a little bit of the villain in him, for he did not rush to the telephone and spill the glad tidings into Dovey's ear, but kept it all for a wonderful surprise that night. All thru office hours, he walked about with a dreamy look in his eyes, so I'm told, and pulled out his watch so often that he nearly wore Dovey's picture off its case.

"As luck would have it, Lovey struck home with nobody left but the parrot to greet him. Whether or not the bird was still wearing my mustache I never found out, but Lovey's sweet surprise party was turned into a chamber of horrors. He rushed from his violated den up to

Dovey's bedroom, where the opened bureau drawers and mussed clothing gave him all sorts of a shock. Mind you, Dovey had never failed to greet him with a kiss and a coo and a babble of sweet nothings in all the six months of their wedded bliss.

"Not even the servant was in the silent kitchen, and Lovey wandered back into his den, his tortured heart utterly unable to explain the mystery. The rattle of clawed feet above him caused him to discover that the sole remaining inmate of his house was still alive.

" 'Pretty Polly!' cried Lovey, 'tell me what has happened to her.'

"The bird cocked his head pleasantly to the familiar voice, and delivered the following oration: 'Well, well, my proud beauty, you've got to come with me.' And after a pause: 'Please, please dont take me away!'

"If ever a bird was an idiot, that parrot was a damfool. The room swam dizzily around Lovey as he drank in the awful words. He soon came out of his sentimental swoon and realized it was time for action. Some monster had cruelly stolen Dovey by brute force, and added insult to injury by wrecking his house into the bargain.

"Lovey became as frantic as a hornet. He rushed from the house, and, gathering a handful of neighbors, told them the awful tale. Some of the men, I guess, had sickened a little on Lovey and Dovey's continual close harmony, but their wives drank in the tale eagerly and urged them to form a rescue posse.

"This was the critical condition of things while Dovey, still seated between the boss and yours truly, was making us fan over a Carnegie library of paper samples.

"Lovey had no trouble in spotting us. An old maid near his dove-cote had seen Dovey being yanked into a painter's wagon by a hideous-looking villain with a mutilated mustache. She remembered the name on the sign very well, 'Dionysius Mulligan,' and a newsboy in front of my shop had seen us driving over to the Acme; so there you are—the abduction was complete.

"Presently the door-knob started to dance a drunken jig, and a dozen fists pounded on the door. The boss turned as pale as a young cucumber.

" 'Ach, himmel,' he groaned, 'der is dot

DIONYSIUS' HEROIC EFFORTS ARE NOT AT ALL APPRECIATED BY LOVEY

fericht calciminer of mine come back to get his vages.'

"'Why dont you pay him?' I asked; 'he's brought his gang with him to beat you up.'

"'Ach, I dont know vedder it is tree or four years' vages, as der hund verrücht chewed up der book.'

"'Say,' I said, sarcastically, but crazy to beat it while my hide was good, 'do you pay your men by the year or by the century?'

"'You see, it is dis vay,' said Hinkelmeyer; 'Liebrecht's vife's mudder vas taken sick mid a fever und sent her boy over from Pfeffenhausen, und ven he got here, my vife was taken sick mid prickily heat, und I vas sick myself, und Liebrecht had the colic, und——'

"Smashing glass and savage yells interrupted his sad story. 'Say,' I yelled, 'never mind about your calciminer's life history; let's get out of here quick.'

"Hinkelmeyer rushed to the telephone and poured out such a mess of broken dialect to the Central girl that she used her own best judgment and sent in a police call.

"It was pretty ticklish. The mob outside was gradually pounding thru the door. Dovey hooked her hands thru my suspenders and whimpered on my overalls.

"Just as the door broke open, we heard the clang of the police-patrol bell, and then came a rush and a sudden savage grasp at my Adam's apple. For an exquisite minute, my eyes popped out and I saw every one of the undiscovered stars. And Dovey gave a glad little whimper that certainly was not meant for me.

"I was going down-and-out as pretty as you please, when the police stepped in and pulled the fellow off of me. 'Hinkelmeyer,' I managed to gasp, 'for the love of Mike pay your nephew his wages.' The boss slipped out from behind a pile of protecting papers, folded me to him, and planted a heavy kiss on my cheek.

"'Ach,' he cried, 'it is not Liebrecht at all. Ven his vife's mudder vas taken sick mid der fever——'

"'Can the fever,' I yelled, savagely, 'and get it yourself. What's it all about?'

"My eyes were my answer. Dovey's arms were wrapped at least three times around the chap who had assaulted and

batteried me. He had a strangle-hold on her, too, and they were kissing each other as fast as raindrops on the roof. Then there were tears, more tears, and all sorts of explanations that finally set the police to smiling and tipping the wink to each other.

"'And now, Mr. Hinkelmeyer,' said Dovey, turning to him, 'you have been so good and so patient, Ned and I would like to look at your stock of papers.'

"There was never a thought of my patience, also my uprooted mustache and black eye, but then, of course, she had to have some one to pick on.

"'I haf yust de ting!' cried Hinkelmeyer, gleefully, after listening about the parrot; 'I haf dado paper mit Chinese pheasants climbing in a tea-tree.'

"Dovey was crazy to see it. Then I lost my patience. 'All right, take it,' I said, 'but I'll be hanged if I put it up for you. Parrots have feelings; I ought to know.'"

Making Movie Interior Scenes Seem Real

By ERNEST A. DENCH

THE Motion Picture producer has not broken away entirely from the traditions of the speaking stage.

In a Western production, for instance, you will be introduced to the interior of a log cabin. The illusion is effective until a player opens the door and goes out. At the back you see what purports to be a stretch of prairie, but your eyes are good enough to notice that it is merely a "back drop," otherwise a piece of painted canvas. The next scene *does* take you to the great outdoors, but not before you have lost considerable interest in the photoplay.

Another scene may represent the interior of a home or office in the city. You expect the streets below to teem with animation, whereas, all you are shown is an ugly block of buildings.

It is easy, of course, to account for these effects, for, under ordinary conditions, the interiors of all kinds of buildings have to be set up in the studio. The progressive director, however, makes use of a newly discovered method which enables him to obtain the desired illusion at the expense of more time and trouble.

Suppose you "enter" the front parlor of a luxurious home, and thru the window you see a typical avenue in a high-class neighborhood, with autos passing to and fro and well-dressed people on foot. You will have wondered how the effect is produced. Let me explain.

The director who believes in realism accompanies his camera-man to the nearest fashionable residential section and there takes a scene which will harmonize with the interior.

When the two negatives are developed, the photographer cuts and joins one negative to the other with such skill that the outdoor scene fits into the "window" like a glove.

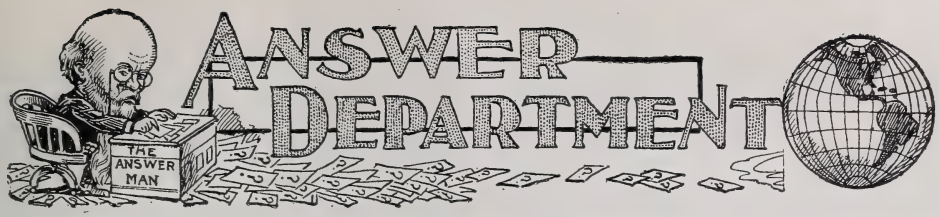
There is, however, a different method in vogue at the Rolfe-Metro studio. E. J. Shulter, the technical director, has invented what he describes as the "miniature United States." Around the walls, on a platform, which is fourteen feet in depth, are bridges, lakes, rivers, trees, mountains, caves, plains, railroad tunnels and small towns. But a large city like New York is accorded individual treatment, for the Grand Central Station has been reproduced on a miniature scale.

On the rivers and lakes travel toy yachts, steamers and motor-boats, all under their own steam, while a small railroad travels thru the "vast" stretches of country.

The wall at the back of the panorama is covered with canvas, on which is painted suitable long-distance backgrounds.

The door and window in each set are arranged so as to take in an appropriate chunk of the panorama, the smallness and artificiality of which is not revealed, because the camera operator works at close range. This makes the objects appear larger than they actually are.

From the director's standpoint, the Rolfe plan is the best, as it does not make it necessary to leave the studio.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

JOSEPHINE M. L.—Here is a little list I have collected. Billie Burke's favorite fruit is the apple; Anita Stewart adores grapes; Mary Fuller's penchant is ripe figs; Roscoe Arbuckle confesses to bananas and Flora Finch is given to prunes. Nobody has owned up to the lemon. I didn't mind your spelling. You say, "Why not spell as you wish?" If everybody did that, we couldn't understand one another.

M. ROSALIE M.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis April 15, 1891. He is the son of Hal Reid, the noted writer, weighs 192, and, of course, you know how he looks. Alan Forrest was Walter in "Prisoners of Conscience" (Lubin). Adda Gleason was Maude.

VERA NUTTI.—Come now, you dont mean that. That's all the information I could get. Mary Fuller is with the Fort Lee studio. She did not go West. Yes, Anna Little and Frank Borzage are well matched.

G. N. R.—Why call me Ed? Poverty is a curse to the old, but a blessing to the young. If you are young and poor, dont forget you may beat your neighbor, who is young and rich. I hope you are better now.

JASMINE.—Nothing great or useful in this world is ever accomplished without effort. Your effusion was splendid. Encore! Thanks for picture. The Metropolitan tower in New York is 700 feet high.

VIRGINIA LEE.—Marie Empress' real name is Marie Keene. You will see Vivian Rich in comedies with Al Vosburgh.

JOHN A.—Haven't seen one of the "Who's Guilty?" series. William T. Rock, former president of the Vitagraph Company, died on July 27, 1916.

H. W. A.—Donald Brian was Thomas and Adda Gleason was Kitty in "The Voice in the Fog." Gypsy Abbott is with Vogue.

MELVA, 18.—He laughs most who has fine teeth, you know. Howard Hale was Robert in "According to the Law." Mildred Gregory was Isabel in "The Wife" (Gaumont).

J. ALBERT S.—That's cheap. Admiration is about the only thing you can give away without losing it. Clara Whipple was the daughter in "Blue Grass" (Equitable). Always glad to hear from you.

BOUNCING BETSEY.—No, Theda Bara never played in Lubin pictures. Henry Walthall is in a five-reel feature. He is playing a double rôle. Antoinette Walker will play opposite him. The longest film fight on record is William S. Hart's in "Apostle of Vengeance." The next longest is William Farnum's with Thomas Santschi in "The Spoilers." Yes, Arthur Hoops in "The Spell of the Yukon."

TOOSEY.—Of course I was glad. Frank Farrington was Braine in that Thanhouser. Lucille Stewart is older than Anita Stewart, or should I say Anita is younger than Lucille? The Lambs' Gambol is the annual performance of the Lambs' Club, New York, which is composed of only the most prominent actors and producers. Their all-star gambol makes an annual flying trip to all the principal cities and part of its profits is devoted to the Actors' Fund.

MAE W. W.—Edward Martindell was David in "Foundling." Leo Delaney is with Famous Players now. In some of the big picture theaters Motion Pictures are now being taken of orchestra leaders waving their batons and screened for the benefit of the orchestra.

IVAN W. D.—Write direct to our circulation department for back numbers. I dont think Lottie Briscoe is playing at all now. The Editor selects the pictures that appear in the Gallery every month. Adelaide Woods, of Morosco, is the only young player that I know of with natural white hair.

WILLIAM B. B.—You ask for the casts of ten different plays. It would take up a whole column for that. The Pennsylvania censors are at it again. This time they are trying to banish all babies from the screen. If a play has a baby in it, they insist that all suggestion must be eliminated that it has been born and has got to be supplied ready-made by the storks.

DUSTY BILL.—Charles Bennett and William D. Taylor, Otto Lederer in "Master of the Mine." R. Bradbury was Jeremy Sparrow in "To Have and to Hold."

CHUBBY.—Your first question is forbidden. Courtney Foote is with Selig. Juanita Hansen is Tom Chatterton's leading woman.

DOUBTFUL.—I am always glad to hear from you, but you must ask questions that are not against the rules. There is a film entitled "Where Is My Father?" and now Selig comes along with "The Child That Found Its Father." There are approximately 3,500 languages or dialects in the world, but the English language is growing fastest.

ELLA G., JERSEY CITY.—That American was produced in Santa Barbara. You can get the addresses by sending a list of film manufacturers.

JEWEL K.; LAURA S.; JOE C.; E. L.; SADIE M.; K. F. A.; MABIE S.; GRACE B.; MARY PICKFORD; LOUISE J. B.; FRANK C. H. B.; R. ROCKWELL; GUY B.; ROBERT WARWICK ADMIRER; ANNE T.; BOISE GIRL; JOE F.; A. M. A.; RUTH B.; TEXAS ADMIRER; BABE; KATHERINE P.; GENEVIEVE G. P. and VERA H. —Thanks for your kind letters, but they have been answered elsewhere.

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—Where have you been, stranger? Getting so wise now that you dont have to come to me often? Joe Crosthwaite was the girl in "Fatty and the Broadway Stars." Dora Rogers was Joe's sweetheart in "Gypsy Joe." Walter Edwards was the husband in "Honor's Altar." George Etwell was Jimmy in "The Raiders." Lewis Durham was Finnigan in "The Waifs." Did you know that 1,700 churches have taken out Motion Picture licenses and charge admission? One hundred and ten of these are in New Jersey. Yes, Robert Warwick has a fine baritone voice and—dont give it away—he once sang in the village church choir.

HENRIETTA.—Yes, Fritzi De Lind was opposite Betty Nansen in "Song of Hate." You were away too late for August. "Civilization" is a remarkable picture; it stands out as one of the greatest. Its poster proclaims it to be "the most daring and stupendous cinema of *modern* times." From this we may understand that it may have been surpassed in Motion Pictures taken in ancient days or in the dark ages. Ah, ha, press agents are ebullient with their adjectives!

C. R.—You say you cant get your mother to join you in going to the movies. Once get her started and you will have trouble in keeping her away.

ABE, 99.—Yes, we had a lot of trouble getting our bathing pictures together for the Classic. I guess some of those suits were not meant for the water. Most of the girls protested, "Dearie me, our suits are for pictures, not for horrid wet water." Chrystie Miller has not called upon us for a long time. Good-by, good luck, God bless him! Olga Petrova has seen thirty-one summers and about the same number of winters. She was born in Warsaw, but she never saw the war.

VIRGINIA T., SEATTLE.—You comment on the size of the men in "Sherlock Holmes." William Gillette picked out the cast himself and they were all giants. Mr. Gillette himself is 6 feet 4 inches. Edward Fielding, who played Dr. Watson, carries 6 feet 3 inches. Mario Majeroni and Ernest Maupin, who both played leading parts, are also in the giant class.

E. L. K.—You must give the name of the play. Nazimova is with the new Herbert Brenon Film Company. She will be seen in "War Br des."

GERALDINE MARIA M.—If you write both of those players for autographed photos, I am sure you will get them. Marjorie Kay was Alice in "Sherlock Holmes." Billie Quirk is directing for Metro. He is still president of the Screen Club, which has just moved to 117 W. 45th St., New York. You can get almost any player there.

LAMBERT.—Charles Ray, and not Robert Harron, in "The Coward." Margaret Gibson was the girl. The world has not yet accepted Christianity; only about one-third of the world's population are Christians.

A NEWCOMER.—Douglas Fairbanks has now taken to writing books. He is certainly a busy body. Sis Hopkins writes me that "you can buy anything you want now in canned goods, from eggs to actors, since the arrival of phoneygrafts and movin' pichurs." Costello is playing for Consolidated and Edna Mayo is still with Essanay. Kindly close the door behind you.

MARGARET E. H.—The only thing you can do is to take a chance and call at the studio. Oh, but you're wrong. Pride will have a fall bonnet.

E. L. C.—Kathlyn Williams has 13 movie theaters named after her; the late John Bunny over 50, and Mary Pickford can claim 123. Page Peters is all right now. Did you know that Henry B. Walthall, "The Mansfield of the Movies," studied law, went to war and began in the pictures as a ditch digger? A versatile lad is Henry.

MARIE A. S.—The memory of past sins will always haunt the future; hence be good. I was surprised to hear that about Richard Travers. There is so much scandal nowadays, and it is promoted by ushers, extras and different studio hands. Dont take any stock in it.

CECILIA R.—Your song is very appropriate and pretty. I heard that Francis X. Bushman got mixed up in a fight and got soiled. He kicked a fellow on the—on the spur of the moment.

L. LA V., BASEBALL FAN.—Now what do you think of Brooklyn? You dont like the way the pages are numbered in the Classic? Ah, but it is artistic and gives a clean, white page. At present I am using a Monarch.

VAN BUREN N.—The expectation of gratitude is mean and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. Vincent Serrano was Dr. Gilmore in "Lady Gilmore." No studios in Buffalo, I think.

ZUZIMS.—Anna Godfrey was Mrs. Snape in "The Heart of a Child." So you prefer the five- and six-reel features to the serials. I agree with you. Jean Sothern has gone to Arrow Company now.

MINERVY.—Nat Goodwin is going to appear in "The Wall Street Tragedy," a five-reel play. Sounds rather interesting. Thanks. So it was Harry Hilliard instead of Harry Millarde in "Merely Mary Ann." Thomas Holding did not play in "The Girl of Yesterday."

RAY F.—Norma Talmadge has returned to Los Angeles. No, she never came to see me when she was East, and I dont feel inclined to forgive her. Yours was fine, but I began to believe what you say about yourself.

BETTY E., WASHINGTON.—Bliss Milford played in "The House of Mirrors" (Mutual), Frank Mills opposite her. Arline Pretty is not with Vitagraph now.

H. A. C.—You expect too much. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. That was a picture of Norma Phillips, and was taken when she was the Mutual Girl.

IN AND ABOUT THE STUDIO

LITTLE RAWLINSON.—It is not true that "That photoplay is best which governs most," because the majority have not been educated up to the highest ideals. Emily Stevens was the mother and daughter in "House of Tears" (Metro). Cleo Ridgely is playing opposite Lou-Tellegen.

D. B., TOLEDO.—I dont mind how you criticise nor the words you write. You know that stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees. You are forgiven.

EVA, QUEBEC.—I enjoyed your French letter, and I must say it was very eloquent. Mary Pickford spends most of her vacation days at Larchmont.

MARION B. R.—No, the feature companies are thicker than ever. Two new ones every day now. Yes; Antonio Moreno speaks Spanish. I never envy. I envy nobody who knows more than I, but pity those who know less. Mae Allison and Harold Lockwood are playing in California.

IMOGENE P.—Marie Walcamp was Ellen in "John Needham's Double." Lionel Adams was George in "The Great Problem." I am pleased to know you. "The Peg o' the Ring" series is now completed.

MOVIE FRIEND.—Yes, the new Ince plant at Culver City, Cal., has a direct telegraph wire to its New York office, but dont wire them any questions unless you are a millionaire, as private wires cost about $2.00 a word.

J. FREDERICK S.—Yes; I go to the Duffield Theater once in a while. I am waiting to see the music you are going to write. Bet you can do it.

DORA DIMPLES.—A special bureau has been formed in Los Angeles to protect thousands of young girls who go there to seek employment in the movies. Anita King, Lasky, is at the head of it. Yes; Jackie Saunders played both parts in that Balboa.

MOVIE FRIEND.—Ned Finley is thinking of returning to the stage. That's so, but you cant buy popularity and have it last. Marc Fenton in "Peg o' the Ring."

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Tom Moore will probably play opposite Alice Joyce in Vitagraph plays. You seem to think beauty is everything in life. I prefer a pleasing personality.

B. H., FORT WAYNE.—Edward Coxen is still with American. Send it to any of the manufacturers. The keystone is the top stone of an arch.

W. FARNUM FAN.—I dont believe Marion Leonard is playing now. Audrey Munson in "Virtue." She is a famous artist's model, and it is quite a big jump from still posing to the animated kind.

AMELIA A. H.—I am sorry, and I hope you will forgive me.

SUNNY AUSTRALIA.—You think I am sarcastic. Then you say sarcasm is the last resource of defeated wit. They have a food club at the Keystone studio, and Anna Little is the chief cook and bottle-washer. Violet Mersereau in "She Was His Mother." Do it again.

CLIO.—Never mind what Virginia says; you just write when you feel like it. I will look over the *Clarion* soon, and you will hear from me. The growth of the Jewish population in our cities varies from 100 to 200 per cent. in ten years, Sioux City gaining 700 per cent.

GERTRUDE F. S., AUSTRALIA.—You can enclose your votes in the same letter that you write me. You think I look like an elderly kewpie. Chawmed, dont yer know.

HARRY O.—You say, "Just now my idea of heaven is a place where large trees cast grateful shades and the sunshine is tempered by cool breezes from the northwest; where Gen. Humidity is either pensioned or jailed for life, and thunder, or any other brand of showers, are permitted only on the first of each month; where mankind enjoys with womankind equal privileges of dress, and where the things that *must* be done today can be put off until next week or the week after." Well said, O Harry.

FRANCIS FORD FAN.—So you want a chat with Francis Ford. The last chat we had with him was in June, 1915.

KATHERINE McM.—Detour is a French word, meaning a circuitous march, or to turn back, or another way to get there. Cleo Ridgely was Kate.

SANDRA MAKELA.—Thanks for your warm praise. Better deserve praise without having it than to have it without deserving it.

H. M., SCRANTON.—Sessue Hayakawa is still with Lasky. Kissing is merely shaking hands with the lips, but they do say that there is too much of it on the screen—and everywhere else, for that matter. It may be unsanitary and dangerous, but how are you going to stop it? I myself gave it up years ago.

DORCIA, 17.—Louise Glaum is certainly a vampire, but she wants all the girls to love her, for she isn't really as bad as her parts make her out to be. Thanks for the picture.

INQUISITIVE.—Yes, we shall have a photo of E. Forrest Taylor soon. Emerald Motion Picture Company expect to show their first picture in August, "A Song of Romany," with Dolores Cassinelli. She once won a prize for popularity and then dropped out of sight, and I dont know what happened to her.

E. M. C.—Crane Wilbur was Allan and also Jean in "A Law Unto Himself." I guess Mary Pickford will be known for a long time as the child who refused to grow up.

DUSTY BILL.—I dont like a man with little feet; a man should have big feet, or he is inclined to look effeminate. And there are so many bald men now that a good head of hair is almost regarded as a weakness. William Farnum is still with Fox, and he is a "strong card."

MAURICE M. C.—We have no information on John Junior; he was with Essanay last.

NASHVILLE C.—Justina Huff is with Imp. Leo Delaney with Famous Players. You ask if players go to church on Sunday. Never see any at my church. Glad to get your views on the subject.

BILLIE FROM MISSOURI.—Nicholas Dunaew was Kiniba in "By Whose Hand?"

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—That's true—only a busy life is a happy one. Your letter was a sparkler.

A CURIOUS ONE.—Violet MacMillan was Ojo in "The Patchwork Girl of Oz." That is her right name—Louise Huff. Anyway, I always give you in length what I lack in depth; and what I lack in depth I strive to give in breadth.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Glad to hear you are out in your car. Better to be in it than under it. There were 18,900,663 native whites of foreign parentage in this country in 1910, and 9,828,294 negroes.

COW GIRL.—Your letter was interesting, and I am glad to know you.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.—You didn't ask many questions. I dont mind reading long letters, but please put your questions at the top of the page, like a good Daniel.

HOW THE DIRECTOR APPEARS TO A GREEN PHOTOPLAYER DURING HIS FIRST PERFORMANCE

HANK'S BEST FRIEND.—Warner Oland was Delaveau in "Destruction." Certainly I go to church, because I believe in preparedness. However, while we should prepare for the Future, we shouldn't neglect the Now. I am "prepared to meet my God," but what I am afraid of is the fellow at the other end.

CHARLES P.—The best way to meet players would be at the different expositions.

PUNKEYDOODLE.—L. Shumway was Richard, and Helen Eddy was Effie in "The Final Payment." No, they are not sisters.

SOL L.—So you are going to write stories for manufacturers, are you? Oh, wont they be glad! I wish you luck. Get a good book on photoplay writing first.

JULIE P.—So you are in love with William Roselle. Aim at an extra, and you may hit a star. Send along the picture.

DOROTHY M.—And why did you send your letter to *The Eagle?* The innocence of the intention does not lessen the mischief of the example. Stumble over that for a while. The oceans, including the inland seas connected with them, cover about 72 per cent. of the total surface of the earth.

PETER K. K. K.—No; Page Peters did not die from drowning. See "How to Get In," by Antonio Moreno, in last month's. Thank you, but I think that the wisdom of old age compensates for the vigor of youth.

RUTH I.—No; Lillian Walker is still with Vitagraph. William Courtleigh is with Famous Players, and Lillian Lorraine was with Equitable last.

RUTH L.—Alma Hanlon left Kleine and went with Fox. Yes; Josie, Eddie and Eileen Sedgwick played in "How Slim Was Home-Cured." Wallace Reid was once with Vitagraph. He played in "The Deerslayer."

A. L. C., DORCHESTER.—See above. Glad to make your acquaintance. Earle Fox was Aleck in "Alien Souls."

LUCILLE, CONNELLSVILLE.—It is reported that Earle Williams was a phonograph salesman, when he had to talk for a living. And now he is a silent salesman—his goods speak for themselves. So you think Warren Kerrigan reminds you of Edward O'Connor in "Handy Andy."

MARTHA, 13.—Mignon Anderson was born in Baltimore twenty-three years ago. She is scarcely five feet tall and weighs less than 100 pounds. Her parents were professionals, she plays ingénue leads, and she is married to Morris Foster. Runa Hodges was the little child in "A Fool There Was." Jackie Saunders was Madame Van Schuyler in "The Twin Triangle."

MARGUERITE RISSER ADMIRER.—What do you mean by sending me twenty-nine pages? Phew! And so warm! I refuse to work. You ask where are Laura Sawyer, Nancy Averil, Isabel Rae, Miriam Nesbitt, etc. Really you ought to write for a living. You could then afford to support a husband, if you want such a luxury. Ring off, please; you're on a busy wire.

MORGAN S. C.—You ask if Miriam Nesbitt was ever the wife of Harry Thaw. No, you have her wrong—no relation. You can get back numbers direct from our Circulation Department.

TOGO.—"I have to go" is proper, not "I've got to go." Yes, come along, and I'll show you the Brooklyn Bridge. I have always said that years count for nothing; it is how a person lives and how he feels—that's why I am so young.

BETTY BELL.—So you are reviewing all of the old Biographs with Arthur Johnson. Remember that death is something we are ever flying from, yet always running towards. Let's not talk of such things.

GRACE CUNARD ADMIRER.—Thanks for the picture. Grace Cunard is very popular indeed. She is playing right along. Edna May was born in Syracuse in 1877.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—The sequel of "Diamond from the Sky" has not yet been released. Arthur Hoops in "Scarlet Woman" as the district attorney. He also played the lover in "The Eternal Question."

PLEASANT VALLEY.—I enjoyed your letter. Of course I would call her mother. Be nice to her, and she will be nice to you. Why didn't you give me your address? I would send you a fatherly note.

BETTY LEE.—Earle Williams' picture in the February 1916 Gallery. Eugene O'Brien was Robert Blake in "The Scarlet Woman." Corinne Griffith was leading lady in "Ashes." Leo Delaney was Dr. David in "Susie Snowflakes" (Lasky).

MARY R.—Mary Pickford played opposite Owen Moore in "Cinderella" (Famous Players). She was born in Toronto in 1893. Marguerite Snow was Marjorie in "The Silent Voice." Nell Craig was the sweetheart in "The Return of Richard Neal."

GLEN W.—Theda Bara was Isabel in "East Lynne." Henry Walthall was Col. Ben in "The Birth of a Nation." There are several publications with an Operator's Department, among them the *Moving Picture World.*

JAY DEE SEE.—James Aubie was Heinie in the Pathé series.

NINA.—That picture was too old. I know of no children's magazine devoted to Moving Pictures. Zena Keefe was Musette in "La Boheme." So you want bound volumes of the Classic. We are just making them up. Allen Murane was Varney in "Mysteries of Myra." See E. H. Sothern on page 73.

MARY A. T.—Tyrone Power was Mr. Walton, Marie Walcamp was the Mrs. Brandt in "Where Are My Children?" Harry Hilliard in "Merely Mary Ann." Let the heart dictate, but let the head confirm.

MOLLY.—How do you do! You bet it is pretty warm here. You win. I can fry an egg on the back of my hand as I write this. Winnifred Kingston was Virginia in "Call of the North" (Lasky). Irving Cummings was Dave in "Feud Girl," opposite Hazel Dawn.

CHARLES A. S.—You flatter me indeed. Yes, cheerfulness is a tonic to the mind. You can bet your last dollar on this—the man is crooked who says nobody is straight.

ADA E. G.—Bessie Learn joined Mirror after leaving Edison. So Violet Davis was the child in "The Turmoil" (Metro). I find that it requires less ability to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

FLORENCE S.—Tom Moore and Anna Nilsson in the "Who's Guilty?" series. Sea-otter is the costliest fur in the world. The skins bring $500 each.

RUTH BEVERLY.—You ask, "What is it that I think is the greatest pleasure that life has for a human soul?" I should say in making other people happy. Come, now; you must not be afraid of me. I am the kindest and handsomest Answer Man in the world and never eat young girls.

FLOSSY H.—Jack Richardson and Vivian Rich in "Heart of Gold."

CAST OF CHARACTERS IN A PHOTOPLAY WITH PLENTY OF "LOCAL COLOR"

BETTY BELL.—Yes; Florence Lawrence has stopped playing temporarily. Dont know what Florence Hackett is doing now. Yes, our boys were all dressed up in their soldiers' suits, but there wasn't any place to go.

DAN, 88.—Clara Young has just had some fine pictures taken, and you will see them soon. Kittens Reichert was the child in "Ambition." Last picture we printed of Tom Forman was in December, 1915.

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—You back again! Yes, one is Robert Gray and the other Robert Grey. That was Ernest Joy as Mark in "The Blacklist." Minnette Barrett was the sister in "The Ragamuffin." Jessie Arnold was the mother in "Tennessee's Pardner." Mae Murray was Kitty.

MILDRED P.—Come now, Mildred, you must read the rules at the beginning. L. C. Shumway is with Universal. Harry Northrup has left Vitagraph. You say the last you heard of Naomi Childers she either got married or died. Neither; she is engaged, which isn't quite so bad. I guess Earle Williams' mother calls him early. "Call me early, mother dear," said Earle, and that's how the early worm got caught.

250 ANNIVERSARY.—What do you mean? Yes, the Unicorn is the name of an exchange who are releasing old films.

CHARLES, 28.—I believe if you write to Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y., you will receive information about the Club. I dont know anything about that clipping.

FLOY A.—Stella Razetto was the girl in "Lord John's Journal." Pauline Frederick was Donna, and Thomas Holding was David in "The Eternal City." Theda Bara was Laura, and James Cooley was Billy in "The Eternal Sappho."

DOROTHY E. R.—Jack Devereaux was Dempsey in "The Man On the Case." Charles Waldron was David in "Esmeralda." Viola Barry was the girl in "Sea-Wolf" (Bosworth). Marie La Manna was Marjorie in "The Slavey Student" (Edison). Robert Wilson was Jack in "Their One Love."

ALVIRA H.—Your German is very good indeed. Keep it up. There is nothing like knowing several languages a little so long as you know your own language well. You can get in touch with H. B. Warner, Triangle Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITH G.—Real houses are burned, and real fights are fought. Carter De Haven was Jack in "College Orphan." Marguerite Clark and Conway Tearle in "Helene of the North." She also played in "The Goose-Girl" with Monroe Salisbury.

MAGGIE B.—Between you and me, I think that every player thinks that he or she is the greatest player in the world, because they all have a case of exaggerated ego. Goethe once said that he had never been in the presence of his intellectual superior. Margaret Fuller wrote: "I know all the people in America worth knowing, and I have found no intellect comparable with my own." There is nothing like holding one's head high on the theory that the world will take one at one's own estimate, yet it is a good plan to have something behind it besides egotism.

PUNKEYDOODLE.—James Cooley was Billy. I dont know what has become of Vyrgynya. Marian Cooper is married to Raoul Walsh. Yes, a lot of people come in here and pass along all of the scandal of the day. Gossip is a form of self-praise; he who says ill of his fellows will have you believe that he would not be guilty himself of that which he condemns in another.

SPIDER.—Mabel Van Buren was the princess in "The Sowers."

OLA H.—J. W. Johnston was Rudolph in "Out of the Drifts." Emmanuel A. Turner was Philip in "The Redemption of Dave Darcey." Ralph Lewis was John in "Going Straight."

MILDRED H., FORT WORTH.—"Enoch Arden" was done by Majestic. Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid had the leads.

FRANKLIN H.—Thank you muchly for the book of Chautauqua. It was good of you all to remember me this summer with vacation cards, and I appreciate it immensely.

EVANGELINE.—Heap much thanks for sending me those pressed flowers. You say they are from England, and I appreciate your thinking of me.

BLANCHE W.—I thank you. Will tell the Editor you want a chat with Mae Murray. She is getting popular. Henry Walthall is playing in "Pillars of Society" opposite Olga Grey, for Triangle.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Well, where have you come from? The good-looking English chap in "The Suspect" was Frank Wupperman as Sir Richard. So you have a crush on Antonio Moreno. Never too old to yearn.

A. N., LOS ANGELES.—Dont be afraid. I dont bite. I am well fed, too. You just fire away, and I will be ready any time you are.

"BARA FAN"; "BUSHMAN ADMIRER"; ALICE F.; "FAN"; F. LA V.; BLANCHE P.; D. G., MAHOPAC FALLS; E. A. G.; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; MERCELLA R.; RITA M.; "PEARL WHITE ADMIRER," SHELTON; R. E. M.; R. M. B.; LUCILE S.; MADAME X.; "FERN"; "MARY, THE MOVIE LOVER"; MRS. L. G., S. C.; TRUE BOARDMAN ADMIRER; MISS ATLANTA; CURIOUS L. F.; JUST PEGGY; BROOKLINE JOHN; LONG JOHN SILVER; CLIFF DWELLER; CREIGHTON ADMIRER; MOVIE OPERATOR; H. LER. C.; F. H., N. Y.; CUNARD-FORD FAN; M. E. T. H.; MARJORIE S.; A. S., ST. LOUIS; ME MUCH INTERESTED; POLLY AND HER PALS; E. G. G.; "LITTLE EDNA"; EDNA F.; L. B. P.; W. L., ONTARIO; "SUNNY JANE"; ANITA P. S.; E. E. M.; WARREN KERRIGAN'S FRIEND; ANGELICA T. S.; SEDGEWICK ADMIRER; LUCY L. V.; MIGNON B. C.; M. E. K., MASSILLON; MARKEY-FARNUM ADMIRER; F. M., ATLANTA; PICKFORD FAN; EDITH STOREY FAN; M. J. K.; CAROL T.; J. A. P.; "LIOLA"; DOROTHY C.; G. K., MINN.; HENRY V. R.; L. B., ARIZ.—I am sorry I cant answer you individually, but you have either asked questions that have been answered or ask nothing. I was glad to hear from you, however.

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MAE G.—Just be patient, and you will get that letter from Mr. Bushman. They say patience is always rewarded. So you like Rose Tapley. She is a lovely person. "If you are good-looking, do not make a toy of your beauty; keep it as a pleasant little incident," as Will Carleton would say.

PANAMA.—So you paid 50 cents to see "Carmen," and dont begrudge it. Your letter was a gem. Come in to see me when you come to New York. Aristophanes is supposed to be the father of comedy, and Æschylus of tragic poetry.

EVELYN M.—So you have a Correspondence Club in Glasgow. Any one who wants to may write to Evelyn Mansfield, 217 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, but be sure to enclose the proper postage if you want an answer.

FIREFLY.—When players now join the Universal Company they must take a name assigned to them and leave it behind like a bath-house key when they leave. Baby Zoe Bech's new Universal name is Zoe Rae. J. W. Johnston was Steve in "The Virginian."

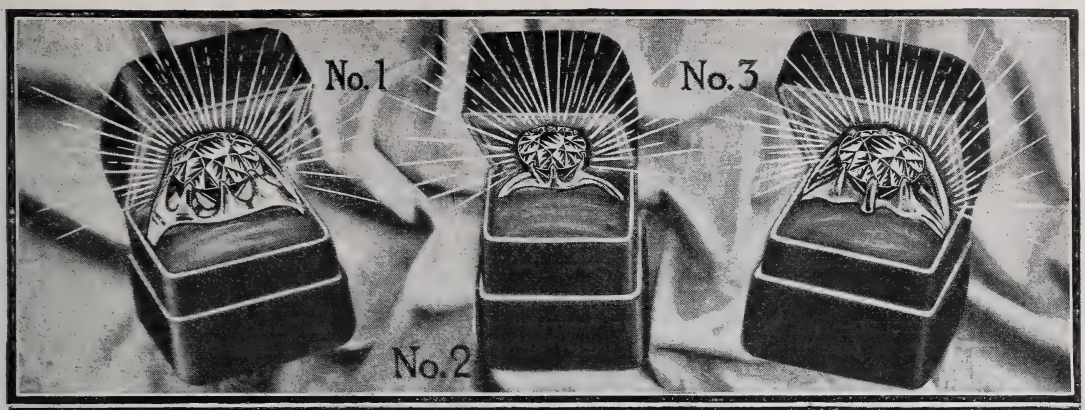
PAX VOBISCUM.—Cleo Madison was both Rose and Judith in "Trey o' Hearts." George Larkin was Allan. I find that a little knowledge is a noisy thing, and that many unimportant persons with immature ideas make a big fuss over nothing.

JACK FREEMAN.—So our last issue was the "newsiest," was it? I wish you luck in your new position. You could not have a much higher ambition. Live so that when you die they will say that the world is a little better for your having lived in it. Certainly I smoke. Tobacco is a filthy weed; I like it! It satisfies no mortal need; I like it! It makes you fat, it makes you lean, it takes the hair right off your bean, it's the worst darn stuff I ever have seen—I like it!

CHIC.—Tom Forman and Blanche Sweet had the leads in "The Thousand-Dollar Husband." Sorry, but I haven't a printed cast for it. So you think our "How to Get In" encourages the really talented and discourages the others. Then it is well. Come along.

BEN K.—So you dont like the Bushman-Bayne team. Prithee, what do you want for ten cents? I dont recognize that play from your description.

"You seem to get out more than you used to—how's that?"
"I told my wife she looked like Mary Pickford, and now the world is mine."



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(Ring, Pin or LaValliere)

If satisfactory after examination, I agree to pay $3 on account and balance at rate of $3 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days.

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B. KAY, ENGLAND.—So you are not allowed to exchange postal cards with foreign countries.

ALICITA H. C.—Thanks for sending me your picture. So you are going to study Spanish. If you dont have any *affaire d'amour* you will be all right, but keep away from it.

HOW-DE-DEE.—Indeed! Runa Hodges was Evelyn in "The Winning Hand." That's right, never say die until you are dead. The world is more apt to give you a funeral than a wake.

YOUNG CHARLIE.—No, you didn't say too much. Florence LaBadie was born in Montreal, and was educated there in the Convent of Notre Dame. She is not young to pictures, tho she is young in years. She has blue eyes and heavy, dark eyebrows, and speaks French, German and English.

ADOLPHUS.—A pretty name, which means happiness and help. While the river makes its own shores, we must plan our future to follow. Conway Tearle is with the Clara K. Young Company.

LITTLE MARY.—Stuart Holmes was Captain Levison in "East Lynne" (Fox.) Rena Rogers was Lillian in "Where Are My Children?" Of course I can answer a telephone. I hear everything good that's said about me, but my hearing's bad otherwise.

HANK, ROCHESTER.—I will be glad to answer you, but you must ask questions first. Glad to get your letter.

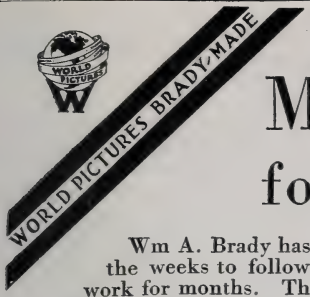
VIOLET F., BRONX.—Geraldine Farrar's next picture will be the life of Jeanne d'Arc, produced by Lasky. I have a strong feeling for panocha. You can reach Cleo Madison at the Western Universal, Hollywood, Cal. Paul Willis was Billie in "The Fall of a Nation." Of course I want to hear from you again.

E. C. R., BEAVERDAM.—Lois Wilson was Joan, and Warren Kerrigan was Prince Alexis in "A Son of the Immortals." Thanks for the picture of you and your mother. There are three sexes: males, females and girls.

STEPHEN W., ATTLEBORO.—You want a picture of Carter De Haven in the Gallery. If you wear an air of mystery and do not talk, you dont need to have any sense.

ARTIST—I'll give you a dollar an hour if you will pose for me, my pretty maid.

THE MAID—Cant do it; I'm making a thousand a week acting for the movies, sir, she said.



Mr. Brady's Plans for World Pictures

Wm A. Brady has set another pace for World Pictures. During the present week and the weeks to follow come unusual plays on which the great World Studios have been at work for months. These, we know, will delight American audiences. In the selection of the scenarios, in the assignment of stars and supporting casts, in the stagings and in his choice of directors, Mr. Brady has surpassed his previous splendid triumphs.

These Brady-Made pictures reach the summit of histrionic art in the silent drama. They are bound to command nation-wide recognition and applause. In these pictures and in their seasoned workmanship you will see a vision of what all photo-plays must come to eventually. Hurried, tawdry productions must fail. Only Art can survive.

World Pictures Brady-Made for opening Fall and Winter Season, 1916

FRIDAY THE 13th—Business; high finance; from Thomas W. Lawson's famous book; scenes laid in New York Stock Exchange. ROBERT WARWICK.

THE VELVET PAW—Political story of Washington; gigantic scenes showing the "United States Senate Chamber." HOUSE PETERS and GAIL KANE.

THE MAN WHO STOOD STILL—Comedy drama; Louis Mann's stage success; comedy and drama entwined in a charming combination. LEW FIELDS.

THE REVOLT—Drama, national theatrical success as played by Helen Ware and Alma Berwyn. FRANCES NELSON and ARTHUR ASHLEY.

THE DARK SILENCE—War, beautiful love story, with many scenes laid "somewhere in France." CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG.

THE GILDED CAGE—The sweetest story ever told; wonderful settings; enormous cast. Big! ALICE BRADY.

THE HIDDEN SCAR—Modern; a great love stained by a previous mis-step. ETHEL CLAYTON—HOLBROOK BLINN.

TILLIE'S NIGHT OUT—Comedy; sensational; side-splitting; never to be forgotten. MARIE DRESSLER.

THE HEART OF A HERO—Historical; picturization of the famous play, "Nathan Hale," by Clyde Fitch. ROBERT WARWICK.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR—George Broadhurst's marvelous stage success; one of the most talked of plays ever produced. ALICE BRADY.

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HARDLY A MAN OF LETTERS, BUT HE ALWAYS SPELLS LAUGHTER

MARGARETTE K. T.—No; I have never been in love yet. I have taken particular pains not to, because I fear that if I fell into a woman's arms, I would fall into her hands, and I love my liberty too much for that. You didn't like the hat Antonio Moreno wore when he returned from the ruby mine in "Kennedy Square." Oh, Tony, where *did* you get that hat? Send it along.

IMMERSEE, BRISTOL.—That World film was taken in New York. Dorothy Green was the girl in "A Wonderful Adventure." No, I didn't play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." I dont know how I can help you. I agree with your sister that Earle Williams is a finished actor.

SHUDIE AND TINIE.—The little boy was not on the cast in that play. She was a non-professional. You think Wallace Reid's lips are too dark. Too much red paint, which always photographs black. Pearl White can be seen in a new military serial now.

PINKY, 21.—Very few companies are purchasing scenarios now. They have their own scenario writers. Lottie Pickford and Jack Pickford are playing with Famous Players. Leah Baird is now with Universal.

JOSCELYN, VIRGINIA.—The Ford-Cunard team are playing in Western Universal pictures. Your theater can get "The Fall of a Nation" thru the V. L. S. E. exchange.

ALBERT S. M.—You ask how much Pearl White gets a week. I should say around $600 or $700 a week. I like a good cup of oblong tea once in a while, but much prefer buttermilk.

LILLIAN C., WOODBRIDGE.—You want the address of the director of the Vitagraph studio? My child, they have about fifteen directors. If you mean the casting director, it is Mr. Loomis. So you like Theda Bara better than Virginia Pearson. Thanks.

LORRAINE.—You will probably see that, because Essanay are reissuing the one-reel fables of George Ade. Kathleen Coughlin was Effie in "Silas Marner." You never heard of the Great Cast Contest. Where were you last year? I guess you refer to Florence Turner. I must confess your letter was a little long. You should inspect your terminal facilities.

ERMA F. S., SYRACUSE.—Yes; Niles Welch went to Yale and also Columbia. Marguerite Clark's hair is naturally curly. Webster Campbell is now with Lasky, playing opposite Blanche Sweet.

FLORENCE O. S.—Too many suicides in the pictures? Huh! Suicide is despise of life. "Gloria's Romance" with Billie Burke. Yes; Mary Pickford always sends photographs to her admirers.

A FILM FAN.—Thank you for sending me the clippings. The cartoon was quite appropriate.

Faithful movie fans were they,
Loyal friends indeed,
Till Cupid, in a photoplay,
Refused to share the "lead."

SPECIAL! TO THE READERS OF MOTION PICTURES

We are proud to present to the readers and friends of Motion Pictures the special offer made in the following advertisement of the HARRIS-GOAR JEWELRY CO., of Kansas City, Mo. That their liberal offer is in good faith and will be carried out to the letter, is beyond question. The Harris-Goar Company is one of the oldest and most favorably known jewelry concerns, and with their Easy Payment Plan, have helped thousands of worthy people in all parts of the country. You should write for their Catalog and tell your friends to do so.

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RUTH DE P.—You say "cheer up, you'll soon be dead," but I might fool you. I shall vote once for Mr. Wilson and once for Mr. Hughes, because both parties say they believe in high wages for the workmen and low prices for the consumer (joke!). Annette Kellermann says "Swim and be beautiful."

SARAH B., SEATTLE.—Rita Stanwood was Barbara in "The Deserter." Ruth Stonehouse is now writing and directing plays. Thomas Holding is with Bosworth-Morosco films. Thanks for the silk socks! Just my size, too! I shall wear my trousers turned up now and show my pretty ankles.

EVELYN S. C., BROOKLYN.—Yes; I think Creighton Hale was a success in "The Iron Claw." He is rather cunning. He is now with Powell Co.

LADY MACBETH.—That may be your idea; clothes may make some players, but it *breaks* many of them. Evart Overton was Julian in "Ordeal of Elizabeth" (Vitagraph). Betty Harte was Marie in "The Man from Bitter Roots." Jean Sothern is with Arrow.

JENNIE L.—Thanks for the pressed rose. Henry Stanley was Ponto in "Neal of the Navy." Last chat with Pearl White was in June, 1916. I, too, am an admirer of Blanche Sweet, and I admire her neatness, fleetness and sweetness. I admire these qualities in a player. Oh, the neatness of their neatness when they're neat! Oh, the fleetness of their fleetness when they're fleet! But the neatness of their neatness and the fleetness of their fleetness is as nothing to their sweetness when they're sweet.

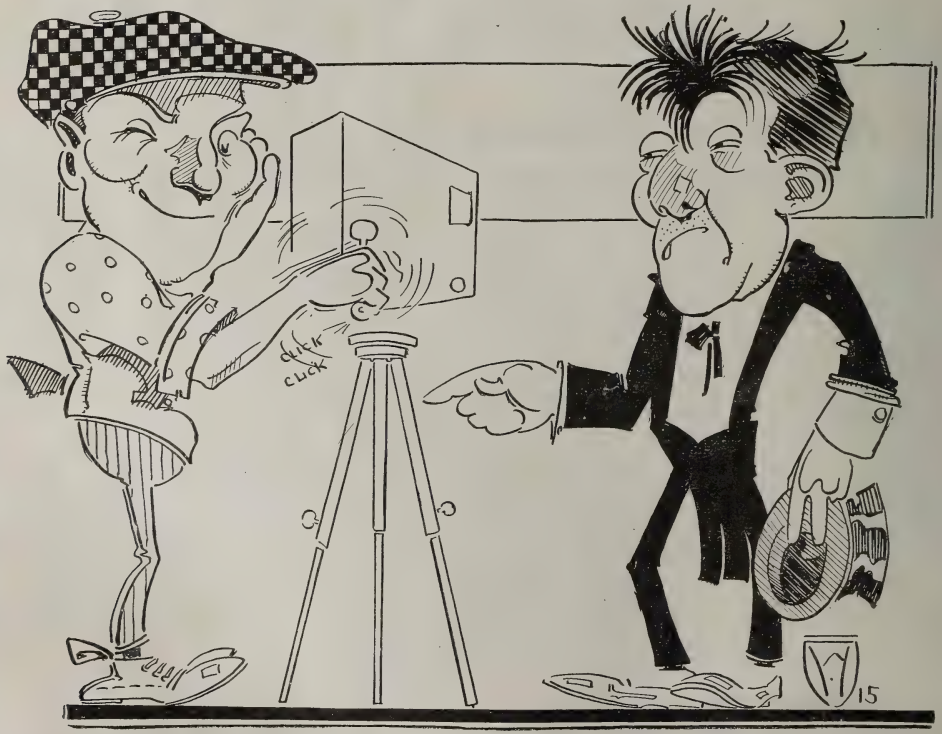
JACK A.—You state that I am a philososopher, and that Emerson says that "philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world." Heap much thanks! You can reach Charles Ray, Triangle Co., Los Angeles, Cal. No, it is not possible for one to get my picture. They are too rare and valuable for general distribution.

LITTLE PAL.—Everybody has his own theater, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, scene-shifter, box-keeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain. Mine is a little hallroom where I am writing this. You will probably hear from those players later.

LEO B.—Keep them; they may be worth money some day. There are certain numbers that our Sales Manager will be glad to purchase from you. Send the Canadian stamp.

EMMY U., NEW YORK.—Your letter was all very nice, but I dont understand German. I believe in war; that is, war on rotten films.

LILLAS ST. C.—Mighty glad to hear from you again. Hope you will be able to complete your undertaking. I have a great deal of respect for the undertaking business, for you see I am now 74.



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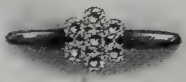

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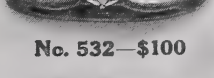

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MAL.—Edythe Sterling is playing for Signal, Sherman Bainbridge for Horsley, Wellington Playter with Selig, Betty Gray with Keystone, Peggy Pearce with Keystone. One touch of avarice makes the whole world skin.

GERTRUDE OF PANTHER CITY.—No, not Bessie Love in "The Lamb," but Seena Owen. William Roselle was Richard in "Gloria's Romance."

SADIE M. A.—Lost, strayed or stolen, E. H. Sothern's opposite, a $1,200 wolfhound. He disappeared from Vitagraph's yards. Leo Delaney is with Famous Players. So you liked the picture of Harry Morey in the Magazine.

HARRY LEE W.—So you want to see more of Maude George. She is still playing opposite Warren Kerrigan. Good for you. Vitagraph are doing away with their stock companies. They will engage people to play in special pictures. Theodore Marston, the director, has left.

HILDEGARDE TOWNSLEY.—There will be twenty chapters to "Gloria's Romance." Yes; Mary Fuller just had a vacation until September. The Editor is after a chat with Theda Bara now, and there is one in the October Classic.

PERRY T. R.—Yes, if you enclose a stamp you will get a quicker answer in these columns. We are thinking of printing this magazine on gold-leaf hereafter, because paper is so high that we cant afford to use it to print on. You are right. Do it *now!* Probably you will do it wrong; but, anyway, it will be over with.

CHICK.—Thank you very much for offering to send me the paper, but never mind. Margarita Fischer is with Mutual. Your letter was very interesting, and I want to hear from you again.

L. F. S.—Edith Storey spent her summer at her new home at Northport, which has just been completed. Well, great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality. For example, just gaze on *me.*

DIRECTOR WILLIE—You're a fine movie actor! Cryin' 'cause yuh fell off the bridge when the reg'lar actors do it ev'ry day.

MELVA.—I am glad you like Webster Campbell. Yes; I know all those things, Melva. But isn't it so? Visit a thousand Moving Picture shows, read a thousand stories, and hear a thousand popular songs, and you will have found nearly three thousand stories of love. It's the greatest thing in the world.

PUZZLED.—Yes; Mabel Normand was with Biograph before going with Keystone. Thanks for the clipping.

AUGUSTA C.—The Answer Lady has referred your letter to me. Anna Q. Nilsson is married to Guy Coombs. They have just gone into vaudeville. So you like Edith Storey and Earle Williams best of all.

SARAHFINE SKEEDUNKLING.—Go ahead and love me all you like. I'll stand for anything. But it would be awfully hard to love anybody with a name like yours. Joyce Fair is with Essanay. Winifred Kingston opposite Dustin Farnum in "Davy Crockett."

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Maurice Costello	Anita Stewart
Howard Estabrook	Blanche Sweet
Mary Fuller	Emmy Wehlen
Clara Kimball Young	Pearl White
Alice Joyce	Crane Wilbur
Jack Kerrigan	Earle Williams
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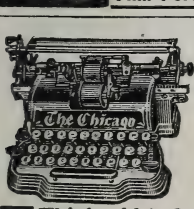

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PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Nance O'Neil and Alfred Hickman were married recently after an engagement of five years. All things come to him who waits. Your cartoon is a sad image of Theda Bara.

SYDNEY.—Thank you very much for first copy of "The Scrollogram." A new correspondence club! Good luck to you. Any one wishing to join please write to Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo., but be sure to enclose a stamp for an answer.

MARIE H.—Jay Belasco was Eustace in "The Grasp of Greed." Guy Coombs was with Metro. Harry Todd and his wife, Margaret Joslin, have joined Rolin Co., Los Angeles?

MOVIE-MAD AND STAGE-STRUCK.—Since the death of Anthony Comstock, I note that some of the manufacturers are issuing films telling the *naked* truth about sex problems.

MRS. J. E. LUNDGREN.—Thanks for the fine fall apples. Nice of you to think of me.

MRS. BESSIE K.—The winner of "Diamond from the Sky" series has not been announced as yet. No, we haven't the whereabouts of Romaine Fielding.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Thanks for the fee. We have never printed either of the stories you ask for. You wait until you see Alice Joyce. Your play is too old now.

CHARLOTTE S. S.—Jack Standing was Rex in "The Evangelist" (Lubin). Yes; but, alas, the soft drink turneth away guests. You dont mind coming right out with things. That's the way—when you see a head, hit it.

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Thanks for your vacation greetings. William Pike was John in "The Unwritten Law." Frank Bennett was Jan in "Sold for Marriage" (Fine Arts). William Desmond was Dick in "The Payment." Elliot Dexter was Paul in "American Beauty" (Morosco). George Walsh was Del in "The Beast." Ralph Lewis was Norma's hubby in "Going Straight." William Conklin and Lois Meredith in "Sold at Auction." Duncan McRae was Roy and Harry Brown was Bill in "Flowers of No Man's Land" (Metro). I should say that was enough inquiries. Thanks for the verse.

MARION H. R., CLEVELAND.—So you are a rooter for Ella Hall. You say that every picture you see convinces you that it is true that love laughs at locksmiths. I never saw anything about a locksmith to laugh at!

A. J. L.—Mary Pickford has her own company now. Yes; it is surprising how thin Mary Fuller got within the last year. She may now open a beauty shop, and tell us how she did it.

CLIO.—Indeed, glad to see you again. Constance Talmadge is still playing with Triangle. George Le Guere is with Metro. Triangle haven't special music for their plays. Vitagraph did have. No; I cant play a single thing except the typewriter and a mouth-organ. You bet I enjoy real good music. I like the Hungarian rhapsodies by Liszt, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Herold's "Zampa," Gottschalk's "Dying Poet," etc., etc.

CHESTER, 16.—Little Mary Anderson never appeared on the stage. She started as an extra. Likewise Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge. It's not good for either man or woman to be alone, so that's why I'm so bad.

JACQUELINE.—Always glad to see you. Haven't heard about Ruth Purcel's outcome. And you want an interview with John Bowers. I will always try to answer promptly.

"I wish Bobby was as gentlemanly as Harold."

"Take him to the photoshows oftener. Harold delights in copying the fine manners of the players he sees there."

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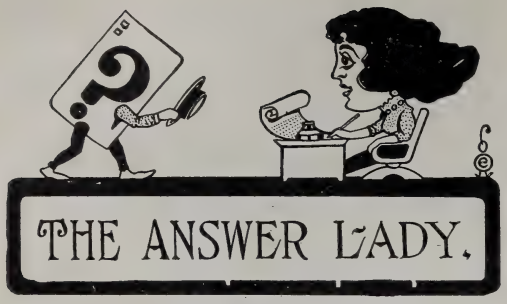

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

FREDA L.—The Vitagraph studio is near Elm Avenue station on the Brighton El. No, I am afraid they are not making any addition to their stock, at so young an age.

DEAR SOLDIER BOY IN THE TRENCHES.—I have asked Mr. Brewster to send you a copy of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month, and I trust that you receive it regularly. We who are in a neutral country can do little more than pray for peace, but peace with honor for all. We must think only of the splendid men and boys of both sides who are fighting so bravely for what each thinks is the right. My heart bleeds for all, but especially for the noble women who are left to wait and can only pray. You are in the thick of it, and it is hard, cruelly hard, but nothing to the agony of suspense your loved ones are enduring. I, myself, have two dear cousins fighting "somewhere in France."

NETTIE, CAMBRIDGE.—E. V. Brewster, care MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, is the editor's address. Yes, indeed, I am glad to be called "Big Sister" by all my dear boys and girls.

LITTLE HOOSIER GIRL.—Sister Helen, I have a little sister by that name who lives with me and makes my home comfy when I am there. Do you know, I would rather be a clever writer of books or articles that would be helpful but not preachy, that would be read and loved and remembered, than anything else I can imagine. Writing is entirely the child of your own brain, developed and perfected by your own efforts. Thanks for poem; it is excellent.

"CHEYENNE."—Call at the studio and leave your photo with a list of the plays you have been in, with Mr. Loomis. He is casting director and a very courteous and charming gentleman. I hope you will get a chance.

REGINA P.—Did you leave a photo of yourself? That is most important.

D. L., NASHVILLE.—Henry Walthall is an actor and an artist. It is always a pleasure to witness his work. He is too great an artist to ever disappoint. I simply sat in my seat and let the others pass out when I saw "The Birth of a Nation." I was ashamed to go on the street and let people see my red nose and eyes. Little Mae Marsh was the most lovable little flower of Southern girlhood I have ever seen on the screen. It seemed that something just snapped in my heart when her brother found her, and I could almost hear her say, "Oh, it hurt me so much. Norma Talmadge is a dear, lovable, brainy and beautiful girl, as full of mischief as a kitten. I am very fond of her. Naomi Childers is a beautiful girl. She is working most of the time, so just look for her and you will find her. Anita Stewart is everything you imagine her. Lillian Walker is the best swimmer we have, with Edith Storey a close second. I can swim only a little, but love it.

DAVID J. C., N. Y. CITY.—Mr. Earle Williams is working very hard upon a long serial, called "The Scarlet Runner." That is why you have not seen him lately. It will soon be released, however. Miss Stewart has recently had a release, "The Suspect," and I really think it is the best thing she has ever done. She has developed wonderfully, both mentally and artistically, in the past year. She is an exceptionally clever girl. Thank you so much for your kind appreciation of my department. I do want my public to enjoy it and to get some good thought from it, otherwise the many hours which I devote to it, when I am eager to be out digging in my garden or to be reading some interesting book, would all be wasted.

MABEL P. T.—My dear child, I sincerely wish I could advise you, but it is impossible for a stranger to do so. You must go to school and continue your education. Pay particular attention to spelling and diction. A good education is absolutely a necessity. Do not be discouraged because of these suggestions, but be determined to overcome these obstacles and to be worthy the parents who would have loved you and who would want to see their little daughter an intelligent, well-bred little lady. Thank you for the violets. It was sweet and thoughtful of you to send them to me.

DEAR SOLDIER BOY FROM NOVA SCOTIA.—We are a neutral nation and our sympathies are with every one engaged in this sad and unfortunate war. I must not let my feelings stray away from the thought that you dear boys are all the beloved sons of women like myself and that those brave mothers are sacrificing their hearts' blood when they send you forth to battle for the principles which you and all countries at war feel they are upholding. We can only pray that God will soon bring peace and harmony out of this hell of carnage and devastation which has been in progress these last two years. I wish I might help, really help, in some way. Thank you for the photo. I shall keep it carefully.

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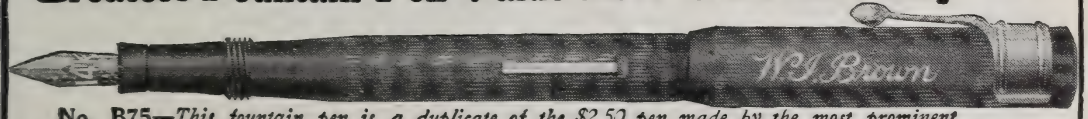

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Speaking of "fans," here's a letter about one who apparently holds the record and the championship:

Allow me to state that I am not writing for any other purpose than the interest of Motion Pictures. Enclosed you will find a small photo of the truest and most faithful movie fan I have ever heard about, or ever saw. She is Mary Curtin, 18-year-old daughter of Thomas E. Curtin, for the past ten years a well-known auto dealer. This young lady has never been known to witness less than thirty movies a week, and on the wall of her room has in the vicinity of 450 or 500 pictures, all of the picture world. While attending school this year she was allowed an hour and a half for lunch.

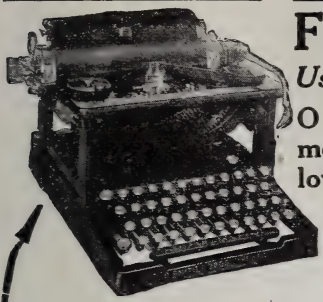
MISS MARY CURTIN, FAN

She spent it this way: fifteen minutes for lunch, one hour and fifteen minutes for the movies. Not so very long ago she was asked to attend a frat dance—she is the best entertainer, full of wit and humor—but before going, she made her escort take her to see Mae Marsh in "A Child of the Paris Streets," and she arrived at the dance in time for "Home, Sweet Home." When the censors forbade "The Birth of a Nation" in Ohio, she went to Chicago to see it, and came back with the opinion that the censors of Ohio "sure are very particular about some things." She is very well known in and about Columbus on account of her wonderful skill in handling a machine, which she has driven for at least six years. She has converted many to her habit of almost living at the movies, but none has as yet surpassed her record.

When joking with her about marriage she

(*Continued on page* 170)

Typewriter Sensation



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You Take No Risk—Put In Your Order *Now*

When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent $8.80 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw, keep it and send me $2.50 a month until our bargain price of $48.80 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your $8.80 and return the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid $100.00 for it. It is standard. Over one hundred thousand people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured.

The supply at this price is very limited, the price will probably be raised when my next advertisement appears, so don't delay. Fill in the coupon today—mail to me—the typewriter will be shipped promptly. There is no red tape. I employ no solicitors—no collectors—no chattel mortgage. It is simply understood that I retain title to the machine until the full $48.80 is paid. You cannot lose. It is the greatest typewriter opportunity you will ever have. **Do not send me one cent. Get the coupon in the mails today—sure.**

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H. A. SMITH, 606, 231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ship me a No. 2 L. C. Smith F. O. B. Chicago, as described in this advertisement. I will pay you the $40.00 balance of the SPECIAL $48.80 purchase price, at the rate of $2.50 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. It is understood that I have five days in which to examine and try the typewriter. If I choose not to keep it I will carefully repack it and return it to the express agent. It is understood that you give the standard guarantee for one year.

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eleven years ago, left Earl Hocker with a deformed foot and paralyzed leg as shown in upper photograph. Treatment at the McLain Sanitarium resulted as shown in lower photograph. He now walks squarely on both feet. Read his letter.

I arrived home all O.K. and I sure did surprise my father when I came home walking without a cane. I hope every cripple will visit you and see the wonderful work you do. I will gladly answer any letters.
EARL HOCKER,
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FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

This private institution is devoted to treating children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Wry Neck, etc. Write for book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also Book of References. Both free.

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ANNA AYERS, Dept 233, 220 South State St., Chicago. *AGENTS WANTED*

For a COMPLEXION Like Hers

simply do what Louise Huff and other famous stars do, whose complexions are subject to particular notice—use Carmen Complexion Powder. Then you will have a complexion of peach-and-cream charm. Blends perfectly with the tones of the skin—and it adheres. Does not rub or blow off. Gives a clear, glowing complexion that is always beautiful despite glaring light and perspiration. Why put up with ordinary face powders when Carmen will give you the most charming complexion beauty? Get a box today and see how delighted you will be. Insist on Carmen!

CARMEN Complexion Powder

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream—50c Everywhere

Stafford-Miller Co., 585 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

(*Continued from page* 168)

exclaimed: "The man I marry must be twice the movie fan I am."

Some one in the party said: "You'll stay single all your life if you stick to that at the rate you're going." She gave Eva T.'s famous cry, "I dont care."

Sincerely,
ONE OF HER CONVERTS.

Columbus, O.

Miss Francesca Farrell, of Toledo, Ohio, files an able brief in defense of "Little Mary," who numbers her knight advocates by the million:

I have recently read and heard much in appreciation of that very charming little lady, Miss Mary Pickford. I should be very grateful to you if you would print the following, or part of it.

Miss Pickford always was lovely to look at, and a talented little actress. I first saw her in "Caprice." Perhaps a great many remember this charming little film, and the splendid work of Miss Pickford in it. She captivated me then, and I can truthfully say that for me her charm has steadily increased, rather than diminished.

There are new stars in the sky, of course; others are coming up. But to say that Miss Pickford is "going back" is absurd. She is as true a little artist as ever lived, and she grows better every day.

I cannot see how a person of any discernment can fail to see Miss Pickford's splendid ability. There is a wealth of expression in her every glance and gesture. And best of all is her thoro understanding of the characters she portrays.

There are those who complain that Miss Pickford is not versatile. There are few, indeed, who can play every part. On the stage it is possible to make up for deficiencies in appearance—that is, for not "looking the part"—by the use of the voice. But in pictures so much depends upon the appearance. Naturally, golden-curled, tiny "Little Mary" could scarcely play "Queen Elizabeth" or "Mrs. Wiggs." But this does not indicate that she is not versatile. Remember her stolid Indian stoicism in "Little Pal"? Her mute, repressed pathos in "Madame Butterfly"? Her excitable, gestureful, Italianness in "Peppina"?

We do not know whom to blame for the insipid vehicles in which Miss Pickford is sometimes starred. Her own work is always perfect, but she is capable of much stronger rôles, as shown by "Hearts Adrift" and "Tess of the Storm Country." I hope, now that Miss Pickford is included in the company, that she will insist on more vital stories.

But, as I say, her work is always delightful. Visit some day a "slum" theater which is showing a Pickford picture. There are men and women there who cannot read the captions. Yet they understand perfectly. Miss Pickford speaks to them in the language of that sympathetic simplicity and naturalness, that humanness which has endeared her to the world.

(*Continued on page* 174)

My Beauty Exercises

I make you look younger and more beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery—**nothing artificial—Just Nature's Way.**

Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as **fresh as in girlhood,** firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, **removing the wrinkles** they cause. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in.

No one too old or too young to benefit.

My system makes double chins disappear quickly, and it leaves the flesh firm after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen your complexion and give it a most attractive look for a whole evening.

Write for my new FREE book!

Terms on request.

GEORGE F. HERRINGTON,
61-67 Navy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A complexion possessing the enchanting pinkness of youth and a skin of lovely smoothness—the result of

MARINELLO POWDER

—the charming new creation now preferred by millions of women of better taste who demand a refined Powder that is different from the others.

Marinello not only enhances your natural beauty and blends with the texture of any skin, but protects against the havoc of weather. Get it at any Marinello shop or drug store. A tint for every complexion.

Send 2c. stamp for Min. Box.

MARINELLO CO.
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$1000 WORTH OF NEW MODELS

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PHOTOS OF MOVIE STARS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

DECORATE your room or den with these handsome 7x11 portrait pictures of movie favorites each mounted in a heavy folder.

Make your selection from the following:

Carlyle Blackwell	Marguerite Snow
Beverly Bayne	Anita Stewart
Charlie Chaplin	Norma Talmadge
The Goddess Group	Pearl White
Alice Joyce	Ben F. Wilson
Jack Kerrigan	Earle Williams
Lillian Lorraine	Crane Wilbur
Mary Miles Minter	Lillian Walker
Mabel Normand	Edith Storey
Olga Petrova	Theda Bara
Mary Fuller	Helen Holmes
Mary Pickford	Edna Mayo
Blanche Sweet	Ruth Roland

Clara Kimball Young
Francis X. Bushman
Marguerite Clark
Henry B. Walthall

Ten Cents each—a set of 12 for a Dollar.
Send money order, currency or stamps to
S. BRAM, Publisher, Dept. G, 126 West 46th St., N. Y. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring
Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN a good paying mail order business? We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. You can start in spare time; invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own. Particulars free.

NADICO, 4306 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"EVERBRIGHT SILVER" FRIENDSHIP RING FREE

To advertise, we will send this ring, your size, your initials hand engraved, for 12c. Every ring warranted five years.

THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 1045, Attleboro, Mass.

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG-IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEEL

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston, and get 2 packs of Tally-ho Quality **Playing Cards** that would cost 50c elsewhere

A Bracelet of Motion Picture Players FREE

HERE is something really new. Here is something that your sister, your sweetheart or any young lady Motion Picture fan will be interested in. Something that they will be proud to own and proud to wear.

Think of it! A Motion Picture players' bracelet. Miniature portraits of ten Motion Picture players in natural colors, mounted in gilt frames, threaded on a leather strap.

These bracelets may be made up to include the portraits of any *ten players* in the list printed in the attached coupon. Check the names of the ten portraits you desire and mail with a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and one of these beautiful bracelets will be sent you *FREE*. The bracelets are not for sale, and you can only obtain one by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find $1.50 (30 cents extra for Canadian postage, $1.00 extra for Newfoundland and Foreign postage) for which kindly send me the **Motion Picture Magazine** for one year beginning with ..... issue, also one of the Motion Picture players' bracelets, to include the ten portraits checked below.

Dustin Farnum	Cleo Ridgely	Lillian Gish
Henry B. Walthall	Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
Kathlyn Williams	Mme. Petrova	Ethel Clayton
Dorothy Gish	Harold Lockwood	Ruth Roland
Norma Talmadge	Pearl White	Earle Williams
William S. Hart	Douglas Fairbanks	Anita Stewart
Carlyle Blackwell	Violet Mersereau	

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"THE CHATTEL"

(*Continued from page* 82)

Later he came to her as she sat in the woods back of her charred abode.

"Leila," he pleaded as he dropped by her side, "dont you see that I have changed, dear—been born again?"

"Leave me, please," she said, dully; "if you have changed, then so have I. The Leila you knew is *not*. In her place is—the *thing* you made——"

"Leila!" The cry was wrung from him, from the heart new-born within him, and the woman's heart heard it and stirred within her. "Leila, I have learnt, beloved—learnt of your tenderness and my pain. I've risen at last from the low ranks of my ancestors, not by power of wealth, but by power of that deep understanding which you have given me. *I* am the slave, my girl; you have been the goddess who, bending from a great height, has given me sight."

There are many women stars in the sky, of course; others are coming up. But to say that Miss Pickford is "going back" is absurd. She is as true a little artist as ever lived, and she grows better every day.

I cannot see how a person of any discernment can fail to see Miss Pickford's splendid ability. There is a wealth of expressiveness from which neither man nor woman could be away. One gives, the other takes; one takes, the other gives!

"Oh, Leila, comrade of mine, I have destroyed 'The Chattel,' and the creed of it in my heart. In its place hangs your picture, my love, your splendid, glorious picture. Wont you take me by the hand, Leila, pitying me for the gross years that bred the mongrel in me, forgiving the thing the years did?"

Leila bent over him and gathered him up against her breast, and there was silence in the woods, save for the audible throbbing of their hearts.

"Did you order all these for me?" asked Leila a week later, as they had their first dinner home again.

"I selected them for you, dear," he said. "They are grander and larger; but the spirit of them is the spirit of the tiny bunch you found each morning at your door—and they held my heart."

Leila bent her happy face over them, and gathered a handful to her lips. "I kiss them," she whispered, shyly, and Waring understood.

FOR SALE
A FARM

at **Spring Valley, Rockland County, N.Y.,** consisting of 147 acres, including house, barn and other buildings, 2 apple orchards, 12 acres of woodland, with stream running through property.

Spring Valley is 32 miles from New York City, 7 miles west of Nyack and 7 miles east of Suffern, and is reached by the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and a branch of the Erie R. R., affording 35 trains daily to and from New York. The railroad rates are, excursion $1.30, monthly tickets $9.45.

The atmosphere of Spring Valley is dry and invigorating, and persons affected with bronchial trouble obtain much relief in this part of the country.

Spring Valley has a High School which is fully up to the standard in every respect, also National Bank, Churches of every denomination, Tennis Club, Athletic Association, Royal Arcanum, Odd Fellows, Masons, Red Men, and Foresters, etc.

Spring Valley entertains more summer boarders than any other town on the line of the N. J. & N. Y. R. R. and is becoming the choice over all other localities as a place of residence.

Terms on request. Address:

GEORGE F. HERRINGTON,
61-67 Navy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Under our easy payment plan, you can quickly own a handsome Burrowes Billiard and Pool Table. No special room is needed. The Table can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or stand, and quickly set aside when not in use.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Tables

are superbly built, and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

Prices are from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month. Sizes of Tables range up to 4½x9 ft. (standard). Balls, cues, and full playing equipment, free.

☞ Burrowes Tables are now on sale in many cities and towns. You may inspect them before ordering, if you wish. ☜

No Red Tape—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write for catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 140 Spring St., Portland, Me.

You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your **"looks,"** therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new **Nose-Shaper "Trados"** (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:—

Miss C. R.—After using my "Trados 22" for only two weeks sees a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

Mr. P. R. writes—"Your Nose-Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends."

Miss K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the Nose-Shaper.

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados 22" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose-Shaper and his nose looks much better.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 622 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

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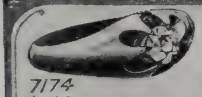

Let us tell how you can wear a LYON Blue-white Diamond *while paying for it.* Only 20% down and 10% a month. Sent prepaid for inspection. No Security required. A binding Guarantee Certificate with each Diamond.

ASK FOR *CATALOG No.* 37
10% discount for Cash.

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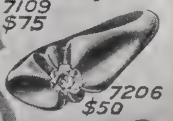
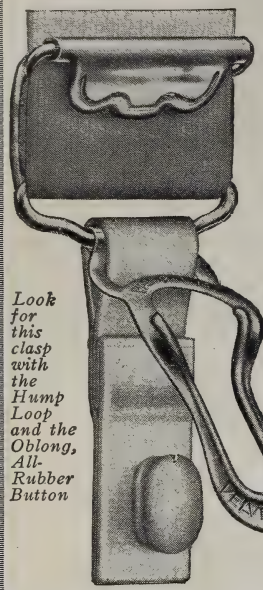


Velvet Grip

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON



Look for this clasp with the Hump Loop and the Oblong, All-Rubber Button

HOSE SUPPORTER

The Oblong Rubber Button is an exclusive feature of **Velvet Grip** goods. This most important modern improvement in hose supporters has taken the place of the old-fashioned round button. It is a **cushion of solid live rubber,** and because of its large holding surface it prevents tearing and drop stitches.

Buy corsets having the hose supporters with the Oblong Rubber Button.

Sample set of four "Sew-ons" for women and misses, 50 cents. Sample pair of "Pin-ons" for children, 15 cents [give age]. Sample pair of "Baby Midgets" for infants—lisle, 10 cents; silk, 15 cents, all postpaid.

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HOME MASSAGE MACHINE

Free this month. Real water power masseuse to treat face and form, if you use my preparations. Don't buy a machine but send today for my splendid offer.

C. PARK HUMPHREYS, :: 4822 HAZEL AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A WOMANLY WAY

TO REMOVE HAIR IS TO USE

EL RADO -- *A Sanitary, Colorless Liquid*

El Rado is a toilet preparation that practically washes the hair off by dissolving it in a few moments, without harming the skin, increasing or coarsening later growth.

The time required depends entirely upon the quantity and quality of the hair—usually only a few moments—upon applying absorbent cotton saturated with the liquid. The hair droops lifeless from the surface only, *proving that El Rado is harmless.*

Sheer blouses, sleeveless frocks may be worn with perfect ease, and the comfort and cleanliness of hair-free underarms will be appreciated by every woman.

Money-back guarantee

At all toilet counters **50c and $1.00**

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail if you write enclosing stamps or coin. PILGRIM MFG. CO., 15 E. 28th St., N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 170)

Visit a New York picture-palace. There are ladies of wealth and fashion there, but if you look close you will see on their faces the same softened expression which adorns that of their Italian and Hungarian sisters of the "slums." Thus it is that Miss Pickford makes equals of us all.

"Going back?" When she can hold these audiences?

Showing Below the Line

(*Continued from page* 87)

old "Trip to the Moon" held the audience spellbound. They saw it over and over again. Those standing—there were no fire-laws there—merely shifted over to the other foot, when Gordon changed films, and stayed there. The city collector went away that night with one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket. The other nights of the week were very little smaller in attendance. The few Americans there merely waved their hands and went in free. It seemed a shame to charge our own countrymen for the privilege of seeing a bum show. The natives we charged a dollar of their money—five cents when counted in American coinage.

It was too good to last. A new collector came on the tenth night we showed, and when we started to give him the ten per cent. our contract called for, he demanded all the money, giving as an excuse that the former collector had absconded with what he had collected.

We kept a stiff upper lip and all the money we had collected. Gordon got into an argument with the collector, and I walked away with the money. An hour later we met at the hotel.

"They've got our machine," he said, "but I'm going to get it back, and we'll make for San José and catch a steamer for Salina Cruz. They're picture-show crazy there."

"But how will you get the things?" I asked.

"Let's go to bed," he said. "I'll think up a plan before morning. I've been here before. Last time I was running a merry-go-round, and they did the same thing to me. I'll get out, all right. Just watch my smoke." With that he went to bed.

So ended the first picture show in Guatemala City, Central America.

$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS

He was trained by members of our Faculty. You too, if you like to draw, should succeed—with the right training.

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Earn from $25.00 to $75.00 per week. Become a Commercial Designer—uncrowded field—dignified profession. Learn to draw during your spare time by our home-study method.

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Send today for our beautiful catalog in colors. Also our folio of commercial illustrations. Free for the asking.

A MESSAGE TO THE AMBITIOUS

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5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Terms as low as $1.00 down—$1.50 per month. Mandolin or Guitar sent on approval. The wonderful new Gibson violin construction has set the whole Mandolin and Guitar world talking. Get our new **Free Book**—112 pages—111 illustrations, a valuable fund of information for player and teacher. Also **Free** treatise on "How to Practice."

Exclusive Features that Make Every Gibson Matchless:

Stradivarius arching—scientific graduation from thickness at center to thinness at rim, securing strength—sensitiveness—free vibration of entire sounding board. **Tilted neck, high bridge with extension string-holder,** securing increased string pressure that vibrates a larger sounding board, producing a bigness of tone never before realized. **Reinforced, non-warpable neck—elevated guard plate or finger rest—easy action—adjustable string-bearing** at bridge overcoming sharping of heavier strings in upper positions.

"Everyone A 'Gibson'-ite" The Aeolian Mandolin Quartet

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Make $1800 to $5000 or More a Year
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Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for either sex in every locality for private and class instruction and the sale of Gibsons. Gibson instruments have "made" many a teacher, professionally and financially. C. V. Buttleman, Jackson, Mich., Teacher and Director, writes: "A $7000 Gibson business for mine this year". C. A. Templeman, Teacher, Sioux City, Ia., writes: "$4500 gross business for the year". WM. PLACE, Jr., AMERICA'S GREATEST MANDOLIN VIRTUOSO, Star Soloist for Victor Talking Machine Co., UNQUALIFIEDLY ENDORSES THE GIBSON.

OPEN—A permanent teaching and business opportunity. Either sex. Other positions pending. WRITE PROMPTLY.

Do Business on Our Capital If a teacher, become our agent. Stock furnished. We help sell. Agent's territory protected. You make the profits. We pay the advertising. You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt". Catalog and thematic list free. Fill in coupon now.

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Gentlemen:—Without obligation send me **free book** complete Catalog, free treatise, also information about instrument **checked below.**

☐ Mandolin ☐ Mando-bass
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☐ Mando-cello ☐ Harp-guitar

Name _____

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Be sure you have checked instrument

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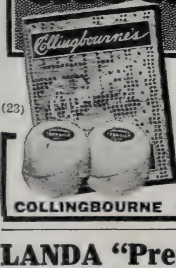

(23)

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TEXASILK

comes in size 70 only, in white, black, medium green, pink, rose, scarlet, light blue, delph, light yellow. Crochet Book is clearly illustrated so designs may be copied by any needleworker. Send at once and get this valuable book, FREE.

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Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.

LANDA "Preparedness" BILLFOLD

Elegant, Practical Xmas Gift—Model result of 25 years' experience. Combines currency fold, coin purse, card case, loose-leaf memo pad, 1917 calendar, identification card and transparent photo frame. Made of finest, soft, black Seal Grain Leather—splendid wearing qualities.

Compact, thin, flexible. Will fit any pocket—for ladies or gentlemen. Size closed, 3x3 5-8 inches; open, 8 1-4 x 3 5-8. **Special Price,** direct to consumer, **50c.** $5.40 doz. postpaid. *Ordinarily $1.00* each. Any name or monogram in **23 kt. gold** FREE. Packed in handsome gift box, containing beautiful engraved Xmas card and tinsel cord.

Landa "Biltmore," same in finest Morocco Leather. **Special Price,** direct to consumer, **$1.00.** *Worth $2.50* each. $10.00 doz. postpaid. Order either kind for yourself and friends. Send today draft, M. O. or postage stamps. *Order shipped day received.* Write for Landa Xmas Gifts Catalog and "Landa Reason for Low Prices."

A. LANDA & SONS CO., Manufacturers, Dept. H-68 Chicago

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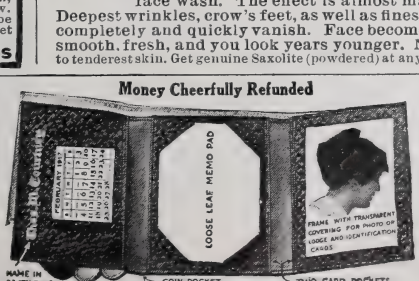
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NAME IN 23 KT. GOLD
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Name Engraved Free in **23 kt. Gold** *For Ladies and Gentlemen*

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Eight Months To Pay

Wear a Pure, Blue-white Diamond or Watch while paying for it on easy terms, 20% DOWN - 10% A MONTH.

Any honest person given credit. No security required.

All transactions confidential. *Goods sent prepaid subject to approval.*

Binding Guarantee with each Diamond covering quality and value and providing for exchange at full purchase price. 10% DISCOUNT allowed for cash.

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You can sell to nearby trade or travel all over the country. There is a big demand for window lettering in every town. Send for *Free Samples* and full particulars.

Metallic Letter Co., 405 No. Clark St., Chicago

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Model No. 5

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80 Players' Portraits FREE

How would you like to start a scrapbook or album of Motion Picture players' portraits? Here is your opportunity.

With a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, $1.50 ($1.80 for Canada, $2.50 for Newfoundland and Foreign), we will send you FREE fine, attractive, unmounted 4¼x8¼ roto-gravure portraits of eighty of the leading players.

Below you will find a list of the portraits included in this offer. They are not for sale and can be obtained only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Just mail coupon below.

If you desire a scrap-book or album for mounting these portraits, we will be glad to quote you prices on application.

Lillian Gish	Louise Glaum	Beatriz Michelena	Jane Grey	Marie Doro
Mabel Normand	Fay Tincher	Earle Williams	Frances Nelson	Vivian Martin
Dorothy Gish	Billie Burke	Frank Morgan	Marguerite Courtot	Dustin Farnum
Bessie Barriscale	Viola Dana	Huntly Gordon	Ruth Roland	Myrtle Stedman
Norma Talmadge	May Allison	Anita Stewart	Annette Kellermann	Lenore Ulrich
Douglas Fairbanks	Beverly Bayne	Lillian Walker	Fritzie Brunette	Edna Goodrich
Mae Busch	Francis X. Bushman	Leah Baird	Mary Fuller	Mary Pickford
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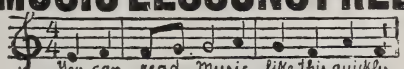

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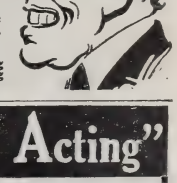

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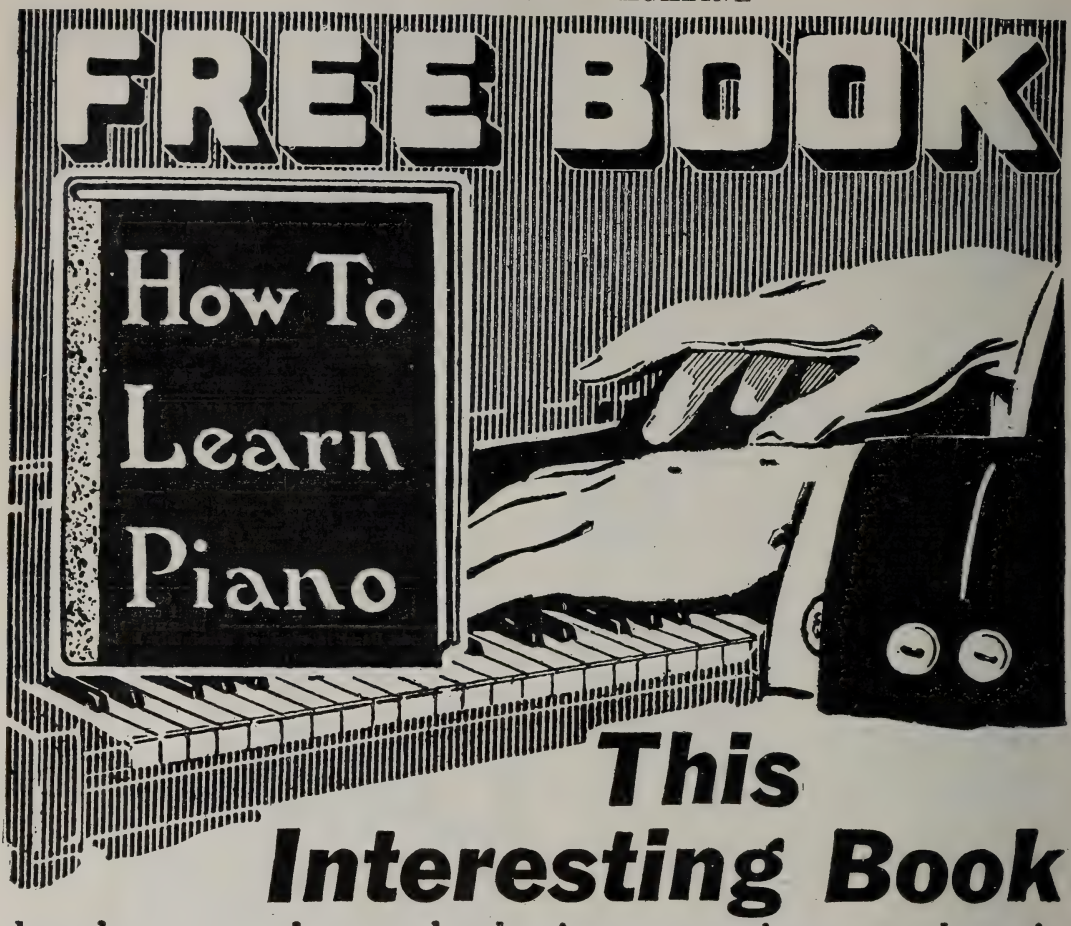

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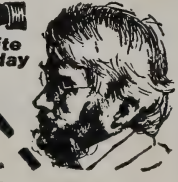

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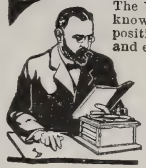

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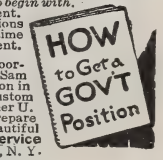

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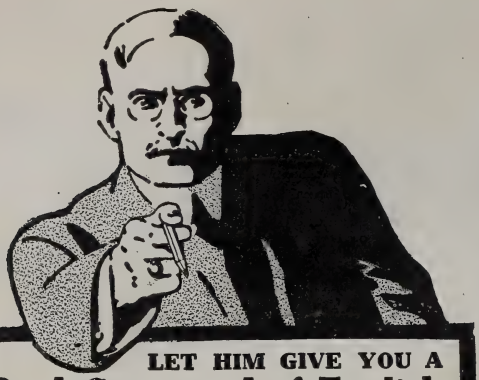

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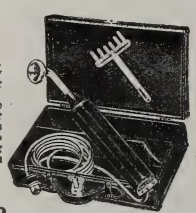

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Cohan & Harris.—"The Intruder." Altho the doings of a faithless wife and her paramour form the basis of this drama, it is one of the best and strongest that Broadway has seen for years, and it ought to become a classic. Exquisitely acted by an exceptionally appropriate cast, of which H. Cooper Cliffe easily carries off the honors in a minor part.

44th St.—"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong, but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Geo. M. Cohan's.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit $12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

Criterion.—"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

Republic.—"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play, after the order of "Daddy Longlegs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man," intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

48th St.—"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the hits of the season.

Harris.—"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

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SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Mr. Lazarus." A comedy of the better sort, featuring Henry E. Dixey, who creates an interesting character in the title rôle, but most of the fun is caused by the delightful antics of Florine Arnold. Tom Powers, well known to picture fans a few years ago, is also excellent, as also are all the others in the cast.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Please Help Emily." Ann Murdock and Charles Cherry in a racy farce-comedy dealing with high jinks in high society. Exhilarating, but rather suggestive. Ann Murdock is more fascinating than ever, and Billie Burke must look to her laurels. Her costumes are charming—particularly her pajamas.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations, and a laugh in every line; but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who makes it well worth while.

"A Pair of Queens." A breezy farce of the conventional order, but full of fun. Maude Eburne, who made a hit in "A Pair of Sixes," again proves that she is a capital (card) player, but the rest of the company might be better.

"The Great Lover." An exceptionally fine romantic comedy, with Leo Ditrichstein in a particularly happy rôle. Interesting thruout, interspersed with pathos and humor, and with a great big smile as the final curtain goes down.

"Step This Way." Lew Fields, a strong company and a bevy of pretty girls in a musical comedy that is full of laughs.

"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce.

"Just a Woman." A strong melodrama in which Josephine Victor admirably shows what a woman can do when everything seems to go against her. A strong play with a strong cast and a strong plot.

"The Fear Market." An interesting drama with a few comedy touches, showing how society people are blackmailed by alleged reformers.

"The Cinderella Man." A charming, romantic comedy, intensely interesting and remarkably well done. One of the hits of last season.

"The House of Glass." A well-acted, effective and interesting melodrama with Mary Ryan and a fine cast, who make the best of a very good play.

"Alone at Last." A beautiful light opera with an excellent cast, superb scenery, and high-class music that has seldom been equaled in operas of this kind.

"Margaret Schiller." By Hall Caine. A war drama —it might even be called a tragedy—starring Elsie Ferguson as a German spy in an English home, who loses her heart and sacrifices her life. It is of unusual contemporaneous interest, and, while founded on an almost impossible situation, holds the interest thruout, and gives splendid opportunity for the star to show her dramatic ability.

"The Blue Envelope." A bright, breezy farce, full of amusing situations that keep the audience good-natured thruout and cause occasional explosions of laughter. A trifle old-fashioned, and it does not run so smoothly as it might.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

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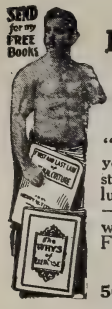

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"The Reward of Patience" (Famous Players).—A domestic drama with the usual triangle, or rather, in this case, quadrangle. A young pair no sooner find themselves enmeshed securely in matrimony's web than they both long for other partners. However, the wife and her lover are conveniently shipwrecked, leaving the husband free to marry the real girl. It is an appealingly directed play, and gives Louise Huff an opportunity to portray an ideal girl type, also to wear most fetchingly becoming Quaker costumes. Lottie Pickford also does some excellent work, and the play is worth while seeing, because of a tasteful handling of a rather familiar subject. H. S. N.

"Manhattan Madness" (Griffith-Triangle).—Young Frank Dazey has written his cleverest picture. It is a joy to find an original photodrama that can compare with the best stage comedies. "Manhattan Madness" is cleverness supreme. Douglas Fairbanks, a "buckaroo" who comes to New York to sell his herd, has never had a thrill in the effete East. He says it cant be had. And then comes a series of whirlwind adventures—romance, daring, perils—that raises the audience from its seats, and puts the Westerner to the acid-test. In the end (but it's a shame to divulge the climax) he finds out that "Manhattan Madness" has been "manufactured" by his friends for his especial benefit. He has more than gotten his great thrill. Strong portrayal, a plot that runs like a race-horse, clever subtitles, and a rich plot-field make "Manhattan Madness" a picture well worth seeing. E. M. L.

"Idle Wives" (Universal).—A picture that points a strong moral of the type showing how young girls are led astray, with the usual poverty and riches contrast. It also

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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

portrays the lives of the idle rich, who for want of some useful occupations are led into many paths of unhappiness. Lois Weber, in the lead with Phillips Smalley, does very creditable work. Mary MacLaren's acting also proves her to be a very capable player. Well acted with strong suspense and a gripping climax.

"The Vagabond Prince" (Ince-Triangle).—A type of romance that has somewhat outlived itself on stage, screen and in novel. "The Prisoner of Zenda" saw it at its height; "Graustark" in its decadence. "The Vagabond Prince" will appeal to the sentiment-at-any-cost audience—there is the prince who renounces his throne, his masquerading as a sailor, his defense of a dive-singer and his pure-as-the-driven-snow wooing of her. Her interrupted marriage scene used to be "big business": Shall he give up the girl or the kingdom? The denouément is rather cleverly worked out, the production is well directed, and the cast interpret their rather unnatural rôles excellently. Too bad that such a sterling character actor as H. B. Warner should be wasted on a passé plot.

E. M. L.

"Paying the Price" (World).—An entertaining play of navy life, with its hero, spy, traitor and, of course, the girl. There are some splendid torpedo-boat scenes, and the necessary thrill when a ferry-boat carrying the spy and traitor is blown up. Gail Kane is heralded as the star, and the rest of the cast is efficient. H. S. N.

"Maid Mad" (Keystone).—A farce that bristles with clever plot, unusual situations, and ingenious "slap" acting. Charles Murray, as the janitor whose love-germ leads him into the clutches of a crystal-gazer (Louise Fazenda), is at his best. E. M. L.

"The Tarantula" (Vitagraph). — Edith Storey, as a tempestuous, rebellious, passionately loving, vengeful Cuban girl, so dominates this whole picture with the witchery of her genius that at times we forget the purpose of the plot, which is to prove that sometimes the man who plays with love pays as well as the woman. It is a splendidly vital play, artistically costumed and photographed. The direction is to be highly commended, for not once is there a dull moment, each succeeding incident being more interesting up to the very climax. Antonio Moreno and Harry Hollinsworth splendid, but L. Rogers Lytton's acting is a little too theatrical. H. S. N.

"The Patriot" (Kay-Bee).—Men folk, yes; women, too, will like this play mightily. It is a story of border warfare and contains many a thrill for us whose own boys have so long been on the border. W. S. Hart successfully stirs the sympathy of the audience as a patriot who, upon having his lands stolen from him by dishonest government officials, blames his country and turns traitor, only to find out that—"My country, be she right or wrong, still my country."

(*Continued on page* 158)

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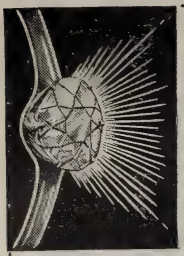

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Popular Player Contest

On Tuesday, December 5th, at Midnight, the Ballot Boxes Close, and This Memorable Contest Comes to an End

Our efforts, and those of our readers, to determine who are the most popular photoplayers in the world, will cease at midnight on Tuesday, December 5th. On the following day the ballot clerks, under the supervision of a committee of inspection, will begin the task of counting the ballots. It is hoped and believed that the final result of this election will be known on December 9th, in time to prepare an announcement to appear in the February number of this Magazine. Pictures of the winners will also appear with the announcement, and the winners of the first and second prizes will be entitled to a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr., to be reproduced on one of our covers, as soon as they can be prepared. We are also preparing handsome, engraved certificates for the other winners, containing the number of votes each winner received. Unlike other contests, and as previously announced, no valuable prizes will be awarded, because it was thought best not to attract voters with mercenary motives. Last year we successfully conducted a contest in which we gave away prizes valued at about $2,200, and in some cases we found that votes were purchased for the sole purpose of winning a prize of value. We desired that this contest should not be influenced by monetary considerations, and we think we have succeeded. While we could not prevent organized voting campaigns in one or two instances, we feel certain that the great mass of votes in this contest come from the public who are only too glad of this opportunity to express their appreciation of the work of the various players who have given them so much pleasure.

On another page of this Magazine will be found the final ballot, altho there will be a similar ballot published in the November Classic, which comes out on November 15th. Voters must be sure to mail their ballots so that they will arrive at this office on or before December 5th.

HOW THE LEADING PLAYERS STOOD ON OCTOBER 11TH:

Mary Pickford	255,605
Marguerite Clark	208,470
Francis Bushman	191,365

Warren Kerrigan	186,895
Pearl White	155,685
Anita Stewart	142,300
Theda Bara	141,405
Edward Earle	129,830
Henry Walthall	129,220
Wallace Reid	127,665
Harold Lockwood	124,555
William S. Hart	119,870
Billy Sherwood	119,240
Earle Williams	118,695
Grace Cunard	118,210
Ruth Roland	115,585
William Farnum	115,550
Pauline Frederick	88,445
Alexander Gaden	85,955
Mary Fuller	85,245
Blanche Sweet	84,920
Beverly Bayne	84,220
Dustin Farnum	83,785
Mary Miles Minter	82,465
Crane Wilbur	81,485
Robert Warwick	81,250
Carlyle Blackwell	80,655
Marguerite Snow	78,370
Creighton Hale	73,010
Nell Craig	72,950
Olga Petrova	71,820
Florence LaBadie	70,865
Norma Talmadge	65,030
Clara K. Young	56,235
Francis Ford	56,025
Cleo Madison	54,885
Ella Hall	54,860
Edna Mayo	54,715
Bryant Washburn	54,670
Edith Storey	54,380
Lillian Gish	54,365
Antonio Moreno	54,360
Charles Chaplin	54,030
Marguerite Courtot	52,530
Douglas Fairbanks	50,560
Harris Gordon	48,810
Alice Joyce	48,800
Cleo Ridgely	46,980
Tom Forman	46,855
Romaine Fielding	46,590
Geraldine Farrar	44,580
Kathlyn Williams	44,000
House Peters	42,255
Mae Marsh	42,115
Edward Coxen	40,800
Herbert Rawlinson	40,785
Nellie Anderson	40,505
Henry King	40,500
Al Ray	40,180
May Allison	34,510
Dorothy Gish	32,970
Anna Little	32,500
Lillian Walker	32,340
Thomas Meighan	32,300
Naomi Childers	32,115
Ruth Stonehouse	30,820
Owen Moore	30,795
Fannie Ward	30,785
Irving Cummings	30,545
Jane Novak	30,455
Bessie Barriscale	30,420
Hazel Dawn	30,165

(*Continued on page* 160)

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Dustin Farnum	Cleo Ridgely	Lillian Gish
Henry B. Walthall	Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
Kathlyn Williams	Mme. Petrova	Ethel Clayton
Dorothy Gish	Harold Lockwood	Ruth Roland
Norma Talmadge	Pearl White	Earle Williams
William S. Hart	Douglas Fairbanks	Anita Stewart
Carlyle Blackwell	Violet Mersereau	

NAME.....

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NOV -3 1916

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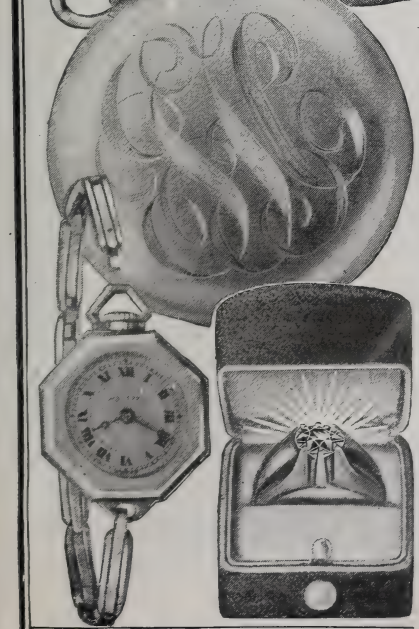

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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

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(Fox)

Photo by National

MAY ALLISON
(Metro)

Photo by Apeda

CREIGHTON HALE (Powell)

LEAH BAIRD (Universal)

Photo by Photoplayers Studio

ELLA HALL (Universal)

EDNA GOODRICH (Morosco)

CLARA K. YOUNG (Clara K. Young Co.)

ROSEMARY THEBY (Vim)

Photo by Hartsook

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK and MABEL NORMAND

Photo by Witzel

VERA SISSON (Universal)

JAMES MORRISON (Vitagraph)

EDWARD ARNOLD
(Essanay)

Photo by White

GRACE DARMOND
(Pathé)

Photo by Bangs

MARGARET ANGLIN

ARTHUR ASHLEY
(World)

Photo by Maranville

HELEN HOLMES (Signal)

A Case of Double Exposure

by ~ H. H. Van Loan ~

WE met as the Twentieth Century was nosing out of Cleveland. Our meeting was rather accidental, too. It was my good fortune to be late for dinner, in fact just tardy enough to take the last seat in the diner. There were two places at this table. She had the other one, and, as I approached, I noticed she was busily engaged over a dish of nervous mulligatawny soup.

She appeared to be about as conscious of my presence as tho she were in a dead faint, and kept her eyes on the liquid, which she continued to take in, noiselessly and automatically. In order to be polite, I gazed out of the window, but I did not permit myself to become so engrossed in the scenery as to miss any movement of hers that I might follow thru the corner of my eye. However, when the waiter brought her halibut steak, and my chicken à la King had edged her dish, we were head on, and I was able to make a closer study of my fair companion. Then I discovered that I knew her. There could be no doubt about it. I had written columns about her, altho I had never met her; in fact, I had never seen her before. And now that she was before me, all that I had written seemed grim mockery and all the adjectives I had used to describe her were inadequate to do her justice.

As I reached for the salt I felt her big brown eyes upon me. They were wonderful things, and had

GLIMPSES OF CLEO MADISON

assisted her in becoming famous, and were known to every one who had ever seen a screen for their ability to shed big, round, salty tears at the least

encouragement from the director. In fact, those eyes, and their weeping qualities, had been largely instrumental in putting a certain city in California on the map. They were backing up whatever had been said about them before, and, as I glanced up, I discovered little beads of brine were moistening her eyes. Was it emotion? No, it couldn't be, for there isn't anything very dramatic in a plate of halibut steak. Perhaps she was thinking of the demise of Mister Halibut, the family he left behind him, and all that sort of thing. For death is sad even when it enters the fish family.

Then came the opportunity I had been waiting for ever

since I started my chicken. The waiter, with the assistance of Providence, had placed the water-bottle near me, and just far enough from her to make it impolite for her to reach for it. Never before in my young life had I made such a dash for water as I did on this occasion. I gallantly grabbed the neck of that flask and filled her glass.

"Thank you," she said, her voice shaking with emotion.

"It's a bit rough to be forced to work over one's fish, isn't it?" I ventured. I discovered immediately that I had fumbled the ball.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she began, as she straightened herself up. The eyes were piercing me now. "These tears are not inspired by emotion—the steak is hot."

"I could horsewhip the chef that cooked it," I returned, by way of sympathy.

She missed a piece of halibut and met my gaze. Then her eyes twinkled, as she said: "He will be doubly punished if he happens to try this work of his hand."

"Do you know this setting reminds me of a scene in 'The Millionaire's Daughter'," I began, as I nibbled on the leg of my chicken.

"Is that so?" she inquired, apparently with little interest.

"Yes, I think you did excellent work in that picture. It was a little too long, tho. So we cut it from eight—as you know—down to five. Mr. Laemmle said it was one of the best pictures you ever produced."

At first I concluded I had bungled again. For, I noticed, as she listened a peculiar shyness crept into those wonderful eyes, which gradually turned from me to the scenery which was passing swiftly behind us.

"I know it is very improper for me to talk to you," she remarked. "For—for we haven't been introduced."

"Would you punish one for speaking to one they already know, and yet have never met?" I inquired.

"Are you quite certain you know me?" she asked, as she raised a hand to replace a fallen curl.

"To know you better I would have to marry you," I risked. "I've written columns about you. I've told the world where you live; how you live; what you love; where you spend your time when away from the studio; your favorite sport; your choicest pastime; your idle pleasure; what you eat——"

She raised a protesting hand. "And now I suppose you are going to tell them all about this halibut steak?"

"No; I shall be charitable this time."

For a moment she was silent as she studied the demi-tasse the waiter had just placed before her. Then, as I dropped "one" into the cup, she looked up again.

"Why have you done all this for me? I certainly feel undeserving of all those nice things which I feel you must have written."

"Cant you guess?" I asked.

"No-o."

"It is discouraging to be a publicity man, at times," I returned, as I pondered over her failure to understand what I was driving at.

"So, you are my publicity man?" she inquired, somewhat surprised.

"Fortunately, yes," I answered.

"Unfortunately, I should say."

"But, why say unfortunately?"

"Unfortunately, because you are compelled to write such untruths about one who would not have you prevaricate." Then her eyes grew sad, as she continued: "I had always prided myself that I had never been responsible for the sins of another human being."

"But, there was no real harm in it," I hastened to reassure her.

"Oh yes, there was," she persisted. "You said things about me which were absolutely false. That isn't fair."

"It's considered clever, in our profession," I assured her.

"It doesn't take a clever man to lie," she said, with emphasis.

"But it requires a college education, and several degrees, to distinguish it from the truth—at times. You dont object to having nice things said about you, do you?"

"I am a girl," she smiled. "But, I prefer to be treated conservatively."

"You are very strange. I never heard an actress talk just like this before. They

usually condemn us publicity fellows for not writing enough about them. They annoy me continually, and censure me for not having their pictures in every newspaper, magazine and periodical, every week and month in the year."

"And they never object to anything you say about them?" she continued, with an inquiring look.

"Not as long as it is respectable and doesn't blotch up their reputations."

"What strange, peculiar people!" she returned, thoughtfully.

"Why, I've had you engaged a dozen times in the last year," I said laughingly.

She started. "You have!" she almost shrieked. "By what right did you make such irrelevant statements?"

"For the sake of publicity," I returned, confident that this would subdue her. "You see, I get letters from all over the country, asking me all about yourself. Old gray-haired men who ought to have better sense, and wet-eared youths who should be preparing for serious careers, devote long pages of heart-pourings and silly sob-stuff about you and your wonderful eyes. Some stand ready to leave their families—wives, children and all—and others to sacrifice everything else in the world, provided you would let them come to you. Why, you dont know what fools some of these mortals be. We send them all to you to answer as you see fit."

As I continued, she listened attentively and seemed to be weighing each word.

"Why do they do these things?" she inquired, helplessly.

"Because they live in our atmosphere. The Motion Picture is the only amusement many of them have. Some of them cant afford to go to the theater, the opera and other places of high-class amusement. So they go to the picture shows, night after night, week after week, month after month and year after year. They have their favorites, and after a time we find that the play doesn't interest or perhaps attract them so much as the actor—their player. Then they go to see you because they love you and your work."

Then she grew serious again. "Did it ever occur to you that I might be married, engaged and so forth?" she suddenly inquired, as she toyed with her silver purse.

"I don't think you are married; possibly you are engaged."

"I am," she said softly.

"Gee, that's great!" I began to see some real, live "copy." "What's the lucky chap's name? That will make a dandy story for me when I get back. It's worth a half a column, with 'cuts,' and I know of a couple of papers out West that will be good for a Sunday magazine page on it."

She had now risen and the waiter was assisting her with her white fox.

"I'm on my way to New York to meet my fiancé," she replied.

"Say, that's great stuff," I added, as I reached for my hat. "Let's see, what's the next town we're coming to? Oh, I know—Erie. Say, you're a favorite in that town, too. I'll jump off there and lay over for a couple of hours till I get the story on the wire and see that the papers in that burg got a good 'smash' on it for the morning. I can see the head-lines now: 'Cleo Madison, Daredevil of the Screen, Engaged to New York Millionaire!' It's a dandy 'beat' for me."

She paused for a moment as we were leaving the car. "What name did you say?" she inquired.

"Cleo Madison, of course," I said, as I reached in my pocket for some notepaper. "What's the gink's name?"

She smiled first, then she threw her head back and laughed heartily, while I looked on, helpless and puzzled. For I was unable to discover the cause for her amusement.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," she said.

"Why — why — aren't — you—Cleo — Madison?" I stammered.

"No, I'm—not—Cleo—Madison," she smiled.

"And you d-dont come from Universal City?" I stuttered.

"Never been there in my life," she responded.

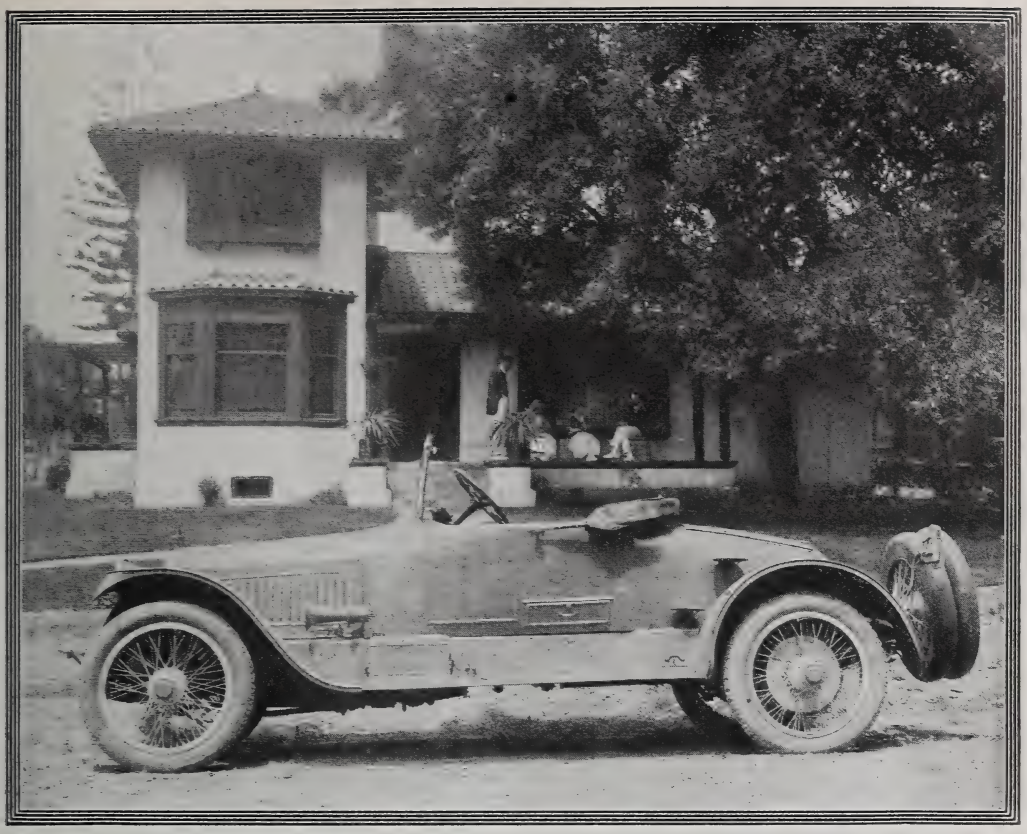
"Well—well—who in the d-dickens are you, may I ask?" I bungled.

"I'm Cynthia Woods, of Monroe, Wisconsin, and I'm on my way to meet Mr. Gerald Scott. We're going to be married just as soon as I arrive in New York."

A Day with Mary Miles Minter

"AH, THERE, GOOD MORNING!"

Winsome Mary, the Mutual star, is an early riser, and a firm believer in the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise"



Every morning, sharp at ten o'clock, James Kirkwood, Miss Minter's director, motors to her home and drives her to the American studios at Santa Barbara, some five miles away

At the studio, ready for the day's work. While carpenters and electricians are working on the set, winsome Mary, her director, and G. P. Lynch, the studio manager, confer regarding the day's routine

"Come on in, the water's fine." Work over for the day, little Miss Minter and her mother, Mrs. Juliette Shelby, motor to beautiful Venice, where she spends an hour every afternoon sporting in the cooling waters of the Pacific

Home again! Miss Minter and Director Kirkwood at play

MARY MILES MINTER IN "YOUTH'S ENDEARING CHARM" (AMERICAN)

AN EARLY MORNING SCENE IN THE GRIFFITH STUDIO—EXTRA PEOPLE WAITING FOR WORK

The Extra Girl

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

REAMS of press material have been written about the beautiful leading woman and the dashing leading man, but the person who commands as much interest, or in some cases more, for a psychologist, is the so-called extra girl, who appears in mob scenes for the photodrama.

Usually the extra girl is full of ambition, and is therefore very punctual whenever called for a scene. She is conscientious, and makes a great effort to please, and in some exceptional cases they rise to the heights of playing prominent parts. Of course one's physical appearance means everything—it is an extra girl's chief asset, for they are first selected for atmospheric purposes, and if they look well in the different costumes they are kept busy thruout the various scenes in production.

In age the extra girls range from eighteen to thirty-five, and when they pass this age they are technically termed "extra women" and include all nationalities.

One of the reasons for the rapid rise of some of the extra girls who possessed latent talent, is the wide variety of scenes in which they appear, and in this manner they learn accurate costuming and the methods of acting as required by the different directors. Comparatively it is like a stock company, where a new play is staged each week. Was it not Joseph Jefferson who said that the greatest training for an actor is a stock engagement?

Their remuneration per day is gauged according to how important they are to the scene, and they receive anywhere from a dollar to five dollars a day. This is decided upon by the director in charge, and they are informed of what they are to receive by the assistant director before starting the filming of the scenes.

Four demonstrations of successful extra girls include the cases of Mae Marsh, Seena Owen, Bessie Love and Olga Grey, all whom received their early training under D. W. Griffith.

Mae Marsh followed her sister to the

ONLY EXTRAS WITH DANCING ABILITY ARE SELECTED TO PLAY IN SCENES LIKE THIS, WHICH IS FROM "A ROSE OF ITALY" (ESSANAY)

THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SELECTED AND ARE WAITING TO BE CALLED

ALL KINDS MAKE UP THE GROUP OF WAITING EXTRAS. THESE ARE WATCHING A SCENE IN ACTION

SOME OF THE EXTRA GIRLS ARE OF AN INDUSTRIOUS TYPE

HERE IS PART OF A LONG LINE OF EXTRAS WAITING TO BE SELECTED BY THE DIRECTOR

studio one day, and became infatuated with the studio environment. She then decided to become a film actress. Earnestly she toiled in large mob scenes, and her conscientiousness commanded the attention of the director in charge, who happened to be D. W. Griffith. Months later she was given her first real part. Today she is a leader among screen favorites.

Seena Owen was a Seattle society girl. Her family met with financial reverses. Being very attractive, a friend advised her to seek employment in a film studio and she made application to the Reliance and Majestic studio. From nine until five o'clock each day she remained at the studio, trusting that she would be selected to "supe" in some of the scenes. One day she was selected. She soon showed marked improvement in her work in the ensuing days. Tirelessly she continued her faithful endeavoring, and when the vampire part in John Luther Long's "The Fox Woman" was being cast, Miss Owen was engaged to play it. This was the starting of her brilliant career.

Bessie Love had just graduated from a Los Angeles high school and thought she would like to play in the pictures. Her petiteness and clean-cut features

greatly assisted her in being selected from a mob of fifty girls for a small, insignificant part. She did exactly what the director requested and fortunately she looked well on the screen. During the two following weeks she did not work at all; it so happened that no large scenes were being staged. But this did not discourage Bessie; she was determined to become a film actress. And she did—her first big part was in "The Flying Torpedo." She is a Griffith find and he thinks she will be very successful.

Olga Grey is a Hungarian by birth, and while touring California, with her father, visited the Griffith studio. That night she informed her father that she thought she would enjoy working in a film studio. He consented, and bright and early the next morning Miss Grey arrived at the studio. She being of the foreign type, was given a place in with a mob of exotic-looking supernumeraries. A few days later she was given a small part; as the days passed, her parts became better.

In speaking to Lucille Brown, who is in charge of the extra girls appearing in Fine Arts plays, the writer learnt that since the first of this year, out of two hundred applicants, ten girls have shown great improvement in the small parts that have been entrusted to them. She explained that the other girls lacked the physical and mental attractions possessed by the ten girls, but time, she thinks, will perhaps develop some of the other girls.

Included in the list of successful extra girls furnished by Lucille Brown are Jewel Carmen, Alice Ray, Lillian Webster, Helen Bittinger, Pauline Stark, Adele Clifton, Grace Hines, Winnifred Westover, Mary Mooney, and Olive Adair.

The girls mentioned are given preference over the other extra girls when casts are being completed, and, to quote the Fine Arts studio matron, "if they continue with their present stride, some of these girls will be playing leading parts soon. Jewel Carmen recently completed a picture with De Wolf Hopper, and her work was so effective that Mr. Woods, our manager of production, cast her in a prominent part with Norma Talmadge, who started at the Vitagraph studio as an extra girl. The majority of girls who apply for work have had no actual stage experience and it is usually a case of latent talent. Our directors, when they discover such a case, report it to the office, and they give the girl what we call a 'guarantee.' In other words, the girl is guaranteed so many days' work a week, whether or not she works the specified number of days. This is gauged by weather conditions.

"The moral character of the majority of my girls is very commendable, despite idle rumors to the contrary.

"Before encouraging any of the girls who show possibilities, a complete investigation is made of the girl's character, her home and environment.

"Any number of my applicants are impossible types for picture work, and these we discourage immediately."

Lucille Brown is a regular member of the Los Angeles police force, and is the only officially appointed studio matron in Los Angeles, the center of film production.

In many instances the extra girls are very intelligent persons. They have had the proper bringing up, and, as is the ambition of almost every girl, they want to become actresses. Consequently, living in a town like Los Angeles, the home of a majority of the film studios, their first theatrical thought is a film studio. Some of these girls are usually chaperoned by their mothers.

Any number of our present-day film favorites started in the screen profession as extra girls.

GERALDINE FARRAR AND LOU-TELLEGEN IN THEIR LOS ANGELES BUNGALOW

Mother Goose Jingles

(On Screen Stars)

By DANA WALTERS MELANGER

Humpty Dumpty sat in the front row,
He lost his balance and tumbled, you know;
Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne
Put Humpty Dumpty in his seat again.

BLANCHE SWEET

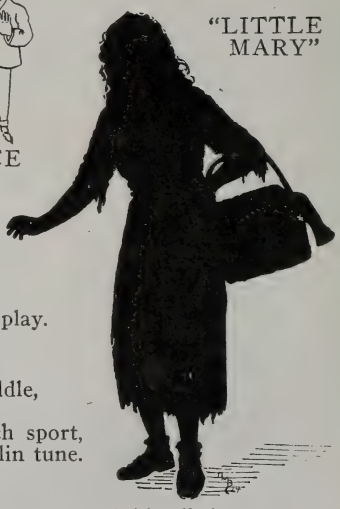
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Blanche is Sweet,
And so are you.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get herself some clothes;
And when she got there, Theda was Bara,
So she gave 'em to her, I suppose.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Alice Joyce is a lady
We love very dear.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Gazing at the "stars";
On the screen came Fred Mace, with his funny, round face—
And Jack thought he was looking at Mars!

MACE



"LITTLE MARY"

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She gets the coin for picture men;
Gentlemen come every day
To see Theda Bara the vampire play.

Hi-diddle, diddle, mustache in the middle,
His salary jumped over the moon;
The "fans" they all laugh, to see such sport,
When Charlie's feet dance the Chaplin tune.

Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye;
Tell your mother, if you wish,
I'm in love with Lillian Gish.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I know who you are;
Mary Pickford is your name,
First and foremost in the game.

Thru Baby's Voice

Universal

by Gladys Hall

This story was written from the Photoplay of CALDER JOHNSTONE

"I'M *tired* of it!" she told him, excitedly; "tired just of being *married,* that's all—tired of being accountable to one person—tired of the restrictions of it—the smugness of it—the responsibilities of it. I hate taking care of a baby—even tho she *is* mine—and even tho it *does* sound like an abnormal statement. I never was *meant* for this kind of a life, and I tell you, Guardian, I just dont intend to *live* it. It's *stifling* me—crushing my individuality—*devouring* my ego.

"Lewis isn't cruel or unfaithful, but he's the most *selfish* monster that ever *lived,* and makes my life miserable accusing me of extravagances that are only necessities, and *no one* can live without the necessities; I leave *that* to *you.* And he's *always* holding up other women to me as shining examples of motherhood, and implying that *I* am neglectful, and cold, and goodness knows what, and anyway, Guardian, I want a separation—we *both* do—so please get it for me!"

The young vision in peach-blossom taffeta came up with a halt, and applied a ludicrous scrap of lace to a ludicrous scrap of a powdered nose. Lawyer Goodyear found his attention wandering from the subject and wondered irrelevantly whether either scrap of nose or scrap of lace were "the *necessities.*"

"My dear," he expostulated, mildly, "you *surely* are exaggerating. Of course, I have seen for some time, and been very sad about it, that you and Lewis were

dissatisfied, but I have hoped, and there is Baby Doll, you know."

"Now, Guardian, *dont, please* dont, begin with the platitudes, for if there is *one* thing that drives me *mad,* it is *platitudes!* Of course, I know all about Baby Doll and the sacredness of motherhood, and all that you can possibly and conceivably say, but I have reasoned the whole thing out, and I have come to the conclusion that my *first* duty is to *myself.* 'Know thyself,' that is the greatest commandment of them *all.* Besides, the atmosphere is *all* wrong for Baby Doll—a home where love is not!"

This time a vanity case came into requisition, and Lawyer Goodyear noted, with mildly sardonic gaze, that it was gold and jewel-studded.

The tenth layer of powder having been skilfully applied to the scrap of a nose, Francine Rainey regarded her guardian plaintively.

"*When* will you have the papers ready, Guardian dear?" she intoned. "We are both *so* unhappy."

The old gentleman wheeled around in his chair. "I'll think the whole thing over, get into communication with Lewis' attorneys, and 'phone you tomorrow at ten," he said. "Now run home, Francine, you've upset me thoroly."

Lawyer Goodyear followed the slender, determined figure with his eyes till the peach taffeta skirt gave a disappearing twirl around the corner. Then he shook his patriarchal head mournfully, and ran his veinous hand thru his sparse hair with a gesture of despair. "Must be the times," he muttered; "must be the times; I'll call up Nathaniel."

Ten minutes later Judge Nathaniel Fairfax, equally veinous, equally patriarchal, entered his old chum's office. With punctilious care, he laid aside his hat and stick, seated himself, and observed concisely, "You called, Virgilius?"

"I did, Nathaniel," returned the lawyer.

Way, way back in forgotten ages, ages when men were chivalrous and women virtuous, when home was a sacrament, and children the indissoluble token thereof, the aged lawyer and the aged judge had fished, and climbed, and philandered and dreamed together. Later on they had worked their way thru college together, and together studied for their professions. Still later, Virgilius had married, and, a year after, had laid all that his life was to know of romance in the grave. Nathaniel had remained single, and all that *his* life was to know of romance he had laid reposefully within his heart.

Times had changed; the old, simple standards from which deviations were not tactfully named, had complicated variously and intricately. There were alibis and excuses, outlets and pretenses, hypocrisies and deceits, sins clad in the pretty gossamer of fiction, gross natures masking behind "temperament," lust peering from the holy name of Genius. Home had become a place to go when all the garish lights were low elsewhere; children had become annoyances to be severely avoided, or, at best, turned over to hired care, and the gay feet of the "younger set" danced on a crust, under which shrank, cowering, the splendid things of God's first intent.

"Nathaniel," began the lawyer, nervously locking his fingers and pursing his lips; "Nathaniel, my children are going to get a separation. Francine was just here. She is determined——"

"Francine!—Lewis!" exclaimed the old judge; "why, I thought—I thought, my friend, that they were *devoted.* None of us will ever forget their courtship; they were veritably *transported*—their faces—Francine's great eyes—— I am —I truly am—*astounded.*"

"You've not been watching them closely these past two years, Nathaniel," the old lawyer sighed. "Ever since Francine's parents died and left me the guardianship of her, I have tried to know —her *heart.* I have tried, tho it be laughable, to be at one with the *youth* in her—to comprehend—nay, more, to *sympathize* with the often incomprehensible impulses of youth. When she came to love Lewis Rainey I was a bit afraid. I had hoped Francine would love an older, graver man. She is so, so *tumultuous* herself, so full of fire, so impulsive, and so beautiful. I hold, Nathaniel, that too much beauty in a woman is an unholy thing. And when it is combined with Francine's daring mind and ardent temperament and nomadic spirit,

it is—diabolical. I told her so, Nathaniel; I did, indeed."

The old lawyer paused, and with hands that trembled slightly, lit his pipe, and passed the old silver-mounted tobacco jar to the judge.

"Francine gave me back my youth," he said, a bit unsteadily. "You know—it's a foolish whimsy, I suppose—but I've always felt that Life felt just a little mite sorry for me, felt as tho she had cheated me just a speck, and in a sort of a recompense she gave me Francine to love, in lieu of the daughter I might have had if Mary had lived to give me one. And I want her to be happy, just as a father would want his daughter to be happy; it is an affair of the heart, not of the law, with me."

The old judge leaned forward and patted his friend quietly on the knee. "They'll make it up, Virgilius," he consoled; "dont you fret so over those children's quarrels. They'll make it up."

"No, they wont; it's different than you think. It's not them as *individuals* so much—it's the *times*—they've become a part, a part and parcel, of the times.

"She has just been here and told me all about it. I'll confess to you, Nathaniel, that most of what she said was purest Greek to me—a great medley about being tired of it, hating it, all kinds of terrible, unbelievable things. You know Francine when she's breathlessly in earnest and ruthlessly intent on her purpose."

The old judge nodded. He knew Francine—vivid thing of gold and scarlet, and great eyes like stars. Then a smile came over his face. "Virgilius," he observed, sagely, "in all your excitement you are forgetting the greatest of *all* laws, the law of *nature*, and that

HIGH LIVING BRINGS LONG BILLS

law is first, foremost and inevitable, the law of *procreation*. After that, second only, in instinct, in racial habit, in the marrow of our bones, is the *conservation* of our young. These are the two laws, my friend, that *we* will call into operation. Come closer—walls have ears—and I will tell you of my plan."

At eleven the next morning Francine Rainey appeared in her guardian's office. "You 'phoned me, Guardy," she said, a bit tremulously, "and here I am, and I

hope you have good news for me, for I am simply *harrowed* to pieces. I think I'll try osteopathy; they say it is *miraculous* for shattered nerves."

Lawyer Goodyear composed his features. "What has shattered your nerves, my dear?" he inquired; "surely not so elementally simple a thing as being true to *yourself?*"

Francine peered at him suspiciously, but there was no trace of mirth in the finely wrinkled old face. "Ah, a *horrid* scene with Lewis," she complained, flopping into a chair, "a horrid, *mawkish* scene. He had *his* separation papers, and he undertook to show them to me just before I went to the Purveyances' ball, and Baby Doll was on the floor, and babies have such a *horridly* disconcerting way of *staring* at one. It's uncanny——"

The old lawyer touched his fingertips, and his eyes dreamed. "It's so innocent and trustful," he observed, "so full of surety that you will let no one harm them, so *wondering*——"

"Guardian, I believe that next to Lewis you are the *most* unpleasant man extant," raged Francine, "but I simply *will* not be swerved by maundering sentiments. I made a mistake, and I intend to rectify it——"

"Of course, of course. Well, Judge Raeburn and I have made out the papers, the financial question has been amicably settled, the question of the child——"

Francine's lips parted, and she bent a fraction nearer.

"The child," pursued the lawyer, "is to stay—with me. Neither parent is accorded the custody of her, and in future years, when she has come of age, she may make her choice between you. In the meantime, I assume full responsibility and full control."

NATHANIEL AND VIRGILIUS AGREE TO THE SEPARATION

"But——" Francine looked troubled, irritated—"she is a *girl*—she needs *me*. This is absurd! And by the time she is eighteen she will have forgotten her mother—*forgotten me.*"

"Yes," the old man inclined his head, "the chances are that her love will have starved to death by that time, but then, my child, it probably will, anyway, at the rate you are going."

"Why, please?"

"Because you are not giving her the divine right of every little soul called from infinity into this world of sorrows; you are not blessing her, warming her,

with the vast love that will make her life worth its baby living——"

Francine raised her hand in protest, and the narrow band of gold, still unremoved, gleamed in the shadowy room like a mystic circlet, as tho to say, "And canst thou deny *me?*"

"Well——" Francine arose, "I suppose I must be content, then, with things as they are. I certainly cannot be bored by Lewis a day longer, that much I *know,* and I suppose, Guardy, you will let me see Baby Doll now and then."

"That will be at my discretion, Francine. Will you kindly be at this office at four this afternoon, and join Lewis in signing the papers? Thanks. Good-morning, my dear."

THE LITTLE VOICE BECAME SO MANY THRUSTS IN THEIR HEARTS

The shrewd, old eyes watched her down the street, and the shrewd, old face broke into a yearning smile. The slim, blue serge back did not flaunt down the street with the jaunty air of yesterday. Already the winsome fingers of Baby Doll were tugging at the atrophied cords of mother-love about her heart.

There followed a distracting six months for Francine and for her husband. They both were young, exceedingly popular, and more than ever sought after since their separation, which lent to each one of them a certain charm to the crowd in which they traveled. With a little tact on the part of hostesses, and some skilful maneuvering on their own part, they never met. Free as air, relieved of all irksome ties, all responsibilities, all the galling chains that matrimony imposes, they danced, flirted, drank and played, each on a separate way. And all at once, she in her old home, he in his bachelor hall, felt a strange sense of something lost assailing them.

"I am *living,*" she would assure herself vehemently, and wonder fretfully at the tired droop her mouth persisted in taking, the lines that etched themselves around her starry eyes.

"*This* is life!" he would declare, and marvel at the flatness of all drinks, the sameness of all women, and the grotesqueness of all dances. Moreover, there were almost invisible gray hairs in his brown crop and a furrow in his forehead.

They found that they had contracted

irritating habits of association. Lewis would motor out to the Country Club with Mrs. Delatour, a fascinating grass widow, and as they passed thru the leafy woods near the club's approach he would find himself thinking, "Here's where I walked with Francine before we were married. How we used to love these things then—walks—and woods—and how wonderful she was in white——" or, he would be ordering the choicest dinner for Marie Tremaine, the belle of the débutantes, and he would discover himself considering, "Francine would like this; she always loved mushrooms under glass——"

"THERE WERE SO MANY—MEMORIES—"

Francine, petted, sought after, would come to herself to find she was thinking, "Lewis never looked foppish like that——" or, "Lewis motored me down here once—ah me, how he loved me that day!"

And both of them listened at times for the quick pit-a-pat of little, running feet, for the shrill queries of a little voice—both of them remembered, with a pitiful attempt at a shrug, and a mist over their eyes, the velvet cling of little arms, inexpressibly tender, inexpressibly trustful.

Francine began to wonder whether, after all, she was getting any more "thrill" out of her present heyday of excitement than she had got out of Baby Doll's eager caress, or the wet sweetness of her mouth.

Lewis decided that no woman on earth held the charm for him that lay imprisoned in the cherubic body of the baby girl—that no love could be so sweet as the dear love he might have kept from her.

Lawyer Goodyear had been adamant in his resolve that he should have full custody of the child. He went further, and refused either parent the privilege of seeing her. "It is not fair to her," he said firmly; "she is entitled to peace of mind, if not to a home."

Telephoné communications he permitted when strictly necessary, such as the bearing of a message from one parent to another, and to each of them the sweet, unconscious little voice, repeating the momentous words, became so many thrusts in their hearts.

And the wise old judge and the hopeful old lawyer got down on the floor, with their rheumatic bones, and played with

the child, and nodded to one another across her golden head, knowing that the greatest of all laws was working for its inevitable result.

On Baby Doll's fifth birthday Lawyer Goodyear arranged a most important party for her, and had the housekeeper array her in her most fetching glory. "I *wish,* tho," she said, plaintively, after she had been kist and inspected by the old gentleman, "I wish my muvver and daddy could come to my birthday. Couldn't they come to my *birthday,* Guardy—just to *that,* and then go right *straight* away again?"

"Why must they go right straight away again, Baby Doll? Wouldn't you want them to stay always?"

"O' *course.*" The child regarded him gravely. "But they never do," she went on; "they dont love me enough to stay more'n a party, Guardy."

The old gentleman put a shaky finger to his lips. "You stay right here," he admonished; "I'm going to attend to something—something *beautiful.*"

Down in the stately old parlor, graced so briefly, long ago, by the Mary who had died, Francine waited palpitantly, arms full of dolls, face eager, strained, anxious.

"Are you going to let me see her, Guardy?" she breathed; "surely on her *birthday*—I would come in——"

The old man shook his head. "It is not enough, Francine," he said, "that you give her birth—— But just a second; I will return."

Out in the entrance hall Lewis waited. His arms were burdened with a motley collection of bundles, from whose torn wrappers marvels of toyland and picture-book kingdom peeped suggestively. "I've come to see Baby Doll," he began hastily; "it's her birthday — of course——"

The old lawyer shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, courteously, "but the law makes no exceptions for a birthday, Lewis——"

The man took a step forward. His face went white, and the old man noted for the first time the white lines in his hair, the furrow in his brow. "The law will make an exception for *me,*" he thundered. "What law is stronger than blood? What law prevails that can keep a man from his own flesh and bone?"

An instant later the nursery door was burst open, and the old man, listening, took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Upstairs a man was sobbing brokenly, unrestrainedly, the hard tears that are wrung from the heart, and above the harsh sound a baby voice was cooing quietly, "Dont, Daddy; dont, Daddy—dont——"

The door of the parlor flung wide, and Francine faced him. "What are you doing, Guardian?" she demanded. "What is Lewis doing here—with Baby Doll—I'm going—up——"

The front door opened, and the old judge crept in. "Hush!" cautioned the lawyer.

From above came Francine's voice, newly deep, newly rich and tender: "There were so many—memories—Lewis—we—we—have lived so *much*—together——"

"And loved—so hard—dear heart," the man's voice broke in softly.

"And I was so lonely—so restless—Lewis. There are better things than the *play* things—better things than the——"

"It's the old trinity, my love," the man said deeply, "the old trinity—forever *one*—you—and I—and Baby Doll!"

Economics

By DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL

We have solved the problem thrifty,
Spouse and I go fifty-fifty
In a flat that's ultra nifty,
Proudly banking half my pay.

Gorgeous rugs and Corot sketches!
Sparkling wine friend butler fetches,
And we drink to graceless wretches
Minus surplus coin today!

Luxury, content possessing,
Never keeping tradesmen guessing;
No more dunning, so distressing,
For, you see, we've found a way.

Exit common, sordid slaving—
There's the Stage Director raving:
"Show them how to do their saving,"
Featured in a Photoplay!

E. H. SOTHERN

The famous stage star in "An Enemy to the King," his second appearance before the camera, his first being in "The Chattel," both of which were produced by the Vitagraph Company

How They Put It Over

The first of a series of articles by leading players, showing how they register emotions and produce dramatic or comedy effects. The next article will be by Edith Storey; the present article is

By SIDNEY DREW

I BELIEVE in comedy—not the knock-about, slapstick variety, but sentimental, human comedy — stories which will strike a responsive note in the hearts of our audiences. One reel has always seemed to me the proper length, for I cling to a perhaps crazy notion that the public prefers variety in its programs to an hour or more of a single idea. This, of course, is a direct attempt to uproot the fixed course and order of things, but, nevertheless, I believe in it.

Of course, in the first place, a comedy must be humorous to deserve that title, and the next great essential is plot. Comedy incident may seem all too interesting at the moment, and may be assembled in the greatest proportions, but the incident must have a foundation of plot to furnish an excuse. The plot alone can hold the interest of the spectator, and I invent only the business to tell it. I may be very radical in this point of iconoclasm, but plot, and nothing but plot, can make a story good.

Next in importance is naturalness. If there is to be real comedy, there must be no violation of probability. True comedy is convincingly human—in other words, natural. I want to portray real, everyday life on the screen—those incidents which go to make up the daily lives of us all. The episodes are not always daring and brilliant, but the aim is to make them human. You remember real comedy long after you have forgotten the slap and dash of farce, and you come back for more, for you say to yourself: "Why, that might have happened to me." In "putting over" sentimental comedy there are three great factors—repose, pause and inference. True comedy is seldom violent. The action should be carefully planned, but it gains its chief charm from the story rather than from the action. However, I have spoken already about the need for plot. Repression, repose is to be striven for.

Unfortunately, pause is ignored by many exponents of comedy. The elder Jefferson was a master of true pause, and, fortunately for me, I had ample opportunities to study his methods. Pause in comedy is that moment of inaction in which the spectator is permitted to grasp the meaning of an action, and it permits him time to catalog that action in his mind before the next idea is presented. Joseph Jefferson is the finest example I can give to illustrate my meaning. He made each comedy line or action tell before he went on. This is called waiting for your audience. The pause must not be forced or seem unreal to your spectators, but the points must not be made in such rapid succession that nothing strikes home. Many producers believe the more rapid the action the stronger the humor, but they forget the mental upheaval that is inevitable in the minds of their audiences upon the reception of so much ill-timed and undigested fact.

Every director should credit his future spectators with possessing an average amount of intelligence. He should presuppose that his audiences will have a

NEWLYWEDS AND PROSPECTIVE BRIDES AND GROOMS CAN GET LOTS OF SUGGESTIONS

sufficient sense of humor to be able to infer the point of a situation without having it rammed down their throats. Personally I cannot believe it wrong to grant the comedy-loving public this amount of gray matter. Sometimes an expression or a gesture can convey more than an elaborately acted-out scene, and sometimes the laugh, led on by that expression or gesture, will anticipate the result of the action. The action is necessary to carry out the idea, but the audience has grasped its meaning first by inference, and consequently is unconsciously pleased with itself. This is a very real factor in "getting it over," and proves the fact that sometimes a smile or a wink is better than a ten-foot scene.

I do not believe that comedy can be written to be played precisely according to the script, altho the author may describe the action most elaborately. The clever scenario writer invents the situations and the events to be unfolded in the plot, but to the player's sphere belongs the invention of the "business" and he must give his own interpretation to it.

Now, when I say the player, I mean the actor, and not the director. I am not in favor of the substitution of the director's personality for that of the player after long, grinding rehearsals. I prefer to run thru a scene and explain what it is and what it means. Then I run thru the scene with my company to get the camera-lines and a general idea of its playing. Then we turn on the camera. I know that this is not the usual method of rehearsal, and I realize that there are many who will disagree, and yet I feel

FROM THE DREWS ON HOW TO AVOID THE PITFALLS OF DOMESTIC COMPLICATIONS

that it accomplishes the desired results. The player may be awkward. What if he is? Most of us *are* in everyday life. Spontaneity is a wonderful asset. Why kill it to obtain that polished finish of action which borders on the affected? We live real life, and I attempt to depict real life. I try to choose players for my company who will give me this desired result, not to save time in rehearsing, but because I get better *results*.

Another of my peculiar contentions is to fit the player to the part, and not the part to the player. An inexperienced amateur may do better than a veteran in some rôles. In any case, both must be "good actors," with the emphasis on the good. There is nothing quite so poor as the bad actor. The artist and the motive are natural, but in between lies the man who thinks he must act, which in his case amounts to strutting, posing, and mouthing his speeches.

There is one other matter upon which I break the ghosts of tradition. I stand out radically against talking in the pictures. You will observe that my company seldom does it, except when absolutely necessary. Recently there have been pleas for written parts in photoplays. I heartily disagree. There is nothing more dramatically unconvincing than unheard dialog. On the screen, by-play and facial expression should replace speech. This may be anarchistic, but I leave it to the audiences. Distraction from the idea involved is the direct result of too much screen talking. Also, improvising lines are disturbing to the player.

One more departure from the estab-

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW AS THEY APPEAR IN REAL LIFE

lished order is to avoid direction while the camera is turning, when a player has certain "business" to accomplish on an entrance. If he knows enough to do it, let it be done without a constant flow of direction from in front. Result: He will be more natural, and to be natural is to be convincing; to be convincing is to be entertaining, and there we have the essence of all true comedy.

Movie Magic

By RALPH GARNIER COOLE

I sailed by the Rock of Gibraltar,
One morning along about nine;
At ten I was climbing the Rockies;
At eleven I stood by the Rhine.
I attended a brilliant reception,
And just in the midst of the dance,
I flew o'er the English Channel,
And came back to earth in dear France.

Just a wave of the wand—I was laughing
At a reel full of frolic and fun—
A flash! I was viewing the wonders
In the Land of the Midnight Sun.
And I said that the Lamp of Aladdin
Might do very well in his day;
But they'd call it a piker for magic
Where the movies hold glorious sway.

Stage Stars Who Still Remain Loyal to the Spoken Play

A Posthumous Article by ROBERT GRAU

THE engagement of Mary Garden to appear in Herbert Brenon's massive production of Massenet's "Thaïs" opens up a new theme for discussion, namely, "Who are the famous men and women who have not capitulated to the camera-man, and why are they hesitating about being lured to the screen in this golden era of film productivity?"

Are the few celebrities who, up to now, have refused to harken to the siren call of the studio, actuated by a reverence for what they call "The art of the stage," or are they still deliberating in the hope that that delay will add another hundred thousand "iron men" to their emoluments?

Some one has said that there are more really talented men and women who have never trod the boards in their lives than there are those who have achieved that magic word "Success." What is to happen when the very last of our stage stars convert their fame into cash by the irrepressible screen route? And what type of players will be attracted to the picture studios when the day comes, as it must eventually, that a cold and heartless public relegates the merely name star to obscurity? Let us begin, by an effort, to discover just what are the great prizes to be won in Movieland. First of all there is Maud Adams. It would be a very simple matter to record here the names of the producers of photoplays who have not tried to lure America's best actress to bestow of her infinite artistry before the cameras.

Why did Maud Adams refuse when a prominent banker sought to tempt her by offering her an honorarium that would make Charlie Chaplin's six hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year look like a mere incident? Nevertheless, Miss Adams not only refused absolutely to negotiate with the man of millions, but she actually refused to see any one who would dare to propose her advent on the shadow stage. The fact that Miss Adams is herself a millionairess and that she holds that it would be degrading for her to act in pictures has not prevented a continuous and increasing effort to secure an audience with her. It is known that Miss Adams told Daniel Frohman that posterity would have to struggle along somehow without any perpetuation of the Maud Adams artistry.

Robert Hilliard has never faced the cameras up to the time of this writing, despite that "Bob" is regarded as the greatest male catch in all filmdom. But Bob says that the man who induces him to appear in a film production will have to suffer a spell of writer's cramp with his check-book before he makes faces on the screen. And this threat is largely confirmed by Hilliard's experience with Tom Ince, the producer of "Civilization," who met the well-known actor a year ago in California and invited him to write his own contract.

"Moving Pictures are the guillotine of the drama" was Bob's crushing rejoinder when Ince quoted a price for Hilliard's appearance in one picture that exceeded the yearly salary of President Wilson, and then some.

But this did not faze Tom Ince, who paid Billie Burke forty thousand dollars for a month of her time during the vacation season. Ince remarked that, while he would pay any price within reason, he believed that Hilliard was placing a

big valuation on his services for the screen largely because he was independent financially, having recently become the husband of a millionaire heiress, and that he was now the head of a big brewery concern inherited by the present Mrs. Hilliard.

But Ince knows that Hilliard does not relish the glamor which surrounds his association with a big brewery, and one hears much of Mrs. Hilliard's infatuation with the theater; hence the final capitulation of Bob Hilliard in a massive picture production is not only predicted, but the present year is expected to witness this actor's advent in the field for which he has so vigorously protested his dislike.

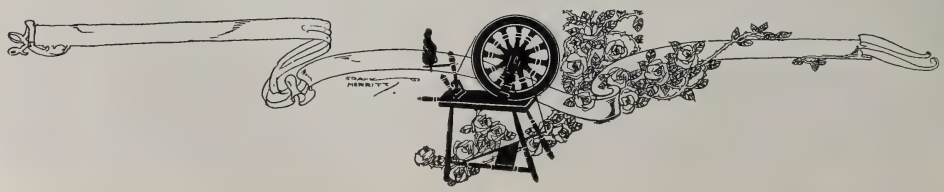
Alla Nazimova has up to now been immune to all efforts to secure her name to a contract for pictures, altho it is also true that Russia's favorite daughter was one of the very first to raise her voice in laudation of the new art, even going so far as to say that she would not hesitate a moment to appear in a worthy film production, also insisting that she is feverishly awaiting the day when she may be seen simultaneously in many lands.

That so illustrious an artiste as Alla Nazimova has not long since been captured by the potential powers of a gold-laden new industry surprises most of all those who are familiar with the remarkable record madame has made, particularly in the last year, in vaudeville, where she was paid more than one hundred thousand dollars as the star of "War Brides," and as this is the first time in theatrical history that any star was retained for thirty weeks at such a salary, also making a new record of appearing for four consecutive weeks at the Palace Theater without facing a single empty seat, it does seem strange that the Nazimova is still a new asset for the screen. Strangest of all is the fact that, judged by present-day standards of financial appraisal, the price Nazimova has asked for her appearance in a picture requiring several months to prepare is not at all abnormal. Sixty thousand dollars is the figure quoted. True, this is a large sum when it is not spoken quickly; nevertheless, it is hard to believe that Nazimova's first picture, following an even two months of preparation, would not yield a fortune in actual profit.

Another stage celebrity who has not paid the least attention to the scores of offers made almost daily to her in the last year is Frances Starr, the Belasco star, altho it is believed that if Miss Starr does accept the great fortune that awaits her consent to face the cameras, the successful bidder for her services will be Jesse Lasky; and now that the latter has combined with Famous Players, it is almost certain that the influence of Daniel Frohman and David Belasco would be exerted to prevent Miss Starr from signing up with any new organization.

However, Frances Starr, like so many other present-day celebrities who have suffered great hardships before they attained their ultimate goal, is most reluctant to make any change in her artistic environment, despite that Mr. Belasco is known to hold no objections, on principle at least, to her appearance in pictures. Miss Starr was so nearly captured for the screen during her hard-working stock days that one must wonder what her career would have been if she had really become a Vitagraph member during that period—1901 to 1904—when she was the ingénue of the Murray Hill Theater at a weekly salary of twenty-five dollars and was forced to virtually live in the theater.

One can only conjecture as to what Motion Picture history would have recorded had Frances Starr not attracted the attention of the great Belasco and had she not refused to be lured to the Vitagraph studio in her struggling Murray Hill days.



Douglas E. (Electricity) Fairbanks

By CARL W. SEITZ

In reply to my letter requesting an interview, I had received a nice little note to please call up the Riverside studio. Accordingly, a half-hour after the stated eleven o'clock, I succeeded in getting the studio and asked for Mr. Fairbanks. A moment later a loud "Hello!"—with accent on the first syllable—came to me on the wire. My first thought was that I had the wrong number and that possibly the celebrated Mr. Sherman was on the line just starting to

repeat his famous remark, "War is hell," backwards. However, it was only the hundred-thousand-dollar voice — minus the smile—of Douglas Fairbanks that came to me in the "pay-as-you-enter" booth.

I explained myself in exactly thirteen words and received only twelve in return, but they were of far more importance, namely, to call at the Algonquin Hotel at five-thirty that evening.

At five twenty-eight I walked down Forty-fourth Street to the hotel. On an artificial cornice (sounds good, doesn't it? —but it was really a cement slab), at the entrance, sat the object of my call. However, as a matter of formality, I walked into the hotel and asked for Mr. Fairbanks. I was directed to the slab, and here I found a hundred thousand dollars' worth of actor, smile and all, in conversation with a couple of friends. While I was waiting, I had a chance to examine him. Standing—or rather sitting—about five-foot eight, with very dark complexion and hair, he made a very striking appearance. Dressed in a very classy, tight-fitting, double-breasted suit, and with a nifty hat perched on his head, he was all there, to use the vernacular. Smile? Oh, yes! I should say the smile was especially prominent. I had to think of that old song, "Smile, Smile, Smile, and Kiss, Kiss, Kiss," and I wondered which was the cause and which the effect.

A moment later the man who made Denver famous was with me. I found that he was thirty-three years old on May 23d, last. Seated beside him in the hotel lobby, I soon found that he knew everybody in the hotel. He had a word for them all, even to the girl at the desk —"Chuck me a box of coffin-nails," he called, and caught them in his hat. A publicity man from "Chi" wanted some photographs, a friend wanted to borrow some money, a Mr. Brown wanted him on the phone, a reporter wanted an interview, a friend had a dinner party waiting, and dozens of friends stopped to pass the time of day and purloin a cigaret. At last he began to talk:

"I attended a military academy in Denver, my home town; then went to the Colorado College of Mines for a time, and later to Harvard The most trying moment of my life was while a student at Cambridge. Two friends and myself worked our way to Europe on a cattle-boat. We landed in England, and then crossed into France and walked to Paris. We had great sport with the Frenchmen and the Martinique negroes (pronounced niggers). They couldn't understand us, and we called them all kinds of American pet-names, and they would shrug their shoulders and walk away while we stood and laughed. I tried it on a six-foot-two shade one day, and he understood English. I had no more than said it, when—bing!—I landed under a table, with blood running from a gash in my cheek where he had hit me. I looked up just in time to see friend Beardsley square off and send a right, clear from Omaha, into that black mug. The coon went down as if he had been hit by a forty-two-centimeter shell, and we beat it. Blood was running from his eyes and he was in bad shape. The three of us hid in the morgue overnight, and got out of Paris the next day. We dont know to this day whether we killed that fellow or not."

Another cigaret, a few more stories, and a few more "Hellos!" to friends, and we were ushered to the elevator. We were taken to his apartment on the ninth floor. It is a cozy, cool suite of rooms and very homelike. At one side, near the window of the main room, is a small table covered with papers, magazines and photographs. It seemed as if there were "photos to the right of us, photos to the left of us and photos in front of us," altho none of them volleyed or thundered. Surely the most of them were of Mrs. Fairbanks and Douglas, Jr. Married, did you ask? Why, to be sure, and very happily. So you want to know how I know so much? Well, didn't he just say that he had ordered a new car for the Mrs.? The evidence is conclusive, and the case is dismissed; order in the court, please. While he is demonstrating his ability as a circus performer, he continues:

"I am very fond of athletics of any kind, especially boxing and wrestling. I like swimming, boating, motoring, or, for that matter, anything that has life to it. I simply cant sit still."

This fact was self-evident, for he began to lasso the chairs and jump the rope like a real—not reel—cowboy. Believe me, tho, your favorite shows the results of outdoor life and exercise. One cannot help but admire the strength and endurance concealed in the one hundred and sixty pounds of Fairbanks. If he shook his fist under your nose and said that the Woolworth Building was one mile high, I'll wager that you wouldn't dispute it.

"Yes, I like California very much, and, altho Broadway has its attractions, I like Hollywood better and would like to be there now. The outdoor life has a great attraction for me, and some day I hope to enjoy it to my heart's content. We were at the beach for the summer with a friend. I built a dandy sail-boat out of an old canoe, and I expect to try it out next year. No, I'm not afraid of sharks in the ocean; the only kind of shark I fear is the money-shark."

Movie fans and admirers of Douglas Fairbanks, here is good news for you. He is to remain with Triangle for at least three years, probably five. Isn't that great news? I was glad that the stage had not lured him back. "At present I am at the Riverdale studio," he confided. "We are working on a Western picture, in which I play the part of a *brave* cowboy, and I am kept very busy. This summer was too hot for work, tho. Our studio is glass, and when it was ninety in the shade here it was about a hundred and twenty on the stage. We simply couldn't do good work, and so we reported for the day and then unreported. My favorite excuse was, 'My God! I'll faint if I stay here another minute.' I thought of having that sentence copyrighted, as some of the folks were trying to beat me out by using it. Do you blame me?"

"Do you like comedy better than drama?" I ventured.

"Much better," he answered. "Things are too serious now—with the war—and comedy helps one to forget his troubles. I came very near going to the Mexican border when it appeared that war was inevitable; I would have joined Roosevelt's Rough Riders if they had reorganized."

"Do you receive many letters from admirers?" I asked.

"Compared with that little girl (pointing to a photograph of Mary Pickford), very few. I receive only a hundred a day as compared to her three hundred." Think of it!—only 100 a day! No wonder Uncle Sam has so much coin. Think

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS A LA BILLY SUNDAY, AND FAY TINCHER A LA ANNETTE KELLERMANN

of the stamps used in writing photo-players. Fans, do you know what D. F. is willingly spending a week for you? One hundred dollars a week is what his correspondence costs him. However, he says:

"I am always glad to hear from my friends, and am pleased to see that my work is liked. I wish only that I had more time to answer all of my admirers personally. A very few of my letters are rather peculiar, but they are all sincere, I believe, and that is the main thing. Some one wants to know why I dont get Marguerite Clark for a leading lady, or Teddy Roosevelt for a leading 'heavy.' I try to, or else have my secretary answer all of the letters. These friends have helped me to success on the screen, and I hope to keep them as true friends."

I picked up a magazine from the table and opened it. There I saw some photographs of Mr. Fairbanks, so I asked: "What is the feeling you have when you see your photograph in some paper with a very flattering 'write-up' about you?"

"Oh, at first it seems rather funny and somewhat like a dream; but when one becomes used to it, it seems fine, and he craves for more; it gives encouragement and it helps a great deal. There is a great future in Moving Pictures, and I am glad that I shall remain in them, altho I did like the legitimate stage very much. Perhaps it is because I like to talk. Only this afternoon I addressed a woman's club to keep in practice."

I could not help but wish, after spending an hour and a half with Mr. Fairbanks, that there were more real red-blooded actors like him on the screen and less dolled-up beauties with neatly pressed dress-suits and a "How charmed" expression.

As we parted at the lobby door, he to join a much-delayed dinner-party and I to adjourn to Broadway, I could not help but think of the talent which fate tried to conceal by calling him Douglas. Those of you who have seen "Getting His Picture in the Paper," "The Half-Breed" and "Manhattan Madness" can truly appreciate the acting of Douglas Fairbanks.

As I walked out of the hotel, I murmured to myself, "A smile, a smile; my kingdom for a smile," and I am sure that not one of you readers blame me in the least, especially those of you who happen to know Douglas Fairbanks personally.

An All-Around Player

By CHARLES F. MOORE

I've worked with Theda Bara, also Nance O'Neill,
Drunk wine with Clara Kimball Young,
In that grand old play, "Camille";
Was a doctor with Betty Nansen,
Played a general with little Marguerite Clark.
Played the family lawyer in a piece called "After Dark."
I worked with little Pearlie White, also Creighton Hale,
And I believe the name of the picture was "The Spasms of Elaine."
I worked with Alice Brady, and it seems only the other day
That I worked with Mary Boland and my dearest friend, Jane Gray.
I worked with Madame Petrova, and Ethel Barrymore too,
But I better stop this rhyming stuff,
For I'm afraid it's boring you.
All in all, I've worked with some noted actors,
Some are fat and some are thin,
There were roly-poly Thomas Wise, Edwin Arden and Holbrook Blinn.
I've worked with Robert Warwick and "the man of many wives,"
Also William Farnum, who took so many lives.
But there's one I haven't forgotten, and her equal 'twill be hard to find,
I mean sweet Mary Pickford, whom I doctored in "The Eternal Grind."

How I Learnt to Act

(Fine Arts)

By OLGA GREY

OLGA GREY

I HAD been a member of the Reliance-Majestic Film Company for about a week, and was not an actress yet. I had been a pianiste, however, for some years. But I was now drawing pay for acting—not piano-playing—so it occurred to me that I had better learn to act.

Not the least of the difficulties that presented themselves to me was the fact that I could not summon my voice to my aid in getting over my parts in the photoplay. So I set about trying to solve the problem which presented itself—to make plain, for photographic purposes, the emotions, intentions and motives of each character I had to play. From observation of Moving Picture plays, I had decided that the facial muscles and eyes were all the tools provided me.

I was waiting to be summoned to a set by my director, when I noted one of the stage carpenters rebuking an assistant who was new to the work. The amateur was nailing some scenery together, and in so doing he held the hammer close to its head. Ten or twelve inches of handle protruded back of his hand, as he industriously, but not very successfully, endeavored to drive nails.

The boss carpenter said: "What do you s'pose they put a handle on that hammer for, boy?"

The busy one looked up in amazement, and then at the hammer in his hand, with most of its handle an apparent encumbrance.

"I wonder now," he replied. And then I watched with interest while his boss painstakingly showed him how much easier it was to drive nails when one holds the extreme end of the hammer-handle and uses the full, swinging blow allowed by that method.

Then I suddenly thought, why do they photograph our entire figures in most of the scenes? Why not only the faces of the players, if only the faces are going to be used in expressing the emotions, et cetera? And I immediately resolved to revise my ideas as to my supply of tools of expression and see what I could make of my limbs and body.

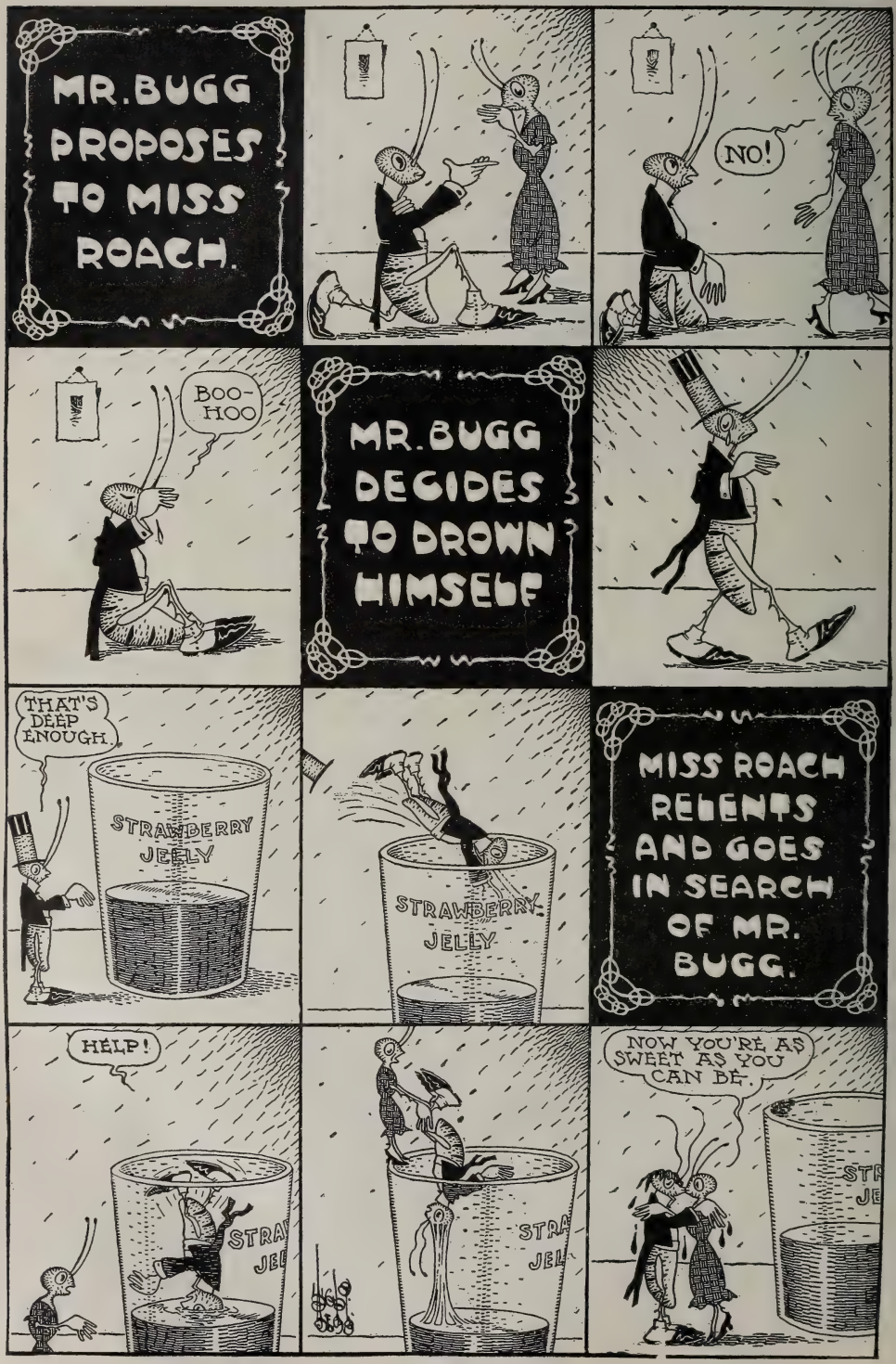
I remembered my disgust when friends and acquaintances sat before mechanical pianos and, by holding on to a knob or pressing a button, caused harmony to issue from the instrument while they calmly sat in the operator's seat! How I always longed to ask them what they thought they were supplied with hands, arms and fingers for, if they proposed to provoke music from an instrument with eighty-eight practical noise-producers.

And I began to train my arms, my shoulders, and all the muscular orbits I possessed, to play their parts in expressing whatever the emotion required in whatever scene I appeared before the camera. Before I became an actress, I had mastered the art so thoroly as to be able to reveal as much of my mental processes by muscular movement and without even facing the camera, as in the beginning I had been able to portray by the most intense facial contortions and a vast verbosity.

And so will all who aspire to honors in the photoplay-acting art have to learn. Some may take longer than I, but every studio has not a gifted and pedantic carpenter, nor has every aspirant to thespic glory in the celluloid the time and inclination to observe all that goes on.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

A BUG MOVIE BY WALTER WEHRMAN.


MR. BUGG PROPOSES TO MISS ROACH.
NO!
BOO-HOO
MR. BUGG DECIDES TO DROWN HIMSELF
THAT'S DEEP ENOUGH.
STRAWBERRY JELLY
STRAWBERRY JELLY
MISS ROACH RELENTS AND GOES IN SEARCH OF MR. BUGG.
HELP!
NOW YOU'RE AS SWEET AS YOU CAN BE.

LOUISE FAZENDA WRITES TO THE READERS OF THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

How to Get In!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This series of articles began in the July issue of this Magazine and the Classic. Nearly all of the great photoplayers are contributing to make this the most comprehensive and authoritative series of articles ever published. Those who are particularly interested should read *all* of these valuable essays, because opinions differ, and conditions vary in different localities and studios.

LOUISE FAZENDA

The Keystone Comédienne, Who Rose from Extra to Leading Woman, Encourages Beginners

AFTER all, getting into pictures and staying there is a good deal a matter of work. It's the person with a *small* spark of genius and a *big* spark of work that sticks and advances. My own stage experience was too limited to speak about and three years ago I started with the Universal Company as an extra. I kept my eyes open, tried to do my work differently yet naturally, was offered every encouragement by directors and finally landed as leading comédienne with the best company of them all—Keystone.

I think that beginners nowadays have as good a chance, or better, in getting a place with a picture company as experienced actors. To my knowledge, I have seen many experienced persons make failures of film parts and at least three-quarters of "the profession" dont photograph

nor register well. A new generation of ingénues, soubrettes, comédiennes has got to spring up, as there are by no means enough on the stage to supply the demand in the studios. I am a strong champion of extras. There are more of them, ten times over, on studio pay-rolls than stock members and thousands of them are getting regular employment. They cant all be stars of course, but when it is considered that tens of thousands of people are now working before the camera, I cant see why a new profession has not dawned, with opportunities for those who can grasp them. New people are coming up from the ranks every day.

Beauty is not essential in a comédienne, it is merely an asset. Personality, adaptability, quickness to grasp the situation, keen insight and a sense of humor to me appear to be the principal requirements, and, of course, a girl has got to take lots of chances, especially in "slap" comedy, and must be a pretty good athlete.

LOUISE FAZENDA.

Keystone Studio, Los Angeles.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

One of Screenland's Favorite and Most Favored Stars, Says That Aspirants Should Seek the Studios Forewarned and Forearmed

YOUR question, "How would you go about it, if you were a beginner and wanted to get in?" is a poser. Still it is a practical question and goes to the foundation of the subject. Extras are a common commodity today. They are hired in bulk and dismissed in bulk, and very often they are engaged thru a theatrical agency, who places them at will. In other words, extras very seldom come in personal contact with studio directors.

The mart is suffering with an overdose of actors—of a kind. No market will ever suffer with an overproduction of real talent, so I say make yourself as talented as possible before you seek a picture career. You must have certain natural qualifications to begin with. An actor will always be less than half a player without a vivid imagination, strong sympathy, and one who is in touch with his fellow men and knows their frailties and their strength. From these things he must build up or be born with culture; he should be well read and familiar with all great literature, which, as a matter of fact, is the philosophy of mankind—man's motives and ambitions.

You must have personality too, or rather, personality plus, which is the ability so to shape your own personality that it radiates thru and enhances that of the rôle represented.

Physical attributes are also of emphatic importance. A good figure, expressive eyes, preferably regular features, and above all, good habits, are prime requisites.

If I were beginning all over again, I should take up a thoro course of reading from every angle that would tend to aid me. I would read and try to analyze the greatness of famous plays, novels, and even go a step farther and read the scenarios of some of our strongest photoplays to find out just what sentiments, ideals and actions made them live. There are all sorts of good books in the libraries on dramatic technique in its many phases —acting, playwriting, critique, and production. I would get the best of these and study them thoroly.

A picture-player must have supreme command of his nerves and muscular system, so I would therefore go in for a thoro course of athletic training. This will do a neophyte any amount of good, no matter whether he finally becomes a picture-player or not. By systematic and even violent exercise, red blood will run thru your veins, the nerves will be steeled and the muscles will instantly respond to every command of the mind.

So much for preliminary training. Nearly every city in the country has one or more stock companies, and next I would seek an engagement with one of them as a utility man, if nothing better offered, and put in a season or two thoroly to try myself out.

Now then, you have three essential qualifications with which to apply at a studio: education, health, and dramatic experience. While this method may be harder and slower than the "extra route," it is surer in the end. You enter the field

Photo by Hartsook

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN GIVES SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE TO BEGINNERS

armed from all angles. It is only the extraordinary extra who works up from the ranks nowadays.

Once having entered a studio, a player's work has but commenced. He must make his reputation all over again, or at least his character must adjust itself to a new technique. Even the humblest picture-players should study intelligently. If you are cast only to "buttle" as a butler or "burgle" as a burglar, try the characterization, and what you think will be the

action, before a mirror dozens and dozens of times, until your actions appear perfectly natural. At least some of your "inspiration" is bound to show when the scene is rehearsed by the director.

I believe that every actor, big or little in his profession, should have an uplifting hobby which complements the work of his profession. Reading, music, sculpture, painting, any or all of these broaden the artistic soul and reflect their refinements upon screen work, and unless a player loves his work, he cant even fool himself, leastwise his audience. The most sensitive organization coupled with the highest art makes the greatest actor.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

Metro Studio, N. Y.

ANITA KING

The Lasky Star, Gives Honest Advice

As the head of a department of the City Mothers' Bureau of Los Angeles, in which it is my province to look after the thousands of young screen-struck girls and to send them back to their homes, I feel it my duty to be outspoken. The photodramatic field is no place for the inexperienced, the pleasure-loving and the insincere, and just as soon as this is realized, the better it will be for our art and for the public at large, as well as for the thousands of sincere and clean-living people who earn their livelihood in the photodramatic art. My department of the City Mothers' Bureau handles from two to fifteen girls daily who have been led to believe that they could secure Motion Picture engagements and, arriving here, are unable to secure employment. Their funds dwindle and they gradually fall into evil ways. In our investigations ninety-nine per cent. of the charges of immorality have been found to come from these girls, who, altho they may have appeared in only one or two scenes, give their vocations in court as "Motion Picture actresses."

The lure of the studios, to my mind, is partially home-made by the girls themselves and partially machine-made by unscrupulous agents. It has come to my knowledge that very recently the government has closed up and is now prosecuting several theatrical agents here in Los Angeles who have been making false representations thru the mails to susceptible young girls about the dazzling opportunities and short-cuts to a career that they can obtain in the studios, the entrée to which is obtained by paying a fee to the agent. I would look upon all agents with suspicion who exact the employment fee in advance.

The girl whose lure is home-made should confront herself with actual conditions. She has to be trained to become a school-teacher or nurse, and she should expect to be trained before she can support herself in the photodramatic art. If a beginner has money enough to support herself for a long period—perhaps two or three years—is willing to visit the studios day after day, has the courage to meet refusals, is well educated, is blest with a strong character and is good-looking, she will probably eventually get in. Of course there are extras and extras, and unusually well dressed or striking young girls may soon be placed upon the experienced list. This means that they may do bits of acting instead of appearing only in ensemble scenes.

Bearing the above in mind, if you are determined to have a try at pictures, I should say that starting as an extra is the only way an inexperienced person can start. Here is some general advice that applies: Beauty is not essential, but good and regular features are requisites for leading parts. Most extras are not beautiful, but they should have at least good teeth, strong features, dark blue or dark brown eyes, a shapely figure and small hands and feet. In submitting photographs to either a casting director or to a reliable agent, only unfinished ones should be presented. This is a proof that the photographer has taken an actual likeness of the subject and has not removed blemishes and facial imperfections. Keep away from unreliable agencies, keep a level head about you, be persistent, talk with extra girls that look of good character and get them to introduce you to the studio if possible.

ANITA KING.

Lasky Studio, Los Angeles.

This story was written from IRVIN COBB'S first scenario, and the photo-play was produced by the Vitagraph Company, featuring Lillian Walker

The Dollar and the Law

By NORMAN BRUCE

Lola Brandt lifted the heavy tray of oatmeal plates with the springy ease of well-coördinated, young muscles, and pushed open the swinging door into the great dining-hall. A clatter of soprano voices met her ears. Five hundred girls of five hundred types and styles of dress sat about the long tables, brimming with plans and programs for the day—fat girls, lean girls, and in-between girls; rich girls and not-so-rich; blondes and brunettes: some of them beautifully dressed, others merely expensively—but not one of the five hundred a prettier or trimmer figure than the girl who waited on them.

With the democracy of the college, which is the purest democracy, they greeted Lola on the same terms as themselves, as she passed rapidly around the table, leaving gay greetings and badinage with every plate of oatmeal. Then, tray empty, she cast a hasty glance at the clock on the Commons balcony, whisked off her apron, exchanged her tray for a pile of note-books, and was gone into the April sunshine.

"I think Lola Brandt is the prettiest girl in the senior class," remarked a squatty little girl in an ill-fitting silk gown; "and the way she always meets in the back, and the way her hooks are always on, and the way her skirts hang! My child, she has a positive talent for looking trim."

"George Grey evidently thinks she is pretty," corroborated her neighbor, a bit enviously. "Do you believe they're engaged? Allie McGuffie says she ran across them in the rose-walk yesterday afternoon, and if ever a girl looked as tho she'd just been kist, Lola was that girl!"

"George Grey isn't the only fellow in

the college," snapped May Archer, an overdressed, spectacular girl of the type that is handsome at twenty and faded at thirty. "You girls make me tired, always harping on George Grey. He hasn't any style; he hasn't any money; he's working his way hauling freight at the station. I should worry if George Grey does admire one of the Commons waitresses!"

"I suppose you're referring to Dandy Dick Denton, Nell," the dumpy remarked serenely. "Any girl whose clothes are so loud they sound like a corner in the path, she was caught off her feet and kist by a stalwart young man, who appeared to be waiting for that very purpose.

"George!" Lola cried in mock affront. "How you do behave! I'm almost sure Alice saw you yesterday. Our engagement wont be a secret very long at this rate. Now be proper, do, for I have some news!"

She leaned closer, the elusive dimple in one pink cheek smoothed quite away with her seriousness.

"I *think* I've got that job!" she cried.

THEY GREETED LOLA ON THE SAME TERMS AS THEMSELVES

hundred-dollar-bill coming across the campus looks good to Dickie; but I happen to know, if you should ask me, that he invited Lola to go to the Duke dance, and she turned him down because she thinks he's a spendthrift and a snob."

May crimsoned with anger, but before she could reply, the clang of the chapel bell brought the girls to their feet in a mad rush for note-books and pencils and the first pick of the choice chapel seats on what was known as Rubber Row.

Unconscious of the skirmish in which she had been involved, Lola hurried across the sun-splotched campus greensward and into the narrow, green tunnel of the rose-path, and there, turning a

"Mrs. Ardell wrote that I could come right after graduation and try it, and if I suited——"

"As if you wouldn't 'suit'!" laughed her lover proudly, but his face clouded and he stifled a sigh.

"If I weren't so wretchedly poor, we could be married without waiting, and you'd have a permanent 'job,'" he mourned. "Do you know, Loll, sometimes I think the square thing for me to do would be to retire in favor of some of the rich fellows—Denton, for instance. He's in love with you and has been for four years."

"Oh, I'm not *nearly* wealthy enough for Dickie!" laughed the girl gaily, "and he isn't *nearly* poor enough for me.

While we're young, we dont need money, and when we're old we'll have lots of it; and I'll wager Dick Denton will be in the poorhouse by then. Me—*I* think a young man who's worked his way thru college and has three thousand dollars in the savings-bank, and a young lady who's worked *her* way thru and has a splendiferous job as secretary to a famous lecture-lady, are doing pretty well."

"I might buy some sort of stock," said George, gloomily; "but no, I wont speculate, Loll. Four per cent. is honest interest and conservative. I'm too conscientious to make a rich man, honey, I'm afraid."

"LET'S FORM A THRIFT CLUB, GIRLS, AND START IN SAVING MONEY"

"That's the way with father," said Lola, seriously—"that's why he's so poor now."

George Grey's face expressed a certain skepticism which she was too absorbed in her thoughts to notice. If she could have read his mind at that moment it would have startled her.

"Brandt poor?" so went his musings. "If he had been poor, wouldn't he have helped his daughter thru college as many another poor man has done? It isn't the pauper who hasn't a cent to spend, but the miser——"

Then he found his thoughts caught in the gossamer gold of the head bobbing at his shoulder, and before he could untangle them he had kist her again. The chapel bell interrupted them rudely.

"Oh, and there was another thing," said Lola, as they walked back across the campus. "Mrs. Ardell said the first thing I did would be to go to Washington and visit the Treasury, to get material for a lecture she's going to give on 'Thrift.' Wont that be fun!"

"I'm glad you're going to help the cause of thrift along," said George, approvingly. "If young people only had *thrift* dinned into their ears instead of *wealth*, they'd be wealthy a great deal faster. The dollar you have is so much more important than the hundred dollars you'd like to earn."

His words returned to Lola several hours later, as she came upon an excited and sympathetic group of girls gathered about pretty May Archer in the noteroom. May was crying and scolding alternately, as she waved an opened letter before them.

"And he says I am extravagant and—and—reckless," she was wailing, "just because I bought three new hats at Cecile's—and the blue velvet one was *so* ducky! And then two dresses, and a few little, old, silk stockings. Is it *my* fault they ask so much for them? A girl's got to dress, hasn't she? And now

to cut down my allowance to ten dollars a week! Why, even a frump couldn't dress on *that*——"

"Do you think I am a frump?" asked Lola, gently. "*I* never spent ten dollars a week on clothes in my life!"

They turned to look at her, amazed. That plain, blue serge suit, with an "air" to it; that dainty, linen waist, and the chic little hat——

"How *do* you do it, Lola?" a chorus rose. "Why, you're the best-dressed girl in the class! We're all trying to live up to you!"

"That's another foolish thing," said Lola Brandt, decidedly—"'living up' to any one else. If we women had a uniform dress like the men, we'd all be riding in our own cars. I'll tell you what"—she sat down suddenly on a settee, bowled over by her brilliant idea—"let's form a Thrift Club, us girls, and adopt a simple, becoming, uniform costume, and start in saving money and worry for our fathers. How about it, girls?"

The plan was not adopted without a struggle, but, before the next recitation gong, the Thrift Club was organized and a committee appointed to choose a costume. Before she graduated, Lola Brandt saw her idea made a reality, to her own and George's immense pride. And the day after she had been handed her hard-won diploma, Lola set out for Washington.

Two weeks later she was back, tingling with enthusiasm, recharged with ideas.

LILLIAN WALKER

JOHN BURKE
TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES

"BARS OF GOLD AND BALES OF BILLS PILED ALONG THE WALLS"

"It is just like a romance, George," she told her lover, after certain preliminaries to conversation had been duly observed with a thoroness that left her golden hair in sad dismay. "Money piled on shelves like cabbages! And bars of gold and bales of bills piled along the walls. Why, I tripped over a hundred millions in currency, going into the strong-room! And to think of where it is all going—the good it's going to do, and the *harm*, and the queer things just one of those bills is going to buy! The Secretary of the Treasury showed me a new dollar bill, and I could almost feel it tug in my

fingers like a pigeon you let free. I had a queer feeling about it and took its number down just for fun—47698—but I dont suppose we'll ever come across it. How I *do* wonder exactly what that bill will do!"

"According to this thing," laughed George, producing a highly colored pamphlet from his pocket, "one dollar invested in Kelso Submersible Company would enable the investor to live in comfort, not to say luxury, all his declining years."

"Oh, George, you *haven't*——" Lola's face expressed horror, then she laughed merrily. "Of course you haven't; but who on earth would be taken in by such a palpable fraud—a glass submarine to seek for sunken treasure ships!" She studied the picture on the leaflet contemptuously. "And who is this Asa Jenkins, the president, anyhow?"

"He's a friend of Dick Denton, for one thing," said George, a bit gravely, "and a pretty despicable sort of rascal to boot, if I'm not mistaken. This submersible scheme is bait for little fry—the small investor, widows with small legacies, and so on."

"Dreadful!" cried Lola, indignantly. "But how did you come to hear of it, Georgie-porgie?"

"Oh, from another friend of Dick's," answered George, carelessly. He thought it more discreet not to specify that this particular friend had been of the femi-

NOBODY—NEITHER GEORGE NOR LOLA—SUSPECTED THAT BRANDT WAS A MISER

nine sex, and a charming member of that sex, too.

"Well, I hope *my* dollar doesn't travel into his coffers," declared Lola, emphatically, and the matter was closed for the time. Neither of them guessed how intimately Kelso Submersible was to concern them, nor thru what strange and devious ways Lola's dollar was to come back to her at last.

A year passed. George plodded steadily on over his dull law-briefs and textbooks, his income growing slowly, his grave eyes fixed stubbornly on the beautiful day far ahead when he could go to his sweetheart and say, "I've come—to

stay." Dick Denton and the beauteous Cora and Asa Jenkins watched their purses swell with the piteous earnings of charwomen and the savings of gnarled old hands. Dollar bill No. 47698 traveled over counters galore, and from pocket to pocket, as is the fashion of dollars, purchasing such divers things as perfumery and potatoes, washboards, and silken hosiery to be washed thereon, until it fell at length into the honest hands of Michael Meloney, who regarded it wistfully, reckoning up the unlimited beers it would buy, and then laid it regretfully by to go for the rent. And so, at length, it came into the possession of Louis Brandt, and there it threatened to remain. For George had been right in his suspicions. Brandt was a miser, tho no one guessed it, not even old Jimmie—butler, valet and charwoman for Brandt for thirty years.

There was something about this bill that made it hesitate in the old man's crooked talons—something that set it apart from the ordinary run of dollar bills. And in a sudden fit of generosity he took his pen and wrote, shakily, across one corner, "For my daughter Lola, because she is a good, hard-working girl." Then, when Lola herself—at home on a brief vacation—entered the room, his courage failed him, and he thrust the bill into his vest-pocket. He could not bear to part with it—yet. The dollar bill was very close to its mistress, yet it was not to be her hand that touched it next, after all.

That same evening Dick Denton came in. Later, Lola remembered how pale he had been, how nervously he had walked about the room as he talked, and how persistently the talk had hinged on money matters.

"There's a fortune for some one in a concern I ran across the other day," he said once, with seeming carelessness, but watchful eyes upon old Brandt's parchment face; "pays twenty per cent—fact! And there's a chance to get in on the ground floor just now—be one of the directors. If a man had ten thousand to spare, it would double itself in five years——"

Louis Brandt started violently and cast an involuntary glance at a spot on the wall behind him, then he forced a quavering laugh.

"You're crazy, young man!" he said, "who is giving away money, eh?"

"Oh, well, of course it isn't well known," yawned Dick, "and the oppor-

THE CRY IN THE NIGHT AWOKE LOLA

tunity will be gone in a day or two—Jove! Look at it rain!"

The storm that had been hovering all afternoon broke with a rumble of titanic fury, and the heavens were torn with blinding glare. Sheets of water surged and beat at the windows. Lola rose, decidedly:

"You cant possibly go home in this

rain," she cried, laying a restraining hand on his arm, "can he, papa?"

Old Brandt smiled, too wide a smile for such a slight occasion. There was eagerness in it, and covetousness and slyness.

"No, no," he croaked, "stay, young man, stay. I want to talk to you about that concern of yours, tomorrow."

But there was to be no tomorrow for Louis Brandt. Late in the night Lola was wakened by the echo of a cry and the sound of a body falling.

What followed was a nightmare dream to Lola Brandt, sane, strong soul as she was. She knew, with her brain, what went on: the search for the murderer; its failure from lack of clues; the arrest of Dick Denton by the federal authorities as co-partner with Jenkins in the colossal fraud—the Kelso Submersible. She knew when George came; yet even his arms about her, his kiss, seemed shadowy things.

It was only when the lawyer, who had taken charge of her father's effects, laid a

THE LIGHTNING PLAYED STRANGE TRICKS WITH SHADOWS

The lightning filled the house with a blue flame, the wind screamed, yet she knew this she had heard was not lightning nor wind. In the hall she met old Jimmie, carrying a candle in his quavering hand, and Dick, rubbing his eyes above his dressing-gown. Together they went down the stairs and into the sitting-room, in which the lightning played strange tricks with shadows.

It was not a shadow, after all, but a square hole in the solid wall. A flight of steps led down, and at their bottom lay old Brandt, prone on his face, murdered among the rusty treasures he had spent his life to save.

great sheaf of bills on the table before her, and told her that they were hers, that she was rich, that the fog cleared. She looked at the pile of money and gave a great cry.

On the top was a travel-worn dollar bill, with the number 47698.

"My bill!" she cried hysterically, catching it up. "George—see——"

Then she cried out again, a healthy cry of fear and amaze. For across one corner of the bill was the mark of a bloody thumb.

"The murderer has signed his own death-warrant," said the lawyer, quietly. "There is a thumb-print taken of every

LOLA LEARNS WHOSE FINGER-PRINTS ARE ON DOLLAR 47698

prisoner; we shall find Brandt's slayer among them, I feel certain."

And they found Brandt's slayer—found him brooding in a federal prison cell over the evil chance that had brought him hither—the will-o'-the-wisp of fortune that leads men's souls astray. Dandy Dick had at last come to the end of his road.

Then it was that George Grey came to his sweetheart and held out his arms, and told her he had come to stay. She was rich, he poor, but pride and stubbornness must needs give way to love when there is such bitter need of loving. And so a wastrel's righteous punishment and a man's and woman's happiness were the final purchases of Dollar Bill No. 47698.

A Tragedy of the Films

By MILES OVERHOLT

I wrote a rube scenario
About a hick in Kokomo—
  I nearly laughed myself to death
    whene'er I read it o'er.
I had him doing funny tricks—
Original—like throwing bricks—
  I sent it to the editor, and started
    writing more.

But when I saw it on the screen!
They'd deftly changed each act and
    scene;
  'Twas now a serious drama filled with
    woes and pain and fears;
They'd made a hero of the hick,
Who carried now a walking-stick,
  And in a quaint "Old Homestead" play
    my laughs had turned to tears.

I wrote another—full of hope—
I had a chemist find some dope—
  A drop placed on the human tongue
    would cause a poison breath;
And when his enemies would call
He'd blow his breath and they would fall,
  And all who faced this hero man were
    quickly done to death.

It was a sad and serious play—
Ah me! I saw it yesterday—
  They'd laid the scenes "Somewhere in
    France"—the views, of course, were
    French;
The slapstick man had joined the war,
And made the Kaiser good and sore,
  For he had breathed a breath or two
    and emptied every trench!

"The Dream that Came True"

By Pearl Gaddis

All of you who have for years been laughing with Mabel Normand, talking gaily of her funny exploits, would never believe that those long, silky, black curls covered anything more than a brain devoted to creating laughs. That she could be serious; that she could have keen ambitions; that she could cherish for years a thrilling and eminently sober dream, would never occur to those who know her only from her screen frolics. But she has guarded that dream, and every movement has been an effort towards making that dream come true. And it has. She has a studio all her own, on which her name, in four-foot letters, smiles at the passer-by on all four sides. The studio has been built as she wanted it built, and it has ever so many pretty little, feminine touches that make it artistic as well as businesslike, comfortable as well as efficient.

We were talking, one morning, on the tiny, vine-hung balcony outside of her dressing-room, where we could look down on the busy scene below. She sat in a big, wicker, chintz-cushioned chair, and sighed blissfully as she looked up at the backs of one of the signs that spells her name.

"At last," she breathed, "I am almost thru with the first picture of the new series, a second play chosen and being prepared for production, and still I can hardly realize that my dream has come true. If I hadn't worked so hard and planned so hard these years to attain just this end, I'm afraid I would have my head turned by it all. But I know a cure for that—hard work! There's plenty of that ahead for me, too."

"What is the next play?" I asked, as she stopped and looked contemplatively over the little balcony. She whirled instantly, all enthusiasm.

"What do you suppose?" she cried, her big, brown eyes aglow with enthusiasm. "'The Little Minister.' At last I am to play Lady Babbie. It's a part I've always longed to play, and it's going to be the second of my series. Oh, I'm so happy over it all."

"I should think you would be," I answered, responding involuntarily to her magnetic enthusiasm. "What are you doing now?"

"Here in the studio we are calling it 'Mountain Bred.' In it I have the lovable part of a daughter of a mining camp, brought up by the men in their funny, clumsy way. When they realize that I am almost a woman, they decide that I need a woman's care. So I am sent to New York, to live with an aunt. When she finds that I am not to be so rich as she expected and hoped, she puts me to work in the kitchen and treats me very badly. But that doesn't prevent my falling in love and the story ending unexpectedly but happily. It's a most lovable part."

And just between ourselves, it's a most lovable girl who will play the part, too.

"And what are your studio plans, Miss Normand?"

"About my coming plays? We are going to make only eight a year; that will give us plenty of time to do our very best on them, allowing about six weeks to each five-reel picture, you see."

She turned to me suddenly.

"Have you seen my dressing-room? No? Then come with me," and she jumped up and almost ran to the apartment that, by old-fashioned tradition and lack of a proper name, must still be called dressing-room. It was a big, cozy, comfortable room, opening off the balcony, with two big windows. There were rose-chintz curtains, cushions, comfy chairs—in fact, it was as dainty as its small mistress—a perfect setting for one of the loveliest girls in the Land of Make-Believe.

"The men tease me—or try to—about the 'woman's touch' that I have given the studio," she laughed, as she seated herself at the dressing-shelf and began that mysterious process known as "making-up. "But I know that it is good, and that they really like it even if they do try to tease. So I just tease back about their being unwilling to leave the studio at night and their eagerness to get here in the morning."

I didn't in the least wonder at their eagerness, for, you see, the small star is there from early morning until late in the evening, which rather explains their love for the studio, doesn't it?

"You see," she went on, "I have a hobby that dovetails beautifully with my work here. It's studio housekeeping, or, rather, studio homekeeping. I was allowed to plan a great many of the details of the studio here, and it has been my ambition to make it, in its own small way, a model plant. Efficiency comes first, of course, but I didn't see why a studio should be a huge, unlovely barn of a place, just because it was built of wood. So I planned for comfort and beauty, as well as efficiency. That explains the rugs downstairs, the adorable balcony and the attractive dressing-rooms."

"No wonder you have great hopes and can promise much from your coming plays," I said sympathetically, with another glance around the rose-and-cream walls.

She turned quickly, a "lip-stick" poised just above her pretty lips.

"Not promises, nor even prophecies," she cried gaily, "but hopes—lots of them—and a feeling, away down deep in my heart, that in this metier—somewhere—I shall find and give the best that is in me."

She has her own stock company, headed by Wheeler Oakman, late of Selig, and in the picking of this company Supervising Director Mack Sennett allowed Miss Normand almost complete authority; and the arrangement with Mr. Sennett is that the "baby company" may call on the parent organization of Keystone for anything it needs in the way of props, costumes or technical assistance, or, in fact, anything at all that is needed. Her plays are chosen in co-operation with Mr. Sennett and the Keystone scenario staff.

And now for some facts about the girl who has worked so courageously to make her dream come true.

She was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and educated there. When she was about sixteen, her parents moved to New York, where she first began her way in art as an artist's model. It was while she was living on Staten Island that she took to the water and laid the foundation for the fame she has acquired in aquatic sports. Her stage beginning was as a member of the "merry-merry" in a musical comedy. There came an off-season in musical comedy, and the chorus girl had a friend

who suggested the movies. Mabel was game, and she went over to Vitagraph, where she was given employment almost immediately.

From Vitagraph she graduated to Biograph, under the direction of D. W. Griffith, where her most celebrated picture was "The Diving Girl." She worked in comedies, under the direction of Mack Sennett, as well as in a number of strong dramatic subjects for Mr. Griffith. When Mr. Sennett went to California to make Keystone comedies for the New York Motion Picture Corporation, Miss Normand went with him as leading woman.

"There was a long, hard struggle when we were never sure that there would be a pay-envelope on Saturday," she confessed to me in a reminiscent mood. "There were just four of us then—Mr. Sennett, Fred Mace and Roscoe Arbuckle—and me! But we worked hard, and hoped hard, and just trusted in luck. And better days soon came."

And they always do, backed up by that.

Right after Christmas Miss Normand came to New York with Roscoe Arbuckle's company to do "pie comedies," but her heart was set on a company of her own, and Mack Sennett, remembering the days when she had held the highest hopes of them all, even tho there seemed nothing in sight but hard work and no reward, remembering her unfailing enthusiasm and courage, determined to surprise her with the realization of her dream.

So a four-acre tract was purchased, and ground broken for the building of the studio. Then a telegram was sent to New York, ordering the prompt return of Miss Normand. She expected, of course, to return to work at Keystone, but Mr. Sennett met her at the train, and told her that he wanted to show her something. Curious, but accepting his leadership, she allowed herself to be bundled into his machine and driven to the place where the studio was to stand. Mr. Sennett stopped the car, pointed to the workmen, and said:

"What do you suppose they are building there?"

"I dont know," she answered a little crossly, for she was tired out from her long trip—"an addition to Keystone?"

MACK SENNETT LOOKS WITH PRIDE AT ONE OF HIS MOST RADIANT STARS

"Well, hardly," answered Mr. Sennett, grinning. "They are breaking ground for the erection of the—Mabel Normand studio!"

Miss Normand stared, unable to believe her eyes or ears. When Mr. Sennett had made it clear to her that she was really to have her own studio, she insisted on climbing out of the car and examining every square inch of the ground. For a woman to watch the building of her home and not to have a finger in the pie is an aggravation, indeed. So it wasn't long before the busy comédienne set to work planning studio and home comforts with the architect. And during the days when the studio was being rushed to completion, she was on hand almost as much as the workmen. "Here comes the little boss," they got into the habit of saying, and hardly a brick, board or tile was laid without first undergoing her critical inspection. And she was the first one to set foot in the newly completed building.

Surprise followed surprise, until tears of mixed joy and gratitude stood in Miss Mabel's eyes. Then came a wonderful Oriental rug for her dressing-room, the gift of Mack Sennett, and a canary in a gilded wicker-cage, from Los Angeles friends, besides pretty furnishings and nick-nacks, that gave the studio's opening the air of a festive wedding.

The fair Mabel can spring a surprise or two herself, and, during the strenuous days of studio building, an idea frisked about under her chestnut curls that took shape on the opening day.

Her company of players and her friends were led, figuratively, hand in hand, from room to room, from glass-covered stage floor to "prop" rooms, and finally assembled in the star's dressing-room. And just here came her own little surprise. Under the chefship of a nimble Jap, a dainty luncheon was served to her guests, concocted and cooked in a tiny kitchenette adjoining her dressing-room. Hit No. 1 for Miss Mabel! The finest work of Mabel Normand's career is blossoming forth under the stimulus of her own company. What she has given us before has been merely the promise. Now we may hope for the fruition.

MABEL NORMAND IS AN EXPERT WITH THE FOILS

The Deadly Ten-Angled Limerick!

Deary Me! We Didn't Know What Wonder-laden Things They Are!

Two strangers stood in sight of the belfry of Bow Bells, and both harkened to the historic chimes. Said one: "What a world of associations they bring—the recessional of kings; the marriage of princesses; Armada victories at sea; the birth of a new Cæsar—death, life; happiness, woe!" Said the other: "I wish those darn bells would quit ringing; I cant hear a word you say!"

So it's all in the point of view. 'Tis the same with life: we come; we linger on the stage awhile; and go. And if we gather any joy around us, or leave any behind, the work-a-day world is just so much more livable.

This brings us around to the Ten-Angled Limerick. It's born in joy and in turn itself breeds happiness; its formula welcomes sleep, and, likewise, scours the cobwebby brain. It's brief, but enough of a giant to be the soul of wit. And, too, it speeds upon its Puck-like mission while heavy volumes on the shelves groan to be opened. It pleasures the highroad in its passage thru print, delighting the compositor's art, the editor's taste, the reader's eye. But mostly it is a prodigy to its parent, and an immortal compliment to its namesake. In the order of his fame an actor is first mentioned, then pictured, next interviewed, and finally crowned with a Limerick. We've got to know a player by his given name to cartoon him—just bet your Sunday Inspiration on that!

And now we're going to start something and you're due to step up, too. Each month we offer $12, in bits of $5 and $3 each, and crumbs of $1, for the slickest Limericks about plays and players. Do you think they dont appreciate it? Does a slipper love its silk stocking? Will a flower bloom if you water it? Yes, even with your tears. Try a Limerick instead, and here's the little monthly surprise package, joy-laden for authors, readers and players alike.

The prize-winners for this month are herewith given in the order named: Bert K. Hart, C. K. Harrison, Mary M. Hopkins, Harry J. Smalley, Jos. S. Haight and Evalina Butland.

BESSIE LOVE

A LOVE OF A LOVE!

She's a star who made good at the start,
Who makes a rare gem of each part,
And whene'er on the screen
Little Bessie is seen,
She shows us that Love's a "Fine Art." Frederick Wallace.
Bristol, Conn.

WHEN SHE'S GOOD SHE'S LONELY!

There was a young lady named Theda,
She had all the men so they'd feed her;
She's a regular scamp,
A naughty, bad vamp—
The directors all seem to need her! Evalina Butland.
1461 No. Alvarado St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

THEDA BARA

FAY TINCHER

YOU SAID SOMETHING!

When she's on the screen it's a cinch her
Smile will compel you to clinch her;
She's huggable, quite,
But look out for her right,
She's there with the punch is Fay Tincher.

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SHE'S A WHOLE BOUQUET!

I think it is foolish to wage
Debates over Miss Minter's age;
Would you measure by hours
The fragrance of flowers,
By years dainty violets gauge?

Harry J. Smalley.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

OR JUST SIMPER.

There was an unruly ragpicker,
Who was fond of his pipe and his licker;
To the movies he'd go,
And he'd laugh out "Ho! ho!"—
'Twould be far more refined just to snicker!

S. Rosenbaum.
64 W. 38th St., New York City.

LET'S HAVE THAT CUT-UP AGAIN!

Said a photoplay fan of St. Croix:
For a gloom-chaser, Roscoe's the boix;
He's been cartooned before,
Let us have him once more,
For he's the apostle of joix.

Jos. S. Haight.
230 1st Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THE KARR OF CARS!

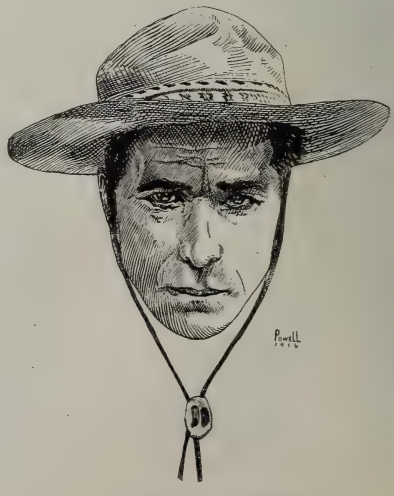
O you Super-six Darwin Karr,
You're high speed from extra to star;
Gray matter in bean,
And pep in machine,
Give the dust to the flivvers by far!

Mrs. A. M. Coats.
Belton, Tex.

WILLIAM S. HART.

To me it seems most silly
To send a whole army for Villa;
Why not send one,
With a handful of gun,
Providing that one is Billy?

Edith Smith.
235 Tenth St., Newark, Ohio.



WILLIAM S. HART

WASTED PEROXIDE JEALOUSY.

I know a fine actor named Reid,
It surely does make your heart bleed,
When he gets caught in the net
Of some awful brunette!
(That a blonde wrote this can be seed.)

E. H. Smith.
Van Rensselaer Ave., Stamford, Conn.

SKINNING THE SCREEN.

The skin of a crusty old jailor
Was tattooed in jail by a sailor;
He never would go
To the best picture show;
"I'm a picture myself!" said this jailor.

S. Rosenbaum.
64 W. 38th St., New York City.

ANTONIO MORENO.

In olden days 'twas said that Spain was great,
That large was her domain and her estate;
If people now insist that she decays,
Then Señor Tony lived in other days!

L. E. St. Germain.
506 W. 145th St., New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

BACK TO THE ROUGH, GIL!

Of course evening clothes are *au fait*,
When he dines at a swell cabaret,
Displaying an art
That's distinguished and smart—
Yet I'd rather see "chaps" any dait.

Lizzie Cheney Ward.
958 Acoma St., Denver, Colo.

WHO WOULD BE A MERMAN!

Your attention is called to Annette,
Who, with smile, has emerged from the wet;
Rubber! Pictures disclose
Such an absence of clothes;
We're prepared to forgive—not forget!

C. K. Harrison.
727 West Ave. So.,
La Crosse, Wis.

ANTONIO MORENO

WILLIAM FARNUM

THERE AINT NO LAST SCRAP!

If you've villains to punish or kill,
The Farnums will work with a will;
For Bill's simply bustin'
To fight more than Dustin,
And Dustin to fight more than Bill.

Bert K. Hart.
Fall River, Mass.

AFTER DARKNESS, DAWN.

Said a fan with an accent quite nasal,
"I just love those sunsets in Brazil";
A youth near the screen,
In darkness unseen, said,
"Give me the Dawn—if it's Hazel."

Mary M. Hopkins.
New Market, Md.

DROPPED THRU THE SCREEN.

Oh, where is petite Ella Hall?
For months I've not seen her at all;
She's so tiny, I fear
She's been drowned in a tear,
Or slipped thru a crack in the wall.

Harry J. Smalley.
1247 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

BOY, STEP THIS WAY!

There once was a maid named McCoy,
Who never would look at a boy;
But with those eyes of blue,
What would *you* do,
In the case of McCoy vs. boy?

"Jerry" Wilcox.
1200 Rutger St., Utica, N. Y.

SOME MIX-UP.

O dearest Tom Mix a dozen gin ricks,
With the genial "Spirit of '76";
'Twas Mickey and Mace
Changed the map on his face,
O why did Tom Mix with the Micks?

Ben Webster.
120 First St., Jackson, Mich.

VALESKA SURATT

CONSIDER THE LILY!

They tell me Valeska Suratt
Insists on a diamond-set hat;
And from neck-band to hems
To be covered with gems
Is her version of four aces pat!

Bert K. Hart.
Fall River, Mass.

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN! NOW JUST LISTEN TO—

THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

"HAVE ye seen any good plays lately?" asked Mrs. Lannigan of her bosom friend, Mrs. Brannigan, as they were buying supplies in Cooper's grocery store.

"Naw, I haven't," the latter responded in a disgusted tone. "I've been havin' comps to the talkin' theayters."

"Too bad," commented Mrs. Lannigan; "but why did ye go if ye didn't like it?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Brannigan, "'twould have been a shame to waste all thim illegant tickets—all in grane, blue an' gowld—so I had to. But it shure did me sowl good to see a movie again. 'Twas Fatty Arbuckle in 'His Wife's Mistake.' What do ye think av him?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lannigan, tartly, "ivery time I see him I think av the pound av coffee you borried an' niver paid back, an' I suppose his wife's mistake was in lindin' to you ivery time you asked her."

"Have ye seen anythin' else?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, hastily changing the subject.

"Yis; I saw a Tangle-Fine Hart story wid the ladin' part mistook by Dorothy Dish, called 'Sold for Marriage,' tho for that matther ivry woman is sold that marries. Lasht night I saw 'The Flirt,' a Bluebeard play writ wid wan hand by Booth Oysters Talkington, from a story av the same name in the *Saturday Marnin' Pest.*"

"Do tell me about it," urged Mrs. Brannigan; "like the Jew, I'm all inthrust."

"Well," began Mrs. Lannigan, nothing loath to display her superior knowledge, "in Indiana, where the worst books an' best sellers come from, lives Mr. Madison an' his wife, who is looked down upon by the neighbors because she's niver been divoorced. He's a self-made man an' she's a self-made woman, but it looks natural. They have two daughters, Cory, the flirt, an' Laury. Ye know, Mrs. Brannigan, some gyurls are good-lookin' and others are sensible; Laury was sensible. Then there was Hedrick, the young son who was a divil let loose.

"Cory jilts Ray Vilas, who starts to drown himself in likker; a drink at a time. Wade Tornbull is also dead in love wid her an' 'tis a grave affair wid him. Wade is a great mission worker; his mission bein' to get all he can fer himself. However, he cant get Cory, which is lucky fer him tho he dont know it. She's engaged to Dick Lindley, wid a weather-eye open fer somethin' betther.

"Saint Valentine Corliss—who is good fer nothin' but conversation, wid the accent on the 'con'—comes back to his native town full av plans an' prunes. In the 'arly days his lovin' payrent embraced him wid fatherly infection, an' thin wid a good, swift kick sent him out in the cowld, crool world. He has a fine edification, havin' graduated from a barber cowledge at the head of his class. He lives by his wits an' is beginnin' to git hungry. However, he scorns to rob the poor—they have nothin' worth stalin', an' so far they're the only ones that have come his way.

"Cory determines to add him to her collection, an' he decides to use her to advance his schemes. He thries to get Madison to lind his name to a swindlin' game, but the wise old owl doesn't belave in lindin' anything. However, Cory makes up fer it; she drums up thrade all thru the village. Wade Tornbull, who

"RAY VILAS STARTS TO DROWN HIMSELF IN LIKKER"

always counts the pennies he drops in the contribution plate, will not invest a cint; but Ray Vilas gives his last thousand dollars, thereby chatin' the breweries out of an extra dividend.

"Laury is in love wid Richard Lindley, who has the disposition av an angel an' the judgment av a jackass. She writes notes to herself which she kapes in a book. Any politician wud have told her how foolish that was! Hedrick, the imp, finds these an' turns them over to Lindley, an' the chump gets sore, an' afther callin' Laury up he calls her down.

"Pryor, a saycrit-sarvice agent, recognizes Corliss as a swindler an' tells Cory, who throws a fit. Whin Corliss comes in she larns he doesn't intind to take her wid him. She gives him a piece av her mind, it bein' the worst thing she's got; thin, havin' a grudge agin Wade Tornbull, she tells him she'll marry him, an' the poor fellow, not knowin' anny betther, is plased as punch.

"Ray Vilas kills Corliss an' shoots himself, which plases the dupes an' tickles the undertaker. Lindley larns the truth about Laury's dairy an' marries her; so another woman is made miserable for life."

"I misdoubt not 'twas inthrustin'," said Mrs. Brannigan; "but ye should have seen Hazel Done in 'The Food Gyurl'! There was a scrap in there the like av which I haven't seen since I left Ballyhannon in dear ould Ireland."

"Did ye see 'The Aryouon,' fracturing William Sour Hart, an' introduced by the Tangle Company? That had an illegant fight in it."

"Naw, I didn't," Mrs. Brannigan responded. "What was it about?"

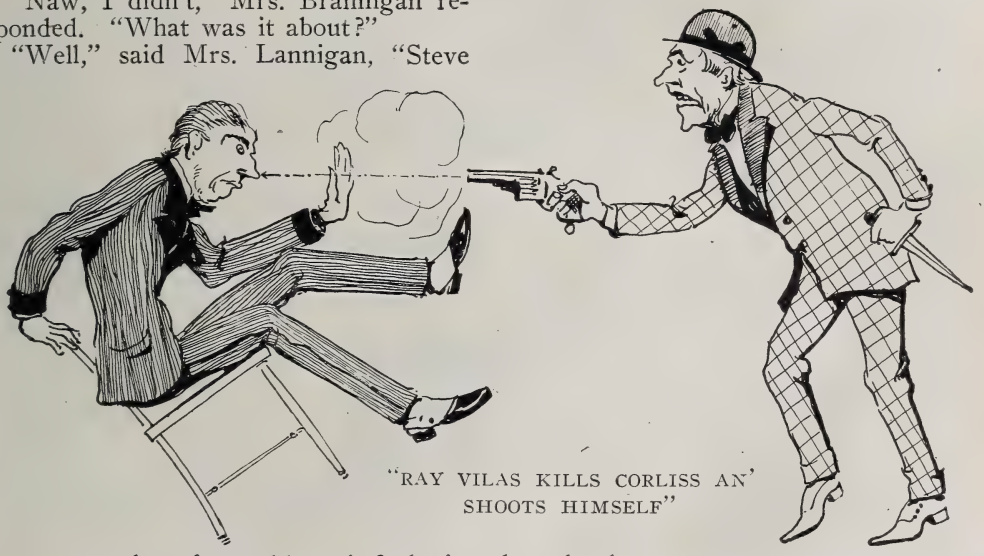
"Well," said Mrs. Lannigan, "Steve Denton sarches fer gold—an' finds it. He also finds himself in 'The Open Door Saloon' lookin' into the red wine an' belladonnied eyes av 'The Firefly.' Afther he blows his wad he swipes 'The Firefly' an' carries her to his camp, makin' her walk all the way. They arrive at their destitution in a very emancipated condition. As soon as she gains strength, she runs away; but when she comes to a ford her courage fails, an' she goes back to him, as he knowed she would.

"He sets up a settlement av roughnecks in 'The Devil's Camp', an' becomes chief imp av his own hell. Into this nest av nastiness comes a schwate young gyurl wid fine eyes an' rale purty hair that looks almost natural. She tells him she thrusts him because he's an Aryouon, tho no wan knows just exactly what it is."

"Mebbe 'tis a fancy religion," suggested Mrs. Brannigan. "They do be makin' more new wans ivry day."

"Well, whin she tells him he's an Aryouon, he fales ashamed av himself an' detarmines to live up to his obligations. He invites the ladin' nester to have a drink av good old Scotch whisky, but the fellow doesn't appreciate the honor, an' tells him he only uses vinegar on salads.

"Steve is insulted, an' havin' bought a new eraser, he decides to wipe out the new settlers. He wud have done it, too,



"RAY VILAS KILLS CORLISS AN' SHOOTS HIMSELF"

but the brave young gyurl mates him wanst more, an' reminds him agin that he's still an Aryouon an' turns on the tear facthory. Ye know, Mrs. Brannigan, wimmen's tears are wonderful water-power."

"Shure I know it," commented Mrs. Brannigan. "Haven't I thried it meself wid the greatest success."

"Then they took a walk in the woods together," Mrs. Lannigan resumed, "an' he tells her the story av his life, wid not more than three-fourths av it lies, after which she marries the brute, for he's rich an' she loves him."

"Yis," said Mrs. Brannigan, pensively; "'tis so aisy to love a rich man. I think I could do it meself wid a little encouragement."

Candy and the Movies

Nona Thomas, Queen of the Candy Kitchen, Gives Some Interesting Recipes

By
MOSGROVE COLWELL

"STIR FREQUENTLY TO WORK OUT ANY LUMPS"

WERE this to be the synopsis of a thriller in fifteen episodes, its title, dear reader, might well be "Nona, the Chocolate Maker." Or, following the method of film comedies, it might be "Cut-ups in a Candy Kitchen," with all its possibilities for side-splitting (?) deluges of molten chocolate and cloudbursts of powdered sugar. Instead, it is the account of how a picture-player developed an art in addition to that which she reveals upon the screen.

Picture a group of sunlit buildings on a plain in much-advertised southern California, a row of noble structures suggesting the Capitol at Washington, or the New York Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, perhaps. They are stately and impressive, but close examination betrays the plaster beneath the coat of white, for they are part of the exterior scenes of the huge spectacle, "Civilization," and "Nona, the Chocolate Maker," is Nona Thomas, pretty ingénue of the Ince studios.

(That is the worst of writing about the movies; sooner or later one drifts into the vernacular in thought or word—and the stately buildings and heavenly scenery are brought in as "atmosphere" for the "lead.")

And as the picture of the buildings dissolves from your mental screen, dear reader, allow the camera-man to shoot a close-up of

"Nona, the Chocolate Maker"..Nona Thomas

There is a group of other players surrounding Miss Thomas when the close-up fades to the full scene. Miss Thomas registers pleasure as she offers a plate of chocolates to Howard Hickman and Charles Ray, R.L.E. ("R.L.E." is a stage direction, and is more of that atmosphere stuff.)

William S. Hart and Bessie Barriscale share in the sweets, and Miss Barriscale discovers that she has bitten into a maraschino cherry chocolate. The scene is cut, and on the screen flashes the subtitle: "Is It Possible That You Made These? They Are Like the Work of a Professional!"

"But It's True. It's Easy When You Know," flashes another subtitle. And now, imagining that Edison has perfected his phonograph accompaniment to

the pictures, listen to Nona reveal her art:

"It all started when I played in a picture where I was supposed to be making fudge in a boarding-school scene. The director insisted on realism, and I had to use real chocolate and a real chafing-dish. Of course, I burnt the fudge horribly. It was a sticky, brown-looking mess, and there was too much realism for me when the director had me eat some. But it made me think.

"CUT INTO SQUARES AND ROLL BETWEEN THE PALMS"

"Why couldn't I learn to make real candy? I wondered. I knew the manager of The Chocolate Shop in Los Angeles, and so I went to him and asked for a job in his candy kitchen. Surely. Just asked for a job, without telling him I was in the pictures. And just as I was talking to him, some one recognized me and spoke of the Triangle films, and nearly spoiled my chances. The manager, of course, thought it was a stunt some press-agent had arranged, but when I convinced him I really wanted to learn how to make candy, he took me into his kitchen, told his head candy-maker to show me how, and left me there.

"At first I spoiled more sugar and chocolate than I like to remember, and ate more candy than was good for me. But I soon did learn, and now I can make almost anything, except those candies which require special machinery or utensils only to be found in a wholesale kitchen.

"You want some recipes? Well, candy-making is principally experience, but these are some of the easier things to make:

"Cream Chocolates.—Start with having a clean stewing pot. Take two cups of confectioners' 'A' sugar and one cup of water. Mix them together in the pot, place over a moderate flame, and stir until the liquid begins to boil. Then take a cloth and wipe off all the sugar and water which have adhered to the sides of the pot; this is to keep the sugar from becoming lumpy. Let it boil until a small quantity, dripped from a spoon into a glass of cold water, is hard enough to form a soft ball if rolled between the fingers. Then pour onto a damp plate and sprinkle it with cold water until it is cold. When it is quite cool, knead it and stir it thoroly until the substance works into putty-like firmness; roll out with hands on a marble slab or large platter until it is in the shape of a 'rope,' thickness of a thumb; cut into squares and roll between the palms of the hands; then dust the balls with powdered sugar.

"ROLL THE FONDANT BALLS IN THE CHOCOLATE"

"This sugar is the substance candy-makers call fondant. Now for the chocolate.

"Take two cupfuls of dipping chocolate, shave fine, and melt down in a double boiler, being careful not to let the chocolate get too warm to touch, or it will turn gray when cooling. Stir frequently to work out any lumps, and gauge its heat by the touch. It should be only as warm as can be held in the hand without pain. When it is melted, pour onto a slab or plate; take some on fingers and palm of right hand, with left hand used for taking up fondant balls. Roll the fondant balls in the chocolate on the right hand, and place on piece of oiled or waxed paper on plate. Initials or little designs may be traced on the candies by letting the chocolate drip slowly from the fingertips. Let cool and harden.

"THEN—WELL, YOU ALL KNOW HOW TO DO THE REST"

"Maraschino Chocolates. — Prepare fondant and dipping chocolate as for cream chocolates. Take maraschino cherries and mold the fondant around the cherries. Then dip the fondant into the chocolate as before and let harden. The alcohol in the cherries will dissolve the fondant, making the 'cherry juice' inside the candies.

"Chocolate Almonds.—Take shelled and peeled almonds and roast them to a crispness in a hot oven. Dip them into the chocolate as with cream chocolates, or they may first be placed inside the fondant and then dipped in the chocolate.

"Chocolate Stuffed Dates. —Seed the dates, then stuff them either with plain fondant, or with fondant containing pecans, roasted almonds, or English walnuts. Then dip the dates into the chocolate as with the other candies.

"When I first was told how these things were made, I thought them fearfully complicated, but I've learnt that the directions are necessary to insure success. All the ingredients may be bought at any large grocery store, and I find it pays to use them, altho ordinary granulated sugar may be used with some success. Prepared breakfast cocoa, however, should never be used instead of the chocolate. You can purchase several grades of chocolate; never get the cheapest kind."

And there, dear reader, is our synopsis.

Not much of a plot for a feature film? On the contrary, we think it is a very sweet one.

Before the Movies Came

By CLARE D. ROBESON

I dont see how I ever lived
Before the movies came,
Before the world began to ring
With film stars and their fame.

How very dull those days seem now,
Those evenings long and dry,
Before I had the chance to sit
And watch the film reel by!

No movie news to read, and laugh
At sayings very bright;
No Charlie, and no Mary, and
No photoplays to write!

No unknown heroes with those eyes
To set my heart aflame—
I wonder how I passed my time
Before the movies came.

"A Voiceless Prima Donna"

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

MYRTLE STEDMAN

Out on the velvet smoothness of the golf-links, I saw a deliciously graceful, rounded figure, clad in a rose-and-white silk sweater, a white skirt, sensible flat shoes, and a rose-brimmed sport-hat. She swung her golf-sticks in a way that just convinced you that she knew exactly what each queer-looking stick was meant for—niblick, brassie, and all the other names that are as Gaelic to me.

"That's a movie actress," said a man standing near me. "She's the best woman player on the links, too." (I flushed resentfully at the world-old condescension of the masculine for the feminine sex which was in his voice. But in a moment my resentment was lost in watching Miss Stedman.)

I dont know what her score—or is it record?—was for that day, but it must have been a dandy one, for her caddy was grinning from ear to ear with a proud haughtiness that left his mates crushed beneath the weight of oblivion. And Miss Stedman came in flushed and laughing, starry-eyed over the congratulations that were showered on her. And as she answered the congratulations, her beautiful voice struck the ear pleasantly, with a note of surprise. It doesn't seem right that the "silent drama" should still this wonderful voice.

We had luncheon—it was that for Miss Stedman, but tea for me—at a little, round table, where we had a very cozy chat. I had gone out to the links without the least idea of securing an interview with any one. So the occurrence was as much of a surprise to me as to Miss Stedman.

"I cant help but be surprised, Miss Stedman," I said, with a curiosity that couldn't be concealed any longer, "that

you should be willing to bury such an exquisite voice in the oblivion of a picture studio."

She smiled. Have you seen Myrtle Stedman smile? It's a delightful process. First, her deep, dark-blue eyes developed a twinkle, then the corners of her beautifully modeled mouth lifted a wee little bit, there was a flash of white teeth, and the smile was gone! There was a hint of wistfulness in the smile, tho.

"I suppose the reason was that I grew tired of moving about so much. I am, first of all, a home-body," she answered, in a voice like liquid velvet or verbal sunshine. "I started out when I was quite young, doing solo dances with the Whitney Opera Company. I also gave a great deal of attention to voice culture, and had high hopes of an operatic career. Then my family moved to Black Hawk, Colorado. Later on I rejoined the Whitney Company, in Chicago, as prima donna this time, and went on the road with them, singing in opera, comic opera, and musical comedy. Later I toured the road again, this time singing in concert. So you, having a home, can readily appreciate the feeling I had after those years when I was offered a position with Selig, under the direction of Otis Turner, and realized that at last I could have a home. I stayed with Selig four years, but all the time wasn't spent in one place, as I had so fondly hoped. I divided my time between Chicago, Colorado and Arizona, but I enjoyed it, anyway.

"My car is here; wont you let me drive you back to town?" she invited, and I accepted promptly.

On our way back to Los Angeles I tried to discover more about her. After leaving Selig, she joined Bosworth, Inc., to play in some of Jack London's stories, being, in the opinion of Hobart Bosworth, the ideal woman for the leading feminine rôle in "The Valley of the Moon," "The Sea Wolf," and other of Mr. London's best plays. Since then, she has played leads for Morosco in "It's No Laughing Matter," "Peer Gynt," "Pasquale," opposite George Beban, and the star part in "The American Beauty."

There are so many things that Miss Stedman can do in case she ever grows tired of either picture-work or singing. She is a splendid landscape gardener, and her own lovely home attests her abilities as a home-maker. As has already been said, she plays a beautiful game of golf, and can take her automobile apart, and put it back together again, in the dark. So she would make a splendid "chauffeuse." She also rides horseback

with a dash and vim that makes her riding well worth watching.

She is "a daughter of the gods—divinely tall and most divinely fair." Her eyes are deep blue; her hair is the color of ripe wheat in the sunlight.

Not so long ago, an admirer in far-off New Zealand wrote to Miss Stedman that her work in "Wild Olive" and "Peer Gynt" had given him a new outlook on life. Soured and embittered by an unfortunate occurrence in New York, he had left the country and become a rancher in New Zealand, where he seldom saw the face of any other human being. On an enforced trip into the little settlement for supplies, he had seen the sweet, expressive face of Miss Stedman on a large poster outside of the one theater the town boasted, and, struck with something about her expression, he went in to see the picture, which was "Peer Gynt." This story of a woman's faith, despite all obstacles, impressed him strangely. And he came into town again, to see her in "Wild Olive."

This was the story told by the man's letter. And Miss Stedman answered it promptly, in a way that further enhanced

the effect her work had had upon this strange man in a far-off land. He wrote her again and again, and she always answered his letters, helping to restore his faith in humankind. Finally he wrote that he was returning to New York, to take up again the old life. He did not try to meet Miss Stedman, seeming content merely to know that a helping hand had been extended and not to care for more, which in itself is a beautiful expression of faith.

A few weeks after his arrival in New York, a package reached Miss Stedman at the Morosco studios, which, upon being opened, revealed a curiously carven ring, set with an exquisitely clear and valuable diamond. The man wrote that happiness had again smiled upon him, and that The One Girl had "kept the faith" thru the long, dark years when there was never a sign from him; and that, now they were happy again, they wanted to express their gratitude for her kindness and help. And should you doubt the story, you may see the ring on Miss Stedman's hand, in her pictures.

Isn't that a lovely tribute to one's work? It's enough to make even a voiceless prima donna happy—and it has!

My Movie Film Maid

By L. M. THORNTON

I've chanted the praises of roses and daisies,
I've written a song to the sea;
I've offered libations to peoples and nations,
For all were delightful to me.
I've sung the sweet graces of all kinds of faces,
But now I'm world-weary and staid;
A seat's to my liking, and, comely and striking,
I praise but my movie film maid.

I've shouted a greeting, I've felt my heart beating
With passion in various degrees;
I've danced until morning, bade rivals take warning,
And quaffed Life's red wine to the lees.
But now I am thankful for nickels, a bankful,
A room that is cool in the shade,
And, graceful and charming, tho not peace-alarming,
My safe-distanced movie film maid.

FAY TINCHER

Mount the whole page on light cardboard before cutting out the figures, and color it, if desired. The different parts will last longer, and the tabs will not tear so easily. Fold the base on dotted line to make Miss Tincher stand

GERALDINE FARRAR AS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

JOAN of ARC

De Mille

by

Dorothy Donnell

GOD made His world and set it spinning. Man took God's clean world and carved it and spotted its green fields with bloodshed, and set its quiet valleys snarling with the strident voice of cities, and placed little, toy idols, called kings, on tiny, gilt thrones and bowed down and worshiped them, eyes on the ground, backs humped to the everlasting stars. Man, being only man, blundered

a thousand thousand times; God, being God, did not interfere, save, perhaps, a score of times. Once was in Bethlehem, beneath a blazing crimson star; another time in hillside Domremy, when the small, silver leaves of the Fairy Tree shivered in the east wind and whispered together of strange happenings in the garden of a humble shepherd home.

Among the tall lilies and the small, pink roses of Lorraine, Joan D'Arc, a child who would soon be a woman, stood listening intently, one brown, hard little hand on her heaving breast. Strange! She was sure she had heard it—that voice calling across the meadow, where she and the rest were playing: "Joan! Joan!"—yet it was not her mother who had summoned her.

She lifted her face to the serene heavens.

"Who called me?" she cried softly. "I am here."

"God called thee, Joan."

She clasped her hands, rough from the distaff and the shepherd crook, upon her heart. She took a forward step and trembled, yet not with fear. The radiant Beings in celestial armor, with the light of another world upon their benignant faces, were strangely familiar—it was as tho she had waited for their coming all the years of her life.

"Be good, Joan; pray much," the voice said in the ears of her soul. "God hath chosen thee to deliver France from her enemies."

"But I am so young," faltered the girl —"so frail. What can I do?"

"Wait and pray," said the vision; "the time is not yet come." And suddenly the glory of the shining armor blinded her. When she looked again, there were only the lime-trees and the white, vestal lilies and the roses steeped in the sun. She stood very still, and to her memory came the echo of other words that a wandering friar had spoken before the hearth, one wild, winter night four months agone. He had been speaking of the ruin of France, with swaggering enemies bragging in her proud cities, with starvelings for an army, and a hunted, uncrowned fugitive for a king. "Yet they say she shall not perish," the friar had said fiercely; "as she was betrayed by a woman, she shall be ransomed by a Maid."

Suppose she were the Maid? The girl's heart leapt—to restore the ancient glory of her country; to place his crown upon her king!

Yet slow tears, the patient tears of a woman, filled her eyes, as she looked about at the gentle pastures and hillsides, the small home cottage, and the village church beyond the orchard. It would be hard to leave them all. And to fight—she who had never harmed a squirrel, who shrank from the sight of suffering!

"I will pray," she thought—"I will pray to the good God to show me the way."

And from that day Joan walked apart from her playmates and her family, tho she wore garlands, and scoured her copper pans, and watched her herds upon the hillside as before. And so she grew to womanhood, with the flame that burned in her heart shining in her wide, grave eyes. Her visions came again, like a great pillar of light in the woodland shadows, like the gold of a thousand daffodils across the meadow floor. And those beautiful, sad seer-eyes of hers glanced once into other eyes, bold and beseeching and lover-like, and the brave heart nearly faltered ere she could look away.

Human love was not for her, nor the touch of her child's groping fingers on her breast, nor the homely, humble joys of home.

"I cannot love you," she told her lover quietly; "I shall never wed any man."

Her mother wept at her perversity, but her heavy-brained father scowled and swore. He had watched the girl's eagerness when a band of soldiers had marched thru the town, and he suspected a fragment of her plans.

"What ails thee, wench?" he asked her one afternoon, as he came upon her in the woodland, a slim, straight figure among her sheep, staring at unseen things with rapt eyes. "Art thou fey? What is it thou seest?"

"I was listening to my voices," said Joan, calmly. "Father, they tell me to go away from Domremy to fight for Charles —my king, and France—my country."

"A pest on thy voices," raged the

father. "Fighting's for men, not women. If I hear o' thy folly any further, I'll drown thee i' the river with my own hands!"

Joan said no more, yet her true heart was lead in her breast. For she knew that her time was almost come and that she must deceive the only souls on earth she loved. On the pretext of a visit to a friend in a market town near-by, she left her home and faced her strange destiny alone.

THE AVOWAL

The Governor of Vaucouleurs, to whom she went with her story, burst into a hearty laugh and slapped his portly sides.

'Od's fish!" he bellowed. "Thou art a warlike kitten in very sooth! Why, lass, thou'rt barely the height o' my sword-blade."

He whipped the length of steel from its scabbard and held it mockingly out, measuring. A spark sprang to the girl's meek eyes. In reply, she snatched her small dagger from the belt of her gown, and with a single blow cleft the great blade in twain.

"I may be small in stature," she said, "but God will make me great in deeds. Give me my chance. The English press our armies back on every hand. My dear king sits unthroned, uncrowned at Chinon. Send me to him. He will believe in me."

At last, in sheer weariness of her entreaties, Baudricourt agreed. He furnished a steed, a suit of mail, and a petty escort, and watched her set out to Chinon. And as she rode away, his sneering eyes grew thoughtful. A shepherd maid—yet with what dignity she rode her steed; how bravely she took to the heavy cuirass of her armor—she that had

never dressed in aught but a homespun gown!

"Strange!" he muttered. "I have heard men whisper of the coming of a Virgin to save France. What if today I have seen her with these eyes——"

The story of this shepherdess and her visions had reached the court, and Charles and his nobles had arranged a test for her. When Joan entered the audience hall, a courtier waved to the figure seated upon the throne.

"Behold the King!"

Joan glanced nor right nor left, but passed among the wondering throng of nobles, and knelt at the feet of a slight figure in shabby raiment and kist the hem of his cloak.

"My King!" she said—"my King!"

Over the bowed, brown head Charles' weak, handsome young face flushed red with amaze. Then, reverently, he stooped and raised her.

"Speak," he said gently, "and I will hearken, for I believe God hath sent you to me."

"In the Church of Saint Catherine at Fierbois," said Joan, looking at him straightly, "a sword lies buried beneath the nave. Send for it; give it to me, and let me lead your armies, sire, to rescue Orleans."

"But surely you have not the strength for leading armies," said Charles, looking at her white face and the heavy armor crushing down on her slight limbs; "you would not live thru one battle, and there must be many battles ere the English are routed from French soil."

THE DEMONSTRATION

"Give me a sword and an army," said Joan, "and I shall live to see you crowned at Rheims."

And so it happened as she had said. The presence of the Virgin, with her white armor and consecrated sword, struck terror to the hearts of her enemies. She rode at the head of an army of vagabonds and ragged, starving wretches and made them heroes. To their eyes she was hardly mortal, yet the embodiment of each man's one noblest moment. To one she was woman, the

mother, the wife—the sacredness of womanhood glowed like a white flame about her; to another she was his country, his home, his patriotism; to many she was a mystic Being lent by God. Above the red waves of their battles they caught the flash of her spotless mail, and many died gladly, with her pure face for their last earthly vision.

Three months later, with the most of France rewon, Joan knelt in Rheims Cathedral, and saw the crown placed upon the head of her king.

THE CORONATION

Then only did she think of Domremy, and the meadows, gentle with wild flowers, and her tiny, bare room, where she could look out thru the orchard and watch the tapers flickering redly before the altar of the village church.

"What shall I give you?" the new king asked her. "Will it be lands, or a title, or gold? You have earned my gratitude, Joan. Ask what you will."

"Let me go home," she said wistfully, and touched her armor with quivering finger-tips. "I am so tired. I wish no more of war, nor courts, only to watch my father's flock once more on the hillside. Let me go home."

But King Charles frowned. There was much to be done yet before he could feel safe upon his throne. The English still held many cities; he could not afford to lose his Virgin warrior. And so Joan set her sad face once more toward the roar of cannon and the din of battle, and this time—God, He knows why it had to be—she was captured by the English and taken a prisoner to Rouen. They hung great chains upon her slender limbs; they mocked her man's attire, and shouted ribald insults as she passed thru the throngs to her prison. Yet she could not guess the height nor depth of man's ingratitude. It was only when she was led from her dungeon, to stand face to face with her inquisitors, that she knew that it was the French who accused her—her own people, whom she had loved so wondrously well. When she knew this, her heart broke and her spirit faltered. The fire that had kindled a

hundred thousand men to valor flickered low; the strength and the faith and the courage of her faltered; no warrior maid stood there in chains; no superwoman, only a frightened, fainting shepherdess, with the small breasts of young girlhood defined by the coarse robe they had dressed her in.

And they accused her of sorcery.

"Nay, no demons told me to do what I did," she told them eagerly. "I saw visions and heard voices, it is true, but they were of Heaven, not of hell."

They plied her with questions, these learned lawyers; they tried to trip her into false admissions, to confuse that straight, true glance of hers. And they tried in vain. Then, because they could not cope with her soul, they wreaked their will on her frail body—that body that wore in its soft woman-flesh the stamp of cruel wounds borne for France; the body that had forbidden itself human ecstasies and joys that it might be consecrated wholly to France. They heated their cruel irons; they brought their pincers and racks and forced her to confess herself a devil who was one of the saints of God.

"Confess that your voices were those of demons," they urged her. "If you will admit it, your life shall be spared. If not, you shall be burned at the stake as a witch and a sorceress."

The hot iron hissed on her white flesh, and she spoke without the knowledge of her words, and fell fainting into the arms of her torturers. When she opened her eyes, the walls of her cell bound her in—gray walls, clammy to the touch, cold, pitiless. She lay supine on her straw—oftentimes in the past she had been able to bring back Domremy; the sweet, hot scent of her roses, drugged with sun; the flickering lights of her woods; the shy blooms on the pastures, and her white sheep.

THE TRIAL

But now the vision was lost, shut out by the gray stone walls. She was all alone and terribly friendless, and, what was worse, she had denied herself—she had wronged her Heavenly visitants.

Against the gray walls, what a red-and-golden splendor! In the chill silence, what a thrilling voice!

She stretched her arms, and joy filled her pain-drawn face.

"My vision," she murmured, "speak to me! Tell me what I shall do!"

"Do not fear death," the visions said ringingly. "It is a glorious thing to die for the truth—a happy thing."

The visions faded, but their light on the white face did not fade. It was on it still when she faced her accusers and renounced her confession; it was on it when she listened to her doom, and it was on it when they led her forth to die.

In the market square of Rouen a great stake stood with faggots heaped about it. To the stake they bound Joan, and she looked into their faces with a dreamy smile.

"How young she is!" whispered the throng uneasily. "She does not seem afraid——"

No, she was not afraid. She did not hear the crackle of the faggots about her feet—only a sound of long-ago, her mother singing a lullaby, and the bees humming——

She did not smell the thick smoke that blew across her lifted face, only the scent of roses in a garden far away.

She did not see the cruel red of the hot breath; only she saw great, golden gates swinging open to her, and a glory was in her eyes. And so,

THE TORTURE

THE BURNING

" smiling, she stepped out of life as joyously as in the old days at Domremy she had stepped from the dark kitchen of her father's house into the open day.

Another of God's own had sought the cross
That marks the summit of the thornéd way;
Another child of His had shed the dross
Of purple robes—a princeling's panoply.

The road to martyrdom is not of dreams,
Nor fashioned from a suit of armor bright;
The ruddy steel within the soul brings gleams
That fends the frail flesh thru the tortured night.

The bleeding hands of Calvary's bare crest,
The burning bosom of Rouen's flat plain,
Are but the gath'ring to The Father's breast
Of Son and Daughter who have felt no pain.

Geraldine Farrar placing a wreath on the statue of Joan of Arc in Los Angeles

VALESKA SURATT IN "THE SIREN" (FOX)

Censoring the Film Kiss

By HECTOR AMES

A rippling laugh of jingling joy, a regular Minnehaha, rose above the beehive hum of industry that hangs about the Balboa studio, the other morning, and the publicity man at once Hawkshawed over to inquire into the disturbance. Not that laughs are a rarity at the home of Balboa Feature Films; not at all, but this laugh was so all-pervasive, so gurgling and so ricocheting, as it were, that something had to be done about it to prevent the entire film village going into hysterics. There, on the stage, Ruth Roland, Balboa beauty, was discovered as the guilty party. She was reading a Topeka, Kansas, paper, and punctuating the paragraphs with delicious little yelps of joy. The publicity man took the paper away from Ruth, and this is what he read—it's cruel to give it to you, patient reader, but you, also, must bear your part of the white man's burden:

"S. M. Brewster, attorney-general, has announced the unofficial 'kissing' rules of the state appeal board, which handles the appeals of the movie picture companies from the decisions of W. D. Ross, state movie censor. The board consists of the attorney-general, the governor, and the secretary of state. Charles Sessions, private secretary, usually repre-

sents the governor. Brewster is represented by one of his assistants a large share of the time, and Tom Botkin, secretary of state, passes the duty around among his assistants.

"There has been some dispute as to how long a kiss should be allowed on a screen in Kansas. Brewster maintained that circumstances alter cases, and proposed the following sliding scale — it should be remembered that one foot of film ordinarily means one second of time to the movie fan:

INEZ BAUER ROBERT ELLIS
SCENE FROM "THE GLORY OF YOUTH" (KALEM)

"First sweetheart or stolen kiss, commonly known as the 'grab-it-and-run,' three feet.

"Second sweetheart kiss, fifteen feet.

"After marriage of one year, twenty-five feet.

"After five years, six feet.

"After twenty years, no limit at all,

(*Continued on page* 166)

VALESKA SURATT AS THE VAMPIRE IN "THE SOUL OF BROADWAY"

A Siren At Home

By LILLIAN MAY

THERE are various types of sirens and vampires, but Valeska Suratt is, seemingly, the wickedest of them all. She was strangely fascinating in "The Immigrant"—her characteristic and peculiar style of hair-dressing seemed to fit the character, and the character fitted her.

But in "The Soul of Broadway" she is daring, charming, alluring and repelling all at once. As one follows the beautiful and soul-wrecking siren thru the scenes of this play, it seems impossible that she could be a regular person, or any real person at all. And upon being invited to visit her at her home, I must confess that I was equally curious and fearful, being afraid I did not know the secret of making friends with a vampire lady.

I was met at the door of the apartment by a maid. "Yes'm, Miss Suratt she expects you, but she is not home yet; you are to come in and wait, miss," she said. Upon being shown into the living-room, I fairly gasped with astonishment—I was standing in one of the famous black-and-white rooms depicted on the screen in "The Soul of Broadway."

It was startling, enchanting, charming, yes—and restful. In the first place, the room was very large—the size of four ordinary apartment rooms. The walls were a creamy white with black figures. The floor was covered with thick, black carpet, relieved here and there with rugs of black-and-white check.

The small-paned windows opened in—letting in the cool, evening air and, incidentally, the dim roar of Broadway from the street far below—and had dainty curtains of black-and-white stripes. The portières were of the same material. The furniture must have been made to order—the couches, divans and chairs being of quaint and artistic design, upholstered with black with pipings of

Photo copyright Hixon Connelly

VALESKA SURATT IN "THE SOUL OF BROADWAY" (FOX)

white, and with black and white cushions. Under one window stood a marble bench, or window-seat, upheld by pieces of statuary. On either side of the door were pieces of statuary; also two mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, reflecting a life-size and very lovely painting of Miss Suratt on the opposite side of the room.

Across one corner of the room was a grand piano with cover of black-and-white, and near it a wonderful lamp; but

here I was aroused from my trance of admiration and observation, and became aware that Miss Suratt had entered and was coming toward me with outstretched hand and friendly, welcoming smile.

A wicked siren? A home-wrecking vampire? Not a bit of it. The Valeska Suratt who has been called "a riot of clothes," competent to give points to any clothes-wearing creature in the world? It couldn't be. And yet it was. But now, coming in from work, she wore a simple little gown of rose-color; a silk sweater of the same color hung carelessly over one arm. She removed her black sailor-hat, and revealed the wonderful dark hair with auburn tints, drawn back from her face in that strangely becoming fashion. Her manner was calm, quiet, and her voice low as she talked in friendly fashion. It gave me courage to ask the question which heretofore would have seemed incongruous.

"Are you interested in things pertaining to the home?" Her face brightened.

"Indeed I am! I dont mean I can cook, because I cant very much. But, if I married a poor man, I could learn, and I would cook something besides bacon and eggs, too! I have my French cook whom I have had eleven years (speaks pretty well for my disposition, doesn't it?). That's what I have her for—to do the cooking. But I love my home and everything about it. Mother and I had our home together as long as she lived. I am alone now, but I could not live without a place to really relax and rest in. My home is the biggest comfort in life to me. Do you like my living-room, and isn't it refreshing?"

"That's just it!" I said, "and I couldn't think of the word. But that expresses it. It *is* refreshing, and different, and quite wonderful."

"It was the first black-and-white room in New York," she said. "I designed it all, and made most of the cushions and draperies. I also design all my own clothes. In fact, I can sew to some advantage, too, and I can trim my own hats. I keep two women busy with my clothes, but that belongs to my work; and aside from my work I have very little time for anything else. My life is just work, and then home.

"Screen work is hard work, but most interesting. There will be no more song and dance for me," confided Miss Suratt, referring to past vaudeville days, "tho I might go into spoken drama."

"You look and act dreadfully wicked on the screen, Miss Suratt," I said at parting. "And I'm glad you let me come to see you, for now I shall always think of you as just a regular person."

And she smiled in sympathetic understanding.

Abou Ben Film Star

(Apologies to Leigh Hunt)

By E. W. TEITZEL

ABOU BEN FILM STAR (five thou' his weekly dole)
Awoke one night, after a trying rôle,
And saw within his cozy bungalow,
Lighting it with a Cooper-Hewitt glow,
The Great Director writing in a book of gold.
His thrilling stunts had made Ben Film Star bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"Scenario?" The vision shook its head
And, with Director's voice that carried far,
Replied: "I write the name of each sincere screen star."
"Of course I'm down," said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Great Director. Abou answered low,
"I've never shirked, however poor my part,
Nor let a 'double' take a risky part."
The vision did a fade-out. The next night
He came again in his fierce C.-H. light,
And showed his list of stars, and—well, I'm blessed,
Abou Ben Film Star's name led all the rest.

THE WRECK SCENE FROM "WHISPERING SMITH" (SIGNAL)

Big Scoops Captured by Movie Newspaper Men

By ERNEST A. DENCH

WHEN it comes to scoops, the animated newspaperman is quite as enterprising, if not more, as his press brother.

He has the "nose" for news, as witness the recent New York subway disaster. It occurred on a Wednesday, the release day of the Animated Weekly. Jack Cohn, the editor, and three of his assistants walked into the studio on Eleventh Avenue at eight A. M. when they heard the explosion on Seventh Avenue. They possessed that fifth sense, and within fifteen minutes were hard at work. Their cameras clicked to the tune of two hundred and fifty feet, which was inserted in the current edition, but before room could be found two hundred and fifty feet of edited negatives had to be sacrificed, for the issue had already been sent to "bed." The same evening the event was seen by patrons of the Strand Theater.

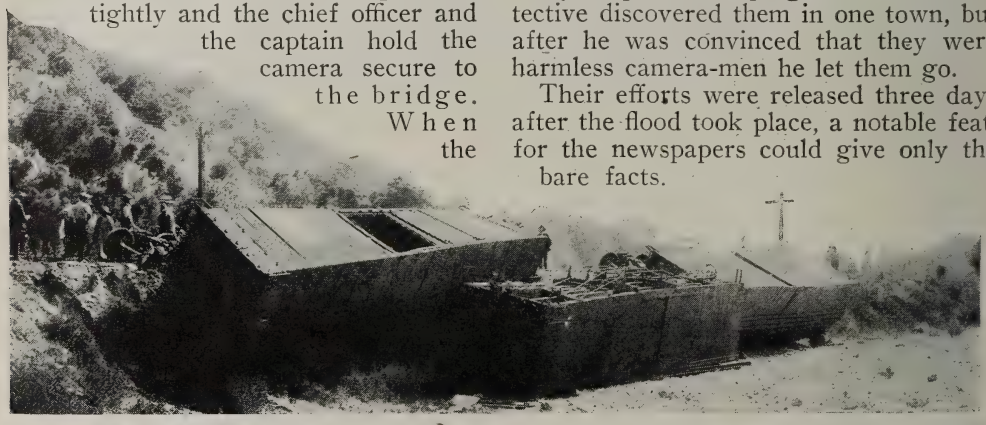
One of the greatest scoops in the history of topical cinematography was the film which depicted the collision between the *Empress of Britain* and the *Helvetia* in mid-ocean. It so happened that a camera-man was on board the former liner, and, altho a dense fog hid everything from view, he promptly turned the crank. In the film, the only discernible object at first was a black hull, but the sulphur-colored fog-banks added a picturesque touch.

Fortunately, however, when the crew were rescued from the sinking collier, the fog had abated somewhat, and the cinematographer was therefore able to obtain some striking rescue views. He waited to film the ship as she gradually sank.

Another camera-man crossed from America to Europe, some years ago, on a special assignment. Half-way across the Atlantic, a storm, the likes of which had

not been experienced by the oldest navigator on the steamer, sprang up. All thought the ocean liner was going to be wrecked, but the plucky operator did not let the opportunity pass. He started to obtain wave-pictures from the vantage of an open door. A steward assisted to steady the tripod, only a heavy wave descended over the side of the ship with such terrific force that it sent the filming party sprawling in a confused heap. When the operator regained his feet, he found himself standing one hundred feet away.

Undaunted, he persuaded the captain to allow him to work on the bridge. This time he had two sailors cling to him tightly and the chief officer and the captain hold the camera secure to the bridge. When the wave formed, the operator got busy, but he did not bargain for being soaked to the skin twice, altho his stay on the bridge did not exceed three minutes. He secured a unique negative, so could well endure the hardships.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRECK IN "WHISPERING SMITH" (SIGNAL)

Early in April, 1913, when the Dayton flood monopolized the front pages in the newspapers, the Essanay Company was first in the field.

A squad of their operators covered Dayton like a map before others were on the job. Their adventures, if related at length, would fill a good-sized volume, for the cinematographers were put under military guard for a while, had to wade thru slimy mud three feet deep and make their way thru wreckage in boats where the water was too deep.

As the city was under martial law, the "curfew" was rung at six P. M. This hit the operators hard, as they had worked strenuously to obtain three reels of snappy negative. They took a chance, however, thru the guarded streets, and were challenged at every half-mile by troopers. Once they failed to respond, but a bullet, which whizzed by uncomfortably near, put them wise.

Their haste was luckily realized by a captain, who escorted them to the railroad station. The previous waste of time caused them to lose the last passenger train, but rather than wait until morning, they boarded a coal-car attached to the military freight-train. They again ran risks, for soldiers searched the train at every stop for escaping looters. A detective discovered them in one town, but after he was convinced that they were harmless camera-men he let them go.

Their efforts were released three days after the flood took place, a notable feat, for the newspapers could give only the bare facts.

An unusual stunt was pulled off at the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon. The ceremony ended at four in the afternoon, and special messengers for one of the animated newspapers relieved the operators of their film and dashed thru the assembled crowd to make for the auto a mile away, the nearest it could get because of the strict police regulations.

The motor-car, with the films on board, reached Bangor, where the films were deposited on the special train. To save further delay, the negatives were developed on the journey in the temporary dark-rooms. It was due to these expensive methods that the film was shown in London, two hundred miles distant, the same evening.

The European scoop of 1914 was pulled off by a British cinematographer,

who covered the visit of the King and Queen of England to France in an unusual manner.

The royal visitors crossed the Channel from Dover to Calais in their private yacht, but B. C. Hucks, the well-known aviator, escorted the vessel in his eighty-horse-power Bleriot monoplane.

As you know, it is extremely difficult to secure good pictures from a flying machine, but one animated newspaperman decided to try his luck with the newly invented tripodless camera. He therefore accompanied Mr. Hucks in his machine and secured some unusual views.

But Hucks helped him to obtain a double scoop. As he reached Calais, he stopped sufficiently long to allow the operator to dismount and continue his work on terra firma. The aviator carried several boxes of exposed film as freight and arrived in London on the afternoon of the same day. The films were hastily developed and printed and shown at the matinée performance of the London Coliseum.

The Pathé Weekly operator experienced an advance sample of the European war at the Colorado miners' strike. Victor Miller, the plucky operator, worked in an exposed position at Ludlow, even tho the bullets from the machine-guns flew about his body.

"It was too rare a chance for a battle picture for me to think of anything else but the work before me," said Miller, in an interview. "Occasionally I involuntarily dodged and ducked my head as a bullet whizzed closer than usual, but aside from these incidents I took little if any note of my danger."

Big is the history of daring adventure spun by camera-men in search of up-to-the-minute news. In the siege of the auto bandits in Paris, in which several soldiers were killed, a fearless camera-man set up his instrument under the very noses of the bandits and let them blaze away at him, hit or miss. Splinters were knocked out of his camera-box, but that very night the result of his daring efforts was exhibited to Paris audiences.

IN WRECK SCENES LIKE THIS REAL CARS AND ENGINES ARE PURCHASED ONLY TO BE DESTROYED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CAMERA-MAN. IN REAL ACCIDENTS HE IS SELDOM PRESENT

And the story of the movie men on the firing-line in the present great war is yet to be told. They run a great risk, for their cameras are often mistaken for machine-guns and are made the targets of the enemy.

The very next time you see a scoop on the screen, think of the operator who obtained it.

OUR OWN MOVING PICTURES, FEATURING CHAWLIE

U.S. TIME
CAFE
THE BEST MEAL IN EL PASO FOR TWO BITS
PAPER SAYS ARMY TRUCK DRIVERS ARE IN DEMAND — THEY OFFER $75 A MONTH AND EXPERIENCED MEN OVER AGE ARE ENLISTED. BOARD INCLUDED
SO?
GETTING A LITTLE EXPERIENCE AND LOTS OF ATMOSPHERE.
WHOA! NICE BOSSY!
IT'S A LONG WAYS BETWEEN PUMPS ON THE BORDER.
COLUMBUS, N.M. 70 MI.
DON'T GET RATTLED, CHARLIE
I THINK YOU CAN DRIVE A TRUCK, EH? HAD ANY EXPERIENCE?
SURE! I'VE WORKED WITH HORSES ALL MY LIFE!
HORSE HORNS
BUT THESE ARE AUTO TRUCKS!
OOF!!
JUST GOT IN, HEY? WELL, THERE'S A HEAP TO SIGHTS! A LOOK AT THE U.S. BATTLESHIPS COMIN' UP THE RIO GRANDE
EXCUSE ME, BUT WHERE IS THE MAJESTIC RIO GRANDE?
INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE
RIGHT UNDER YOU, FRESH!
VIVA VILLA!
VIVA ZAPATA
VIVA CARRANZA!
QUACK IS RIGHT!
JUAREZ
QUACK!
RIO GRANDE
STRANDED IN MIDSTREAM
DAIRY PRODUCTS
BUTTER & EGGS
EGGS NOT LAID
CHEESE
WOW! WHAT WAS THAT?
THAT'S A SHELL FROM ONE OF THE BATTLE-SHIPS!
CHAPLIN, YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO THE CAVALRY. GO AND SELECT YOUR MOUNT
I FEAR HE'LL NEVER DO; HIS SPRINGS ARE TOO STIFF
I CERTAINLY SHALL PASS YOU UP, MAUD, YOUR MANNERS INDICATE A LACK OF CULTURE.
I LETH GOOD BUT EYES BAD. NO, I MUST SEEK FURTHER FOR MY IDEAL
ALMOST A "CLOSE UP"
GUESS I'LL TAKE THIS ONE, CAP. KEEP WHAT COST SO MUCH

Note elaborate sets of real Mexican scenery, horses, mules, ducks and other rare specimens. The Mutual

CHAPLIN, IN 31 SPASMS, DIRECTED BY HI SIBLEY

SEE HERE, CHARLIE, WE CAN'T HAVE NO LOAFERS 'ROUND CAMP! TAKE THIS AXE AND HUSTLE US SOME FIREWOOD
SHINE A LEG, THERE, SON!
VOICE OF OLD MAN CHAMPERROUS
MESQUITE WITH THORNS SHARP AS VICTORIA NEEDLES
HEY, YOUNG FELLER, YOU KNOW I'M WAITIN' ON YE?
AGAIN THAT STRIDENT VOICE
NOT TODAY, CAMPESINO, WE'VE MET BEFORE
SAY, FER PETE'S SAKE!
GOSH, CAN THAT BE A PORCUPINE?
SPANISH NEEDLE-WITH INVISIBLE SPIKES
CHING!
MOST ALWAYS I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP ME LOOK FAR ENOUGH.
GREAT SCOTT! HUNGRY AGAIN, PIMENTO? SEEMS TO ME THAT APPETITE IS ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO YOU
WELL, I'LL LEAD YOU TO THE FINEST THISTLE PATCH IN CHIHUAHUA
BAILED HAY FOR THE CAVIAR
SNIFF!
MY WORD! ARE MY EYES GOING BACK ON ME?
UPON THIS SPOT WAS ONCE A DONK.
I SEE YOU BEHIND THAT TUMBLE WEED, YOU PLAYFUL LITTLE RASCAL, YOU
I'LL TEACH YOU TO LEAVE THE ASSERMER'S WATER HOLE TO GET FRESH WATER FOR US RESIDENTS!
CRUNCH!
MEX BEAN FARMS REDUCING EXERCISES
ALL RIGHT, THEN, GET YOUR HAT AND SHAKE A LEG.
PIMENTO!
FRIJOLE!
WHERE, O WHERE IS MY LITTLE GRAY STEED?
BUT I WILL HELP YOU FIND THOSE DONK FOR TWO PESOS
DUENOS DIAS, HOMBRE. HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A MOTH-EATEN, OBSTINATE LITTLE RAT OF A DONKEY AROUND HERE?
NO, SENOR
THE CALL OF THE WILD
PIMENTO APPEARS TO BE TRUANT THIS MORNING.

paid $670,000 for Mr. Chaplin's services, but we are free to admit that they did not cost us near that.

Whether anchored in an easy-chair in the library, or resting in the hay-loft after fussing with the horses, the Motion Picture Magazine is a luxury. Ask Ruth Roland (above) or Pearl White (below)—they will tell you so.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

WITH the enrollment of Vitagraph, under the Barrymore-Drew family *famille*. There are Mr. and Drew, who is Sidney Drew's niece, Lionel Barrymore and S. Rankin Drew, recently of Metro banner, the famous is now all assembled *en* Mrs. Sidney Drew; S. Rankin son; and his nephew and Ethel Barrymore.

At last Theda Bara yearns for an honorable love, even tho a tragic one. "Romeo and Juliet" will satisfy her to her heart's content. Harry Hilliard will be her Great Lover, and even little Katherine and Jane Lee will be found in the production.

"Miss George Washington," the girl who could not tell the truth, is the fanciful story which Marguerite Clark will next tell on the screen to her friends, and thus prove that her elfin self has decided to remain for some time to come "The Darling of the Film Gods."

Katherine Lewis is the fortunate young actress chosen to play opposite Earle Williams in a forthcoming James Oliver Curwood photodrama. This is Miss Lewis' first offense in big company, but she has won her spurs thru numerous exquisite portrayals in small parts.

Here are a big news item and a romantic rumor attendant. The cold fact is that Norma Talmadge is organizing her own producing company, and the romantic rumor running with it is that she is engaged to be married to the coming president of her new screen destinies.

One of the best known and beloved of Studio-land's little children, Jane Lee, recently was badly bitten by a Russian wolfhound. She was immediately taken to the Pasteur Institute for treatment and observation, and it is believed that the outcome will not be fatal, nor even dangerous.

Florence LaBadie lost her breath and almost her life in the taking of a recent Thanhouser scene. The star was supposed to stagger out into the road and to be almost hit by a whirling auto. Her sense of realism carried her a bit too far, and she was knocked down and run over.

Wally Van, the "Cutey" and co-star of Lillian Walker in former days, and recently a Vitagraph director, has left for pastures new. Whether he will again act, or direct others along the celluloid path to fame, is still unknown.

Cupid is rampant in Los Angeles, and even the most hardened bachelors cant tell where the love-germ will strike in next. Among the latest victims are James Kirkwood, who is surrendering his bachelorhood to Gertrude Robinson; Max Dill, who becomes the husband of one of his own players, Josephine Clark; and Director Hal Roach, of the Rolin Company, who has decided that hereafter his leading lady, Marguerite Nichols, shall direct him.

Elliott Dexter is back pretty close to the "three-a-day," the theatrical term for vaudeville. Recently he started his morning's work in some scenes as leading man for Marie Doro. Without a stop for lunch, he supported Blanche Sweet, and in the evening played hero to Mae Murray.

Anita Stewart celebrated her recovery from her recent attack of typhoid by purchasing another car. "The Wood Nymph" now houses a flock of three buzz-wagons in her garage, and her solicitude for them takes second place only to her family kennel of pets.

And now for the passing parade! William Garwood has deserted Universal for his first love, the stage; Frances Nelson switches from Mutual to Metro; Belle Bruce has decided upon the same diet; while Nell Shipman surrenders to Lasky, and, in one breath, Stuart Holmes, Olga Gray and Leo Delaney enroll with Sawyer.

Marin Sais, "The Girl from 'Frisco," is not looking for physical exercise these days. Crowded into her latest episode are more perils than would come to the ordinary girl in the course of a lifetime. Marin rides bareback, falls off a horse, jumps off a cliff and takes a flying leap from a train into the river. "The episode is fiction, but the stunts aint," says Marin.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Mary Pickford, in her latest picture, "Less Than the Dust," may be with you on November 6th. As eighty theaters can show little Mary each evening—a record number for a feature play.

Edith Storey has decided to become a saleswoman for a month. Vitagraph's versatile star has started West, and will make a personal appearance in fifty theaters while on tour to the West Coast. On her arrival in Los Angeles, Miss Storey will take the stellar rôle in a play that is awaiting her in Vitagraph's Los Angeles studio.

James Morrison has been so long with the Vitagraph Company that he deserves a paragraph to himself. And now, after the completion of "The Battle Cry of War," which counts up as the hundred and first drama in his long list of successes, "Jimmy" is about to cast his fortunes with the Ivan Company.

Richard Cotton, well known in the studio colony of Chicago, and for two years a prominent character-actor in the Essanay Company, was recently killed in the performance of his duty, by being run over by a speeding automobile.

Reversing the usual order of things, Lou-Tellegen is about to leave the Lasky studio to appear upon the stage. His dramatic vehicle will also shatter precedents, as it will be a speaking version of one of his screen successes.

Out in Hollywood, the photoplayers' Mecca, they are all "het up" over the proposition to build a beautiful clubhouse to house the social activities of the Hollywood Players Club. Wallace Reid is slated as its first president, and Juanita Hansen is chairman of the Women's Committee.

Pearl White now has her work cut out for the ensuing year. The champion perilist will become an American Joan of Arc in her new serial, "Pearl of the Army," by endeavoring to awaken America to the real perils surrounding her.

A very discreet gossip has told us that "Fatty" Arbuckle is about to follow in Charlie Chaplin's footsteps, and will start his own company with the new year. Said gossip also whispers that Al St. John is trailing along with his side-partner.

Grace Darling, the heroine of the "Beatrice Fairfax" series, is doing a decidedly original stunt to keep other actresses from "stealing her make-up." A plaster replica of her features has been sent to the patent office, and a patent is asked for.

Here is another big gulp of transfers all in one dose: Nat Goodwin has formed his own company with nary an ex-wife in his support; Eleanor Woodruff has returned to the stage; Mary Charleson has been engaged to play opposite Henry Walthall in his coming super-feature, "The Truant Soul"; Wallace Beery has embarked from Universal for shores unknown; "Smiling" Billy Mason has transferred his pleasant countenance from Pallas to Fox; Louise Vale, Donald Hall and Frankie Mann have all received passes to Ivan; Fritzi Brunette is leaving Selig, probably to tread the boards again; and Harry Carey has loped from Universal to Fox.

Our old Hibernian friend, Kate Price, after "a wee bit of a palaver" with Keystone, has squatted in Vim territory.

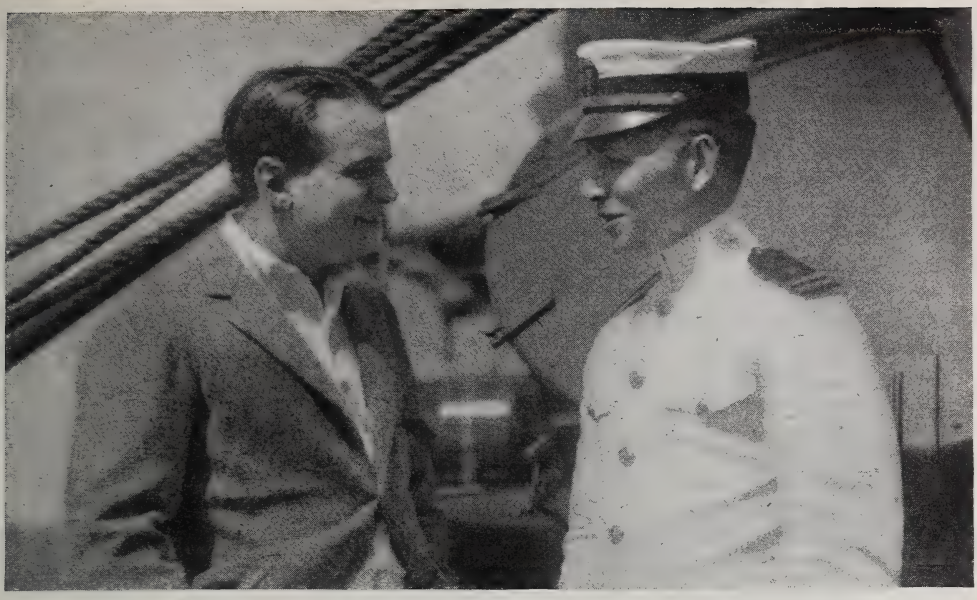
Charlotte Walker, of stage fame, joined the Thanhouser Company on the same day that Marie Shotwell left the New Rochelle star-hatchery for the stage.

Thomas Meighan, the husky Lasky star, is trying to persuade the mother of the baby used in "The Heir to the Hoorah" to permit him to adopt it. The mother, wise woman, is holding off, as she does not feel that the Los Angeles Athletic Club is quite the proper nursery for her darling.

Lucille Lee Stewart recently was a guest at the Printing and Allied Trades Exposition in Madison Square Garden. She sang a soprano solo, and lead the grand march with Huntley Gordon, her leading man.

William S. Hart is enjoying, or not enjoying, as the case may be, an enforced rest, owing to a badly bruised knee. The accident occurred when he was jumping his horse, Fritz, thru the window of a Western saloon.

Jackie Saunders is visiting in New York on her way to Bermuda, where she goes for a well-earned rest. *En passant*, she will try to "find" herself. She quite lost her personality in the various different rôles assumed in "The Grip of Evil," such as a dancing-teacher, a stenographer, a department-store salesgirl, a factory-worker and a society butterfly.



American Aristocracy

Triangle · by
ROBERT J. SHORES

As I stepped aside to avoid the rushing motor, there was a sudden shrieking of brakes, and the great car came to a halt, skidding dangerously. The girl at the wheel vaulted over the side of the long, low touring-car and glided toward me, her motor-veil streaming out in the quick breeze. As I endeavored to recover my dignity, somewhat impaired by my jump to safety, she came directly up to me. But, instead of asking me about the road, as I fully expected her to do, she stepped quickly to my side, and, turning upon me two of the most glorious eyes it has ever been my good fortune to behold, she flung both arms around my neck and—kist me! Kist me squarely upon the mouth, and rushed back to the automobile, leapt into the seat, and started her engine before I could recover my breath. In a single second it was over; but my heart was pounding, my head swimming, and every vein in my body was singing a pean of victory, for I knew that I had found her—found the one girl worth while, the one and only girl who was destined from the beginning of the world to bear the name of Mrs. Cassius Lee!—found her, only to lose her, for, as I started forward in pursuit, the big touring-car gathered momentum, and the vision of loveliness, which had bestowed so unexpected a largess upon me, disappeared down the roadway in a cloud of dust. There is no accounting for what one will do in a moment of intense emotional excitement. I have heard of a man who attempted to stop his car, when the brake slipped, by getting in front of it and pushing it back. Frankly, I thought him an ass to try it, but now I admit that perhaps he was merely excited. For I did something very nearly as foolish—I set

out on a mad run in a wild attempt to overtake the automobile.

And then I brought up short, as suddenly as I had started. Where was I going? It was impossible for me to overtake the machine, and if I did overtake it, what should I say to this goddess of the petrol chariot, who rushed about the country kissing strange young men? What could one say in such a situation? "Thank you" would seem rather inadequate, however heartfelt the inflection, and I always was, I trust, too much of a gentleman to look a gift kiss in the mouth. No, I must accept the fortune the gods sent and be content. Here was I, Cassius Lee, scion of the American aristocracy, dusty and distrait, panting in the wake of a strange automobile bearing a stranger young woman of unknown antecedents and unconventional manners! What would my aristocratic mamma say to such a picture? What, indeed, would my estimable and highly practical pater think of his romantic offspring? And when it came to that, what would Uncle Sam, or his representatives in Washington, think of a Secret Service agent who spent his valuable time in running down a thief who had stolen nothing more valuable than a kiss?

Nothing more valuable, did I say? I would swear that there was not, and never had been, such another kiss in the world. And to think that I had never suspected that I possessed such a thing to be stolen! Who would not feel justified in attempting to recover his property under such provocative conditions? Besides, the thing appealed to that very love of adventure and mystery which had led me to turn down cold my dad's generous offer of a seat upon the Stock Exchange and to enroll, instead, in the most active branch of the United States Secret Service—the diplomatic police; a position which now brought me to the fashionable summer resort, where I had not been since I had been a child of leisure. Some one—the Government was keenly anxious to discover his identity—was mixing into Mexican affairs in a way which the Administration did not like. "Cassius," the Chief had said—he called me that because he knew I preferred to be called almost anything else—"Cassius, this person who is annoying the Administration is somewhere along the Atlantic Coast, and it is up to you to locate him." So I had come to the shore. The Chief was not a bad fellow, outside of his annoying habit of calling me by my unchristian name, which always made me feel like an assassin.

I had come down to the shore, and now, on my second day, I was ready to forget that there ever was such a place as Mexico, just because a beautiful girl had kist me without being invited. A disquieting thought stole into my mind. Suppose this young woman should turn out to be an agent of the enemy? Suppose she should turn out to be one of those diplomatic sirens set to dog the steps of the honest agents of the Government and divert them from their duty, leading them into various embarrassing and costly blunders? Well, if she were, I would be justified in tracking her down and discovering what lay at the root of her plan of campaign. Now I had a good excuse for following her, and I lost no time in setting about what seemed to me now to be my obvious duty. A young woman who goes about showering unsolicited, tho deeply appreciated, kisses upon Government secret agents is a dangerous person to be at large and should be apprehended without delay. I would apprehend her.

This was easier said than done. As I rounded the curve in the road, the big summer hotel was outlined majestically against the sky. I quickened my steps as I sighted my goal. Here, if anywhere, I would get some trace of my vanished siren. But distances are deceiving. The building looked near, but it was still a long way off. As I came up to the great, stone entrance to the driveway, a child stepped in front of me. I started to brush by her, but she detained me with a light touch on my arm, and I bought some flowers. I could have picked them less expensively, but then I should not have been rewarded with the smile which was now bestowed upon me. A smile is always a pretty thing, and just now I regarded it as an omen.

As I continued up the drive, a motor-horn rasped its discourteous warning, and for the second time that day I leapt

CASSIUS IS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE AT LAST WITH "MISS BEAUTIFUL AUTOMOBILE LADY WHO KISSES STRANGE YOUNG MEN"

aside to safety, and for the second time received a shock of surprise which brought me up standing. In the mirror attached to the wind-shield of the car I caught a glimpse of a man's face, so like my own that I could not have believed it belonged to another, if it had not been for an evil sneer which turned down the corners of the lips. In another moment the car was by, and the shoulders of the man who sat hunched in the tonneau-seat seemed to shrug in disdain of the silly pedestrian who jumped so agilely.

Coming up to the hotel, my memory began to recall the place as I had seen it when a boy. Wandering in and out of the corridors and thru the drawing-rooms, I kept up my search for the young lady of the motor, but in vain. She was nowhere to be seen. It was not yet the hour for dining, and few of the guests were in the restaurant. I was not hungry, except for another sight of her face, and I was ashamed to stand in the doorway any longer. One couldn't well ask to page a young woman with no better description than I could offer. Fancy a bellboy going about among the tables calling out, "Miss Beautiful Automobile Lady Who Kisses Strange Young Men!" It was not to be thought of. I slipped a bill into the hand of the captain. "I dont want to eat just now," I said, and I felt the hot blood mounting up under my collar as he looked at me curiously; "I just want to look about for a—a friend." For a moment he hesitated. It was a highly respectable hotel, and the formation of casual dinner acquaintances was not encouraged. However, after a second glance he appeared to recognize the hallmarks of sobriety and decorum in my countenance, for he stepped politely to one side, and by a gesture indicated that the dining-room was mine if I desired it.

As I was half-way down the length of the room, I thought I saw her and changed my mind about my appetite. After all, I was hungry enough to eat, or, at least, to order something. So I chose a seat conveniently near, where I might pursue a policy of watchful waiting until a certain well-remembered face might be turned in my direction. Still the young woman did not turn around. Tables upon either side of me filled, and certain persons, who consumed their dinners with what I considered improper haste, finished and departed, and still the young woman obdurately kept her countenance turned from me. Vainly I summoned to my aid the power of the occult, which is said to convey, by means of some sixth sense, the fact that a person is staring at the back of one's head and to make one, willy-nilly, face about. Right there I lost my faith in mental telepathy. Still I lingered in the wild hope that my desire would be fulfilled. I ordered coffee for the second time, tho I knew I did not want it. I should not sleep that night, in any case, if I did not succeed in locating the fair unknown, so what did an extra cup or two of coffee matter?

The telepathy which had failed to work for me worked for some one else. I found one of my neighbors watching me with a very suspicious look in her eye. I knew instinctively that she had observed my absorption in the young woman of the adjacent table. I flushed uncomfortably as my eyes sought the menu. And there, at the foot of the bill-of-fare, I read a line of heaven-sent information, which set my pulses singing: "Dancing in the Ball-room Every Evening from Eight until Twelve." Oh, divine words of inspiration! Where else should my goddess of the car spend a summer evening?

And then, suddenly, when I had given up hope that she would ever do so, the young woman, upon whom I had so long centered my regard, turned and faced me. Alas! It was not my young lady of the motor. Pretty enough, perhaps, but it was not she whom I had sought. Charming, doubtless, but *she* had not kist me by the roadside. I cared nothing further for this young woman of the aloof countenance, and I lingered no longer in the dining-room. As I passed the captain, he leaned forward, confidentially, and remarked, "I see you chew your food properly, sir. There are so few who will take the time to eat as they should. It is a great thing, sir; now, I chew every bite at least thirty times." I wanted to tell him that I thought such stuff silly rot, but what can a man say when he has sat for two hours over his dinner?

CASSIUS LEE, GOVERNMENT SLEUTH, PURSUES HIS QUARRY

As I passed out of the dining-room, I began to doubt myself. Would I recognize my goddess if I were to see her again? I had blundered in the dining-room; might I not be mistaken when I really saw the object of my search? No! My heart assured me that there was no danger of that. It was only natural that I should have been fooled by a chance resemblance—a little trick of holding the head—since I had such short aquaintance with the lady of my quest; and is not the lover always seeking some resemblance to his loved one in her absence? That is, I verily believe, the secret of masculine infidelity, where it exists, and the only valid excuse of recreant lovers—that God has made so many women who look and act like one another!

A lonely turn on the board-walk brought depression to my spirits. Would I have to go on always vainly seeking this young Hebe of the roadside who had brought me the nectar of the gods? I am not a religious man as pious people go. I find my faith in the fields and woods rather than in the cathedrals, and I prefer the prayers of birds to those of bishops; but there came into my mind the words, "Seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive," and, freshly heartened for my quest, I returned to my quarters, where I arrayed myself for the evening. Clad in the white trousers and dark

jacket which do duty as evening dress at such places, I sought the ball-room, where I hoped to locate my divinity. As I was standing in the doorway, in the shadow of the hangings, a hotel porter slipped up beside me and thrust a scrap of paper into my hand. I turned to look for the girl, but she was nowhere to be seen. Thinking that the note must be from her, I opened it and read the words on the slip. To my surprise it was in cipher—the Ewing cryptograph, which I had recently mastered in connection with a case involving international relations. Recalling the key-word, I deciphered the following message: "Horton, twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. Ship tomorrow. Yacht waiting."

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Lee," came a courteous voice at my elbow, and, raising my eyes from the paper, I encountered those of the assistant manager of the hotel. "Good-evening," he repeated, looking at me keenly. "You look disturbed. No bad news, I hope?" As a matter of fact it should have been the best news imaginable for a sleuth keen on the scent of his quarry, but somehow I had lost my zest for government business for the nonce, and, important as was the information contained in this bit of paper, I did not relish it, for it recalled me to my duty and bade me be about my business. What right had I to be mooning about a ball-room hunting a Queen of Hearts? And then, just as I made up my mind for a second time that I would not make a fool of myself, fate stepped in and directed my gaze to the veranda. I grasped the assistant manager by the arm.

"There! Who is that young lady leaning against the railing?"

"Where? Oh, yes, that is Miss Jewell Hicks, the heiress. Daughter of Leander Hicks. Surely you remember him? The man who invented the hat-pin with the hump, you know, and as proud of it as tho he had invented the camel."

"Yes, yes," I replied, impatiently. "Introduce me, there's a good chap." I drew him toward the veranda. He hesitated.

"Well, of course I'd be glad to do it, but she seems to be the special property of Mr. Percy Horton, the condensed-milk magnate. The old man hints that they're engaged, tho I must say she doesn't seem to be crazy about him."

"That's all right," I retorted, "I'm engaged myself." I lied, but it was a white lie. I meant to be engaged as quickly as it could be arranged, and I had an idea that when it had been arranged Mr. Percy Horton, whoever he might be, would be disengaged—at liberty, as the actors put it. The assistant manager yielded.

"Miss Hicks," said a voice which seemed to be coming from a long way off, "may I present Mr. Cassius Lee?"

Despite the tumult which my heart was raising in my breast, I felt a distinct sense of distaste for the assistant manager. I almost hated him. Why, in the name of common-sense, must he drag in that hideous "Cassius"? Her first words did not serve to put me at my ease. With a very becoming blush, but in very cool and level tones, she said, "Cassius? But he has not a lean and hungry look. But perhaps that is not to be expected of a man who spends so long a time over his dinner. Fie upon you, Mr. Lee; a young man should not be so grossly material as to dally so long with his meals!"

The minx! So she had seen me. She had seen me, and no doubt had been laughing in her sleeve while I watched and waited for the other girl to turn around.

It was my turn to blush, and if my blush was not so becoming as hers, I am sure it was quite as thorogoing. It began in the neighborhood of my heart and ended just behind my ears. I determined that I would not be baited.

"Dinner?" I asked in mock surprise; "but I have had no dinner! In fact, I did not come in until a few moments ago. I have been off on a long tramp and have had such exciting adventures."

"Possibly I was mistaken," she interrupted, hastily. "Perhaps it was Mr. Horton whom I saw at table. Now that I come to observe it, you are dressed very much alike and you dont look unlike one another, either. One might easily mistake you for him."

"Horton! Easily mistake you for him!" In a flash I recalled the mysterious cipher message and the name that headed it. Perhaps she was right—perhaps some one had already mistaken me

for Horton, if this young man of the fortunate repute and the milk business was the same as the man for whom that message was intended.

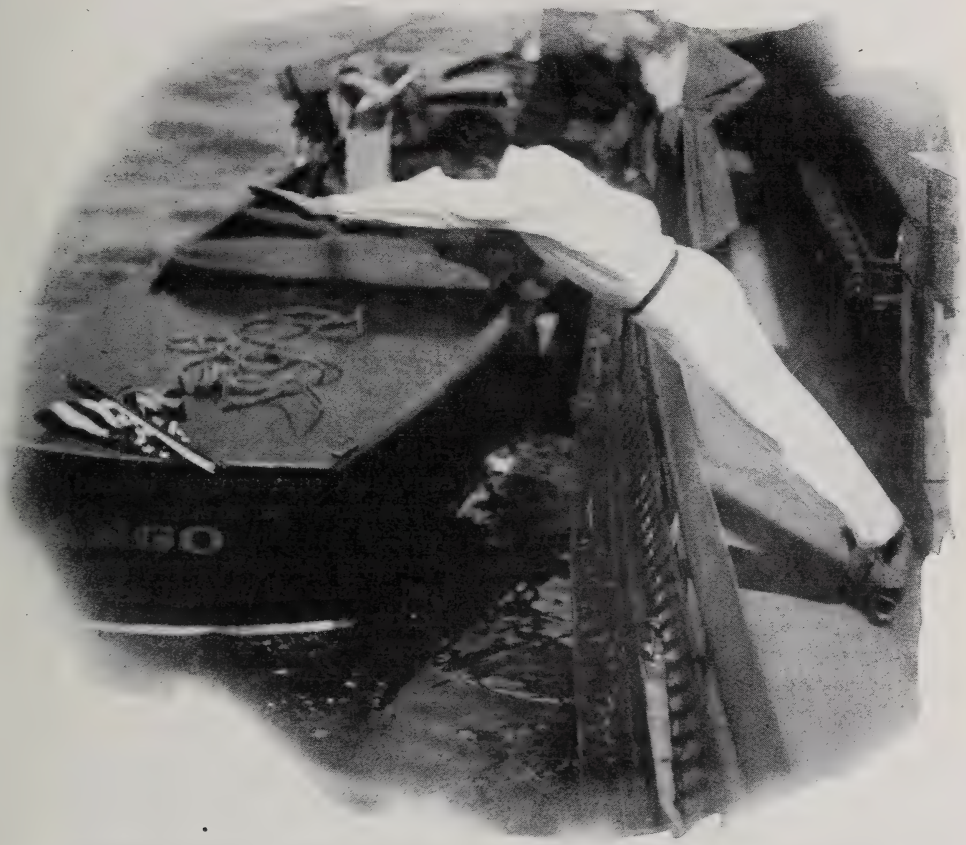
"So?" I inquired, with assumed indifference. "Is this Mr. Horton a great friend of yours?"

"He is a close friend," she replied, with peculiar emphasis.

"Stingy?" I asked, jokingly.

"Not exactly," she answered. "Rather ing a man all day long and every evening is knowing him well. I fancy I know Percy as well as any one."

I fancied she might. One look at him had convinced me that I knew him fairly well, too—by type, that is. He had a look about him which was, I imagined, somewhat like the look I must have worn on one or two occasions in my life—once when I broke a new golf-club while trying to make a particularly effective



CASSIUS TAKES FRENCH LEAVE TO JOIN THE LADY OF HIS DREAMS

close-hauled, and just at the present moment near-by." With a peculiarly graceful shrug of one white shoulder, she warned me of the proximity of the young man who had the honor to resemble me. We moved down the steps into the garden.

"You know him well?" I persisted. I was not really jealous of him; I was curious.

"Fairly well," she answered—"if see-

drive, and once when I stole my little sister's cake and she told on me.

"He has factories near here?" I ventured. I knew it was so. He was not the sort of man to leave his factories lying around loose. He would be afraid that somebody might steal a can and give it to a starving baby.

"Over there," she replied, indicating the direction with a graceful wave of her hand.

"You know the place?" I began to feel like a regular book detective. My methods were so subtle!

"Very well, indeed. I have been thru it many times."

"Perhaps that was where you went on your drive this afternoon," I suggested, "just before we—just before you——"

"You will have to excuse me now," she cried, hastily; "I see that Percy is waiting for me!"

"D—n Percy!" The ejaculation was purely mental, but none the less heartfelt. She moved off toward the house.

"Wait!" I cried; "please tell me before you go—why did you—why did you——"

"Why did I, what?" she parried.

"Do it?" I concluded, lamely.

She treated me to a flash of white teeth.

"How could I help it?" she inquired, mischievously, and ran lightly up the path.

I ran a few steps after her. "Do you ever walk in the morning?" I called after her in a hoarse stage-whisper.

"On Thursdays," she answered, and joined Horton.

Tomorrow would be Thursday!

And tomorrow the yacht would be waiting!

In a moment I was again a man of business—the business of Uncle Sam. The secret which had been worrying the officials in Washington was all but delivered into my hands. A clever scheme, too. No wonder no trace of those mysterious shipments had been found at this end of the line. The astute gentleman who was engineering the smuggling of munitions was just the type of man to do it, and, at the same time, just the sort of soft-looking chap whom no one would ever suspect of having the brains to do it. He looked like a malicious ass, if you know what I mean. As I remember it, the only resemblance he bore to me was in his clothes, and in that particular, for a miracle, he did have taste, if I do say it.

I hastened down the walk leading to the main road. As I turned into the driveway and headed in the direction of the factory, I fancied I saw Miss Hicks looking after me. Hicks! What god of humor names the heroines of our real life romances? Cassius seeks his ideal and finds her in Miss Hicks!

The factory lay back beyond the sand-dunes, and was dark save for one small light on the side, which I took to be the retreat of the night watchman. He would be awake, I knew, for there was more reason than ordinary to keep watch that no undesirable person gain access to the factory. Pro tem. I was an undesirable person; only I knew how undesirable from the point of view of the owner. I circled the building cautiously and finally located what seemed to be the owner's private office. Fishing in my pocket, I pulled out my baby jimmy—the most exciting purpose it had hitherto served was that of opening an occasional bottle of beer, but I always liked to keep the thing around. It kept me in mind of the fact that I was a secret agent. Thrusting the jimmy under the window, I pried it open, and, turning on my pocket flash-light, climbed over the sill.

I had been right in my conjecture. This was the private office of the owner. Two cans labeled "Horton's Condensed Milk" stood by the desk in the center. I cautiously lifted the lid of one of the cans, and, sure enough, instead of milk, it contained gunpowder. As I leaned forward to examine it, the ceiling came down and hit me squarely on top of the head. The last thing I remember was thinking that the gunpowder must have become ignited from my electric touch and wondering vaguely how it could have occurred.

When I came to myself I was firmly bound and lying on my side in some sort of narrow cage. At first I thought it might be a cell, but dismissed the thought promptly. Conspirators do not throw Secret Service agents into jail. It simply isn't done. They have no fondness for complaining to the police, even when visited by amateur burglars like myself. As the gray light of morning stole across the floor, I realized that I was in the elevator cage. I noted, with some pleasure, that the elevator was facing the main entrance. Little good this did me, however. The door was shut and I was tied. If I were writing this for publication, instead of merely telling the truth, I might tell you that I undid the bonds

with my teeth and burst out by pulling the bars apart, or that I gnawed my way thru the door. As a matter of fact, I did not do anything of the sort. I waited until the sun was fairly well up and then I yelled. I yelled at the top of my lungs, and presently I had my reward, for an angel came to the door and answered. She said: "Is that you, Mr. Lee? This is Miss Hicks. Be quiet or you will alarm the watchman. I will let you out."

"Thanks!" I said. I was dumbfounded; I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"The yacht is outside in the bay," she said. "You will have to hurry or it will get under way. You will find Mr. Horton's hydroplane in the hangar on the beach. The door is closed, but not locked. Take the machine. I will follow you in my speed-boat. But first I will go to the hotel and send a wireless to the torpedo-boat destroyer which you say is in the neighborhood."

I did not stop to ask questions. I took her at her word, and in a few minutes I was skimming over the bay full tilt. Just as I was coming up to the yacht, she

CASSIUS GETS DECIDEDLY THE WORST OF THE ARGUMENT

Well, to cut a long story short, she got me out all right, having lifted the key from Horton after seeing me headed in the direction of the factory the night before. She had a hunch, as you might say, and fortunately for me she played it strong.

When we got out of the factory I remembered the yacht, and I knew I hadn't much time to lose, so I explained matters hurriedly and told her all about my business. I even showed her my shield—a thing I very seldom do for any one I care much about. And she turned out to be the brick I knew she would be in an emergency.

weighed anchor and got under way, and as luck would have it my valves began missing. Down I came, the plane rocking on the water as useless as an old tub. And then, for the second time, came Miss Hicks to my rescue. Her jolly little speed-boat drew alongside and we rushed out after the disappearing yacht. Slowly we overtook it, and I caught hold of a rope, swinging myself aboard.

The first person I encountered was Horton, looking as mean as a man that has grabbed a woman's seat in the subway.

I didn't waste any words in preliminaries. "You're under arrest," I told

THE NOBLE CASSIUS RETURNS AND ENGAGES THE ENEMY, WHO PROMPTLY BECOMES DISENGAGED

him, "for shipping munitions to Mexico. I am a government agent." I said this with true dramatic effect, and it should have been his cue to wilt and admit everything, but he must have misunderstood me, for he called up a couple of husky deck-hands and ordered them to throw me overboard. I started to argue the question wordlessly, but, finding that I was getting the worst of the argument, I dove overboard and rejoined Miss Hicks in the comparative comfort of the speed-boat. Just then the torpedo-boat destroyer — bless her funnels! — came steaming up, and, with the assistance of the officers, I succeeded in making the arrest of the whole yacht's crew, not without a lively set-to, however, in which I just escaped a nasty black eye. We had the goods on Horton, and, just as I had predicted to myself, he was disengaged.

It was not so with me. Miss Hicks, whom I now call by a shorter and sweeter name, said she thought it was a fine idea when I said I wanted to marry her so that I could find out why she kist me and if it really were the same girl. She didn't really make me wait, tho. She convinced me right away.

"Why did you do it?" I asked her.

"I'll tell you," she said, "now that you're to be my husband. Papa said I must marry Percy, and I thought that if I must kiss him for the rest of my life, I'd try somebody else first, so I told the girls I'd kiss the first real man I saw."

"How fortunate, dearest," said I, "that I was that man!"

"Wasn't it?" asked my darling.

"And how fortunate that I was a Secret Service man! Otherwise I might never have found you again."

"That is true," she said sweetly.

"And how fortunate, too, that I was determined to get you and would not give up, but overcame all obstacles and made you promise to marry me in spite of yourself!"

I fancied I saw a ghost of a smile on her lips.

"You are so masterful, dear!" said Miss Hicks. "You dont need a helpmate at all!"

The Cause and Cure of Indigestion

By CHARLES RENE SHAPIRO

Monday night—Pearl White in "Perilous Peggy." Heartburn and palpitation of the heart.

Tuesday night—Theda Bara in "The Triumphs of Theodora." Biliousness and nausea.

Wednesday night—Helen Holmes in "The Engine of Death." Nervous indigestion.

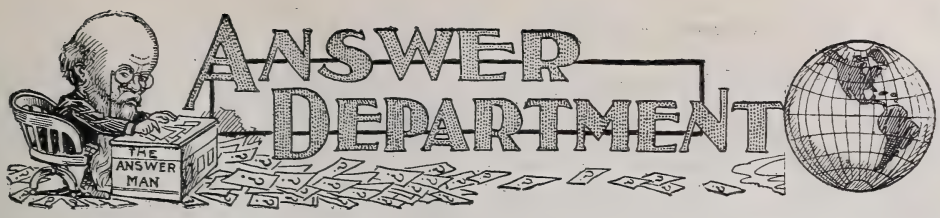
Thursday night—Lou-Tellegen in "The Magnificent Lover." Clear head and sweet breath.

Friday night—Marguerite Clark in "The Eternal Sweetheart." Increased vigor.

Saturday night—Francis X. Bushman in "One Beautiful Night." Increased appetite.

Sunday night—Mary Pickford in "In Tune with the Infinite." Cured.

Be it ever so dark, there is no place like the movies!



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

ANTHONY.—So you played in "The Tarantula." Good for you! Dorothy Bernard has left the Fox Company. Yes, very fantastic.

O. F. T. MURTAUGH.—Well, Charlie Chaplin gets $600,000 a year and he thinks it isn't enough. I am told that Mary Pickford gets $10,000 a week, Marguerite Clark about $2,000, Anita Stewart about $700, and Earle Williams about $600. It seems to me that they ought to be able to eat three meals a day and keep the wolf from the door on that. What? Contracts make cowards of us all.

PEARL WHITE II.—We all should be both teachers and pupils; none is so ignorant but he can teach, none so learned but he can learn. You say I should have an artist paint a rabbit on my head and then I would have hare. What a profound wit you are! Creighton Hale with Powell. Welcome.

MARION.—No to your first. See above. Cecelia Stanton is Mrs. Crane Wilbur. He will leave Horsley soon. I enjoyed your letter very much.

PORT HENRY KID.—Even fine feathers wont make some birds fine. A player must have more than beauty and form—he or she must have personality. Lila Chester was Flo's companion in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Lottie Pickford is playing with Famous Players. Stars are stubborn things.

FOXY.—Nope, I get them younger than eleven. The questions you ask about the players are strictly forbidden. I dont know the make of Billie Burke's car—she has several. You refer to George Beban. The weary, dreary days drag by—the clocks strike now and then; impassively I wonder why—and then I wonder when! Selah!

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—You stopped writing because you heard I was a woman, and then some one who saw me assured you that I was not. Well, I am glad now that you are writing again. You just believe me and never mind what other people say I am. I'm getting weary of being called a woman. Do you know that I believe I am getting really fond of you? Please call me a few ugly names. E. H. Sothern is the top-notcher.

ANXIETY.—Thanks muchly for the fee. I had two sodas with that. Richard Trotter was with Equitable. Haven't the name of that stage-play. Sorry. Yes, rather not know the good you can do than not to do the good that you know. All's not bold that titters. I think Arbuckle eats Mellin's Food.

ROBERT J. L.—Your letter was indeed eloquent. There are about twenty-five of my correspondents who have met me. Why, I simply make my answers personal, believing that all of my correspondents are personal friends. Yes, drop in any time, and I will have a chat with you, and you wont have to just gaze at me as you do at caged animals in the menagerie.

CLEO MADISON FAN.—Thanks for the fee. Thomas Chatterton is Richard and Douglas Gerrard is Paul in "A Soul Enslaved."

JOS. KING T. H.—It was a case of penny wives—gowned foolish. Yes, I should imagine there are several Catholic film players, but why let religion enter herein?

ELENA F. PONCE, P. R.—Ruth Roland is not married. Henry King's picture published in December, 1914, and in November, 1915. Stars rush in where angels fear to tread.

LILLIAN M. C., DALTON.—Thanks for the pictures. So many of my friends remembered me this year. Yes, it is possible.

H. W. G. T., LONDON.—You will have to subscribe direct from us. Yes, please. He laughs last who laughs best. Very few players have a really fine laugh and one that lingers.

LILY N. J.—Most of those William S. Hart pictures were taken in California. No, Antonio Moreno is not married. Hens, of course. The eagle is the bird to soar, the hawk is king of the woods; the mocking bird can sing the score, but the hen delivers the goods. (She is not delivering much just now, tho, and they come high.)

KIA ORA.—Thanks for the picture. Justina Wayne was the wife in "The Runaway Wife." Ethel Grandin is with Consolidated. Hazel Buckman is not playing now. Of course Olga would be glad to tell you.

JIMMIE V.—That was a corking good letter you wrote. I am sure that ought to hold her for a while. A little actress is a dangerous thing.

D. M. D.—I dont know why you haven't heard from Billie Rhodes. She is with Al Christie's Co. Cleo Madison was born at Ermington, Ill., received her education at the Bloomington Normal University, is still young, is possessed of opulent charms, and is very beautiful. How's that for a vest pocket biography?

Mrs. D. M.—Marie Newton is with Thanhouser. Many things pain me that only vex other people. The heels of Detection are sore from the toes of Remorse.

Elsie.—You were indeed wise. You failed to enclose the fifteen cents for the Magazine. Huntley Gordon was Mortimer in "The Conflict." Katherine Kirkwood was Edith in "The Payment" (Triangle).

Swampbrook.—Frank Losee was John in "Hulda from Holland." Why, I went to Halifax on my vacation, and Charlie Chaplin was being boomed at one of the local theaters there. Yes, thanks.

Ajal, Louisville, Ky.—So you are glad "The Scarlet Runner" is going to be shown. Florence Turner is nursing the wounded soldiers in London now. Intolerance is natural and logical, for in every dissenting opinion lies an assumption of superior wisdom. I have to tolerate a whole lot from some of my readers; hence I am unnatural and illogical.

Dutch.—Edward Earle is with Metro. You refer to Sessue Hayakawa. Charles Clary was Harcourt in "The Black List." Your letter was just right. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada.

"GETTING LOCAL COLOR"

G. S.—Does anybody know where Stanhope Wheatcroft is? He was with Fox last. Well I am not quite as happy as I desire, but perhaps I am not as wretched as I deserve. Henry Walthall on the next Classic cover and it is a beauty.

Marion P.—Yes, everybody is enthusiastic about the election here, but I am too busy to think about it. We had a picture of Pearl White in the June 1916 issue. I am not sure whether Creighton Hale is a Mason or not. Juanita Hansen is with Fox.

Colleen Machree.—I dont think Velma Whitman is playing very much. We have no good pictures of her. Fiske O'Hara is not a movie player. The earliest known Bible printed from movable metal types is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg at Mentz, in 1450.

Loretta B.—King Baggot and Mary Fuller both left Universal. Your letter was very interesting. Gertrude McCoy was born in Rome, Ga., on June 30, 1892. She is 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 130. Brown hair and blue-gray eyes.

Clara L. H., Lynn.—I haven't the address of Blanche B. Sorry. (Sorry!)

Peggy Magee.—Pasteur was the discoverer of the germ theory. I haven't that Metro information. If you wrote them direct, they could help you. I'm sorry. Carlyle Blackwell is at the Fort Lee studio just now. Edith Taliaferro has not played in pictures. Mabel has for Selig. Pearl White intends to continue serialing for Pathé. You have that pronunciation correct. Your letter was surely a gem, and I had to pass it on up. Heap much thanks for them kind woids.

JENKS.—Address Warren Kerrigan, Universal City, Universal Co., Cal. Anita Stewart is not married. The diamond is April's birthstone, so you see that to be born in April is an expensive luxury.

IDA M. S.—Yes, Biograph has ceased entirely making pictures on the Coast, but they are releasing one or two a week in New York. Guess Vitagraph must have your script on the shelf. So you think that Frank Keenan is the great American Sphinx. Earle Williams is making a new picture with Louisita Valentine. Margaret Shelby left Morosco.

ALF.—Allan Dwan is the husband of Pauline Bush and the director of Dorothy Gish, but not of Ruth St. Denis. "Wasted Years" was taken in California. He gets on best with women who best knows how to get on without them.

UGLY DUCKLING.—Ah, ha, you have been naughty! You refer to "The Dividend," and Charles Ray and W. H. Thompson were co-stars. It was a very strong play.

MAGGIE MURPHY, HOBOKEN.—Is Creighton Hale married? Wouldn't you like to know? He is with Powell, and Pearl White remains with Pathé.

THE BOY—Look, Bobby, here's a good rope tuh try your new knife on.

EILEEN B., SALINAS. — Milton Sills and Dorothy Green are playing opposite Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria" for the International Film Co. Cant get that birthday information for you. No.

B. 124-316.—Yes, Madame Petrova and Olga Petrova are the same. Clara K. Young has her own company. I am not so sure about Henry Walthall answering letters. Jean Shelby was Isabel in "Sally in Our Alley." No. Both those publications come out the first of the month.

ROSE M.—Pedro de Cordoba was Phillip in "Little White Violet." Send for a list of manufacturers—enclose a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you the addresses. The harder you knock a good straight nail, the better it goes; but even a tap on a crooked one and it doubles up and is done for. Which proves that you are O.K. and as straight as an error.

MILLIE O.—There is some hope if you dont grow worse, but no hope if you dont grow better. So in your town they say "Shifties" instead of "Movies." Rather inappropriate, because it reminds me of shifting scenery. Of course I want you to come again. E. K. Lincoln, Doris Mitchell and Edna Hunter and Paul Panzer in the new Monmouth serial, "The Jimmie Dale" series.

MARY P.—Yours was fine. "The Return of Eve" is being taken in the Dells, Wisconsin. Joseph Kaufman is Pauline Frederick's present director. You want more Gallery in the Classic. Alas, alack, and paper is so high! So you dont think that Billie Burke is entitled to a place among the twenty greatest. So, of all, Lillian Walker is your choice. I am quite in love with her myself. Ivan's address is 126 W. 46th St., N. Y. C. Twice we see Paradise. In youth we name it Life; in age, Youth.

BOBBY, GREENFIELD.—Marshall Neilan opposite Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly." Julian L'Estrange was Dufrene in "Zaza." Irving Cummings opposite Lottie Pickford in "Diamond from the Sky." Thomas Meighan opposite Charlotte Walker in "Out of the Darkness." Ada Gleason was Kitty in "The Voice in the Fog." Bennie of Lubinville is now with Metro, after serving time with Triangle.

NAOMI OF ST. LOUIS.—Thanks for informing me of Edward Lifka's death. He was one of my first personal correspondents, and I considered him one of my dearest friends. I was indeed shocked.

WILLIE, 14½.—Is that the size of your collar? Dont worry, I wont send you any shirts. So you think Olga is a vampire. Nay, nay, say not so. I was mighty glad to get yours. Virginia Pearson's motto is "Work and grow young," so I am cultivating the habit.

LADY BALTIMORE.—Fools and fads form a fitting friendship in fashion's flirting follies, but the fashions dont bother me much. I am content to be poor. Diogenes in his tub had more real rest than had Alexander on his throne. Lottie Pickford's husband is not a player. Holbrook Blinn does not play opposite Olga Petrova. I didn't mean to be rude, only your questions amused me. Please may I be forgiven?

F. E. H. H., TORONTO.—You say that I do not give advice because I charge for it. Not so. I do not ask for fees. They are voluntary. Only where a question requires unusual time and research is a fee expected, and then it can be only a postage stamp, if that is the value the writer places upon the information asked for. Winifred Kingston was Eleanor in "Davy Crockett."

FRED M., OAKLAND.—Beatriz Michelena is still in California. Betty Nansen is with Fox. Women of genius commonly have masculine faces, figures and manners; for, in transplanting brains to an alien soil, God leaves a little of the original earth clinging to the roots.

ELEANOR.—Thanks for your verse, "The tadpole grew from out the frog, the frog from out the tad; now which was first, the pollywog, or pollywoggy's dad?" I surrender. Marguerite Clark is still one of my favorites, but so is Little Mary.

NINA K. R.—You can send in as many coupons as you like. Yes, Helen Connelly always answers her mail, and so does Bobby, bless his heart!

BROWN EYES.—You think I would rather say a smart thing than to do a good one, do you? Well, how much do you want to borrow? Dark of course.

WALTER B. I., ALTOONA.—I cannot find the name of the last play Arthur Johnson played in. Come right along.

BETTY BELL.—Two people have written to me saying that they have found others to admire besides Arthur Johnson—one being William Hart and the other Henry Walthall. I hope you have also.

"WATCHFUL - WAITING."

MARY PICKFORD—gentle, sincere, unselfish, clever and with a girlish charm and beauty that make her adored in every civilized country. If you cannot know her personally, as we do, you can at least have this "speaking likeness" of her in your home.

1917 Art Panel. Miss Pickford has granted to the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations the permission to offer the **first** Mary Pickford Art Calendar. Size 28 x 7¼ inches. Art store value, 50c. Price 10c. Please clip the coupon below.

"Don't Envy; Use Pompeian"

Many men and women wonder how certain people always look so attractive as to complexion.

Such people merely envy—and stop at that. Don't envy; use

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Be good to your skin, and things will be lots easier for you, because you will then look successful and attractive, and that is half the battle in winning friends and promotion. "Don't envy; use Pompeian."

Clear Skin, Youthful Glow

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Trial Jar sent with the Calendar

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 129 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Also Makers of Pompeian NIGHT CREAM and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 129 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a Mary Pickford Panel and a Pompeian **MASSAGE** Cream trial jar. For letting me have this picture for only 10c, I will gladly speak a good word to my friends about it and Pompeian products if I like them.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

DIRECTOR—Chase him around the cage a couple of times an' get him excited, scare him! We've got to get some action in this scene!

E. O., 17.—Sidney Bracey is with Arrow now. Henry Walthall did not leave Essanay. He is still playing at the Chicago Essanay studio. Mae Murray in "To Have and to Hold." Beatrice Maude was Hortense in "Final Judgment."

PEG STUART.—Why persist in saying I am a woman? Gadzooks, zounds, etc.! It is true that Valentine Grant is receiving all sorts of ancient trinkets from foreign admirers. She was here and I feasted my eyes on her beauty. Yes, Anna Little and Alan Forrest are married to each other. George Larkin was Jimmie Hughes in "The Woman in the Case." Charles Ogle was Doc, Paul Panzer "Silent" McKay, and Violet Mersereau Judith in "The Girl Who Didn't Tell."

VIOLET THE OPTIMIST.—I enjoyed your letter. It sparkled with wit. Jane Gail and Matt Moore have left Universal after finishing the twelve-reel feature, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." Gladden James is with Triangle. Patsey De Forest is with Vitagraph.

MOUNTAINEER.—I am always glad to hear from first offenders. Ethelmary Oakland was the girl in "John Brewster's Wife." Alan Forrest is with American. George Larkin is with Kalem.

MARIE A. G.—James Morrison and Charles Richman in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Ben Deely in "East Lynne."

JANE W.—Fannie Ward is married to Jack Dean. She has been on the stage.

W. H. C.—Douglas Fairbanks' picture in June 1916 Magazine and in March 1916 Classic. Jack Conway directing Warren Kerrigan, F. E. Kelsey directing Leah Baird, Raymond Wells directing Ruth Stonehouse, Raoul Walsh directing Wm. Farnum.

SUNNY, 16.—Yes, Richard Travers is a great baseball fan and also a good player. He warms up every morning with the Cubs when they're in Chicago. But I will always try to give you an answer. We have several books on photoplay writing for sale here. Selig will reissue "The Spoilers."

HELEN A., NEW YORK; IVAN W. D.; FANNY B.; EDITH STOREY FAN; FLORETTA HAZEL H.; HELEN Q.; LILLIAN & ANNA BLITZ; MARGARET S.; FRED H.; EUGENE F. M., and ALICE D.—I enjoyed your letters very much, but your questions have been answered before. Nell Shipman goes to Lasky.

LORENA B.—Alec B. Francis was the father in "Lola." Maude George was Madame Lechat in "Business Is Business." Edwin August was with World last. Bud Duncan's real name is Albert Edward Duncan. Who'd ever suspect it! Harry Carey now with Fox.

JACK J. G.—I hardly think Charles Chaplin will be able to help you get in pictures. He has no vacancies in his company. Real friends are so scarce that he who has many has none. Try to borrow money and see.

ELAINE.—Vivian Rich will play opposite Tyrone Powers for Dudley M. P. Co. Watch for Pearl White in a serial. Write direct to Pathé.

MILBURN H.—It's all right to strike while the iron is hot; the thing is to get it hot. Thanks for all you say about my department. So you are a strong rooter for William Farnum. So say we all of us.

When the occasion calls for something unusually different, serve Anola.

Delightful sugar wafers, these Anolas—irresistible chocolate-flavored wafers holding within them an enchanting, chocolate-flavored creamy filling. In ten-cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MELVA.—Ralph Kellard was Neigle in "The Precious Packet" (Pathé). I was afraid you did blame me because Eve ate the apple. You see I couldn't stop her. You are certainly clever, Melva, and I envy you.

E. M. C., NEW BEDFORD.—Valkyrien believes that the United States Government should award beauty prizes every year. I am afraid that an awful lot of young girls would be "against the Government" after the results were announced. Society dramas are mostly in demand. Charlie Chaplin is English, but Uncle Sammy has taken a strong liking to his income at least. His income tax for this year amounts to $25,000.

JOHN F. RYAN.—You have a good name there, young man. Windham Guise was Bookmaker and May Vandrey his wife in "Brother Officers." Tom Forman was Douglas in "The Thousand Dollar Husband."

LONELY BOY.—Will you please send your address? I have a letter here for you. So you want Francis Ford in the Classic and House Peters in the Magazine. Your letter was interesting. Alas, hope is a waking dream.

F. W. H.—You ask if William Jennings Bryan ever was President of the U. S. Not yet, but he's willing to be. I dont find you a bit bashful. Harry Millarde is with Universal. Marshall Neilan was with Lasky last, opposite Blanche Sweet.

WALTER W. P.—Mitchell Lewis was Kahoma in "The Flower of No Man's Land" (Metro). No, G. M. Anderson is not dead. He is at the Longacre Theater, N. Y. City. You refer to Ann Schaefer. Robert Brower plays in "Quest of Life" for last time on screen.

TYLE THE CANARSIE MERMAID.—That's the way with those big pictures, they get so much advertising that they dont come up to expectations. Corinne Griffith has retired from pictures. Elizabeth Burbridge with Powell. A chat with Creighton Hale is under way and will appear next month.

MYRTIA K.—So mothers are bringing their five-day-old babies to see pictures. They couldn't start them much younger, I'm afraid. "Doubling up" is stage parlance for substituting in another player's rôle. It is often done in hazardous scenes or where the athletic ability of the star is not equal to the occasion. We often see not the things we believe, and it seems we must not believe those things we see.

MARGARETTE K. T.—So glad to hear from you again. So you are "clean gone on Antonio Moreno." Good luck to you.

MADELINE M. D.—Thanks for the card. George Larkin is with Kalem. I dont see why you wont see Theda Bara's pictures in your town. We had a dandy picture of Mary Fuller in the last Classic.

MARJORIE M.—Ben Wilson was King and Sallie Crute opposite him in "An American King" (Edison). Courtenay Foote and Rosemary Theby in "The Reincarnation of Karma" (Vitagraph). Helen Gardner in "The Leading Lady."

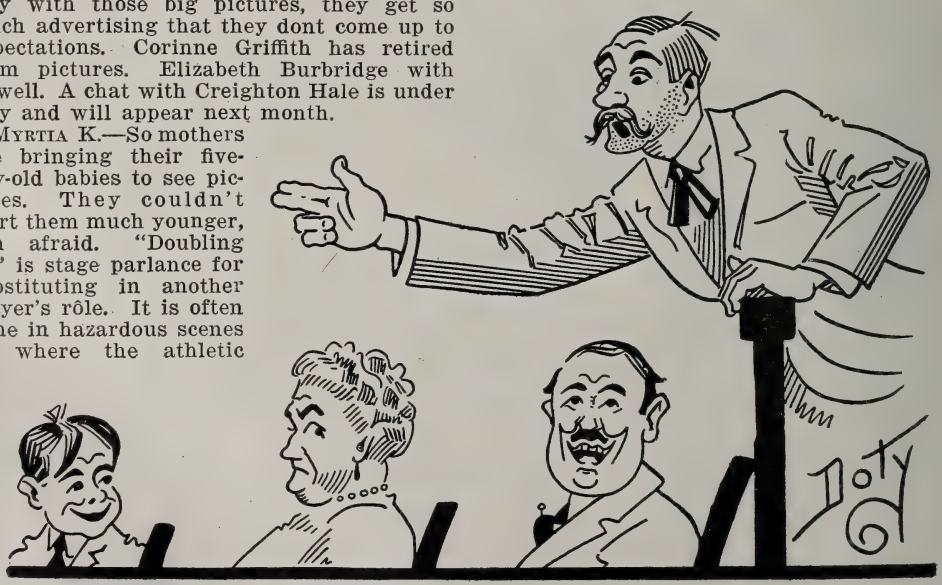
COLLEGE AMY.—Douglas Gerrard was Brent in "The Commanding Officer." Ah, you flutter! The bird that flutters least is longest on the wing, so have a care!

X. Y. Z., 23.—Maurice Costello is with Consolidated, releasing thru Metro. Winifred Kingston was the girl in "Davy Crockett." Richard Neill is with Metro.

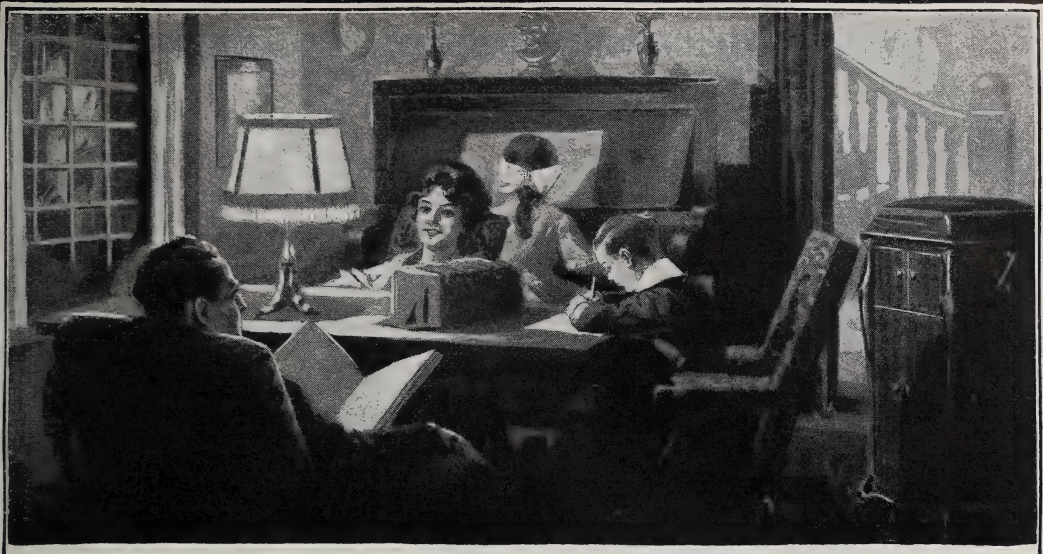
ARLINE R.—George Walsh played in "Blue Blood and Red." Cleo Ridgely has been in pictures for several years. She was with Kalem, then she took a horseback trip across the continent for this Magazine, and now she is with Lasky.

ANXIOUS, NEWPORT.—I have forwarded your verses to the limerick department, but I cannot account for the last lot you sent in.

MARYLAND E. L., NEW HAVEN.—A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, but a multitude is as wise as its wisest member if it obeys him. I agree with you, and your letter was very interesting.



IMPATIENT INDIVIDUAL (who has been standing for a half an hour)—Say, aint none o' youse people got no homes?



"John, We Owe All These Luxuries To You and Your Oliver Agency"

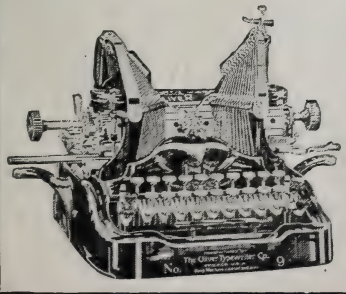
So says many a wife whose husband has gained the agency for Oliver typewriters. Oliver commissions have bought pianos, pictures, books and furniture for the home, they have provided for education, they have paid for vacation trips, they have bought automobiles, lifted mortgages and helped many men and their families to success. The Oliver Typewriter Company has paid millions in commissions during the past few years.

We offer exclusive territories to ambitious men and women who can devote part or full time as agents for Oliver typewriters. And we pay high commissions. Selling experience is not essential, as we furnish you a course in salesmanship, founded on the different successes of our agents. This course in successful business is worth a lot of money in itself. Then we back our agents with expensive national advertising campaigns and, frequently, the help of a traveling salesman. In fact, we offer assistance and co-operation to help you establish a business of your own.

An Oliver agency means handling an efficiency machine which wins friends quickly. Hundreds of thousands of Oliver typewriters are already in use and have been for years, giving satisfaction.

The new Oliver Nine is the latest model and possesses features not to be found in any other machine. The Oliver Nine is the only one with a double-arm type-bar, which insures permanent alignment. It is the only typewriter whose type-bar prints downward, which means there is no weight to lift, hence lighter touch. One feature after another like those just mentioned stamp the Oliver as a leader. Many of the foremost businesses use Olivers throughout.

In every community—in your community—there are opportunities for Oliver agents to make large commissions. Of course, every territory is not open. In many we have excellent agents who are making good money and who would not consider giving up their territorial agency under any circumstances. But in several territories we are looking for wide-awake agents, and yours may be an open territory.



Write to us now to find out if we can give you a place, telling us your qualifications, how much time you can spare and other information which will help us to advise you. If you should be fortunate enough to win an agency, it will be an opportunity of a lifetime for you and you can soon have a bigger bank account or buy the things that you have long wished for.

Send in the coupon today, as we give preference to first comers. Don't let someone get ahead of you.

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I want to know more about an Oliver agency, as I believe I could handle one successfully.

Name .....

Address .....

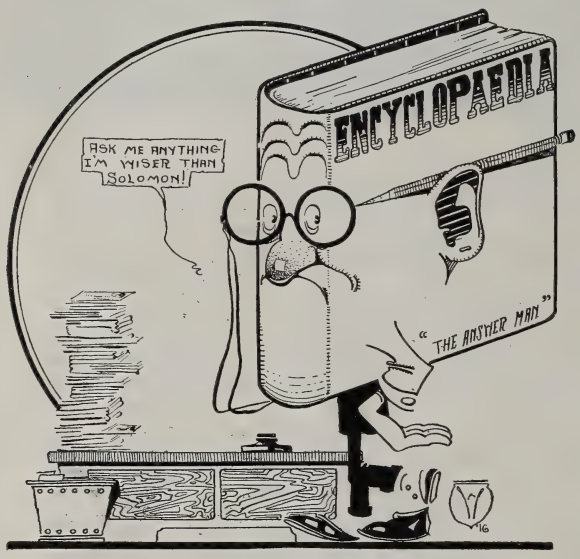
.....

City ..... *State* .....

ULSTER GIRL.—Glad to hear from old Ireland. The Trans-Atlantic Co. is not an American manufacturer. There are two hundred photoplay companies in the United States, and a new one incorporated every minute. I dont know the people. I really enjoyed your letter—write again.

G. K., VICTORIA.—Why dont you join the Reel Correspondence Club, 416 E. Eleventh St., Los Angeles, Cal.? You will get acquainted then.

POLLY ANNA S.—I dont mind forwarding letters to the players, but if you would send for a list of manufacturers, which I will send you if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, you can address the letters to the players direct. A scenario is a skeleton of a play in scenes. Send International coupons.



A POPULAR CONCEPTION OF THE ANSWER MAN—JUDGING FROM SOME OF THE QUESTIONS THAT HE IS ASKED

FRANCIS G. B., NEVATO.—You have the wrong title on that first. Walter McGrail was the Hawk in "The Lights of New York." "The Little Tease" appeared in our May 1913 issue. You can get that issue by sending 15 cents to our circulation manager. I believe that I was the first Answer Man.

LAUGHING MASK, 11.—Anna Nilsson was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1890. You want to see Pearl White's picture on the cover. Yes, send in your votes.

LITTLE SIS.—Oh yes, we have a picture of Creighton Hale in this issue. Margaret Bertsch, Vitagraph, is one of the very few women directors in the world who is both author and director. She disappears for a month, writes a picture, and then comes back and produces it.

ANGUS F. LAST, Water Street, S. Galt, Ontario, wants to hear from Bushman fans.

MISS MAGEE, NEW ZEALAND. — Photoplay music is becoming more and more selective. The latest novelty is a dictaphone library attached to the musical staff of the Rialto Theater, N. Y. Whenever they want something out of the ordinary to illustrate an Indian snake dance, etc., the dictaphone records are played until a suitable score is found for orchestral use. Anita Stewart, Vitagraph Co., E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

MAUDE 18.—Yes; I have been wondering where you were. Richard Hatteras was the artist in "John Glade's Honour" (London Film). James O'Neil was the pirate in "The Peach Girl" (Triangle). Phyllis Allen was the guest. I dont understand why Norma Talmadge hasn't answered you. She is usually very prompt. Alaska is called "Eldorado of the North."

DEETJE & JACQUIN.—Thanks again for the cards. They are beautiful. I enjoy immensely your letters. So you dont care for the Classic so much as the Magazine. I am glad you have had a pleasant summer. Baseball dates back to about 1840.

AUSTRALIA.—Write direct to the companies for pictures. Clara K. Young was born in Chicago, Ill., and was educated at the St. Xavier's Academy. She is five feet seven, has dark eyes and dark hair, and white pearly teeth. Her parents were Scotch-English and French.

OLGA.—I dont think Rogers Lytton has signed up with another company yet. No, honey, I dont hold any mosity toward you. Dont know where Crane Wilbur will go, but he is on the way.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Woman's courage is ignorance of danger; man's is hope of escape. You will see more of Earle Williams from now on. No, he hasn't been sleeping. Francis Morgan you refer to. You are doing a lot of passing, but I dont see anything. Lew Fields and Marie Dressler are with World Film.

GLADYS P., DETROIT.—Glad to hear it. Earle Foxe was a member of the College Theater Stock Co. in Chicago. *Cherchez la femme* means "Look for the woman in the case." And you usually find one.

DOT OF DIXIE.—You better not send those pecans to some one else! Well, if you want snow and ice, just come up North. We'll have lots of it to spare soon. Yes, House and Page Peters are brothers. Always glad to hear from you.

SI.—Yes, many scenes in Motion Pictures are posed to music. It gives dramatic inspiration. Mabel Normand has installed a large pipe organ in her studio and has a band of twenty pieces at her disposal. Earle Foxe is still with Lasky. No, Cecelia Stanton is not his wife, but the wife of Crane Wilbur. Of course I think Tom Forman is good looking, why not? G. Serena was Petronius in "Quo Vadis?"

Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar For 1917

The American Girl at home and abroad, is famed for her beauty, her grace and her charming feminine ways.

All that is characteristic of the typical American Girl is exquisitely portrayed by the famous artist, Mr. Frank H. Desch, in the Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1917. The face, the form, the pose, the costume, the freshness and charm of vigorous youth—make a composite picture of womanly beauty that calls forth the admiration and praise of everyone.

This beautiful art panel—shown in illustration herewith—is seven inches wide, thirty-six inches long. It is lithographed in twelve shades and tints, harmoniously blended, and makes a pleasing and attractive decoration for any room or office.

No advertising matter whatever—not even the title or months—is printed on the front. Scores of calendars, far less artistic, are sold in art stores at prices ranging up to a dollar or more. *But we send you this calendar free*, asking you to pay only the cost of packing and mailing, hoping that it will remind you that

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

"Brings the Roses to Your Cheeks"

—that it is a natural tonic which enriches the blood, rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body, steadies the nerves and tones the entire system. Being a perfect blending of the extract of choicest malt and hops with iron, it is nature's own builder and re-invigorator—a splendid tonic recommended by leading physicians for nursing mothers, convalescents, anaemics, all who are run down from any cause, and as a revitalizer for the aged.

Order a Dozen from Your Druggist

Insist Upon It Being "Pabst"

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

This Calendar Is Free

To obtain one it is merely necessary to send us ten cents in coin or stamps (coin preferred) to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Each year the demand for these attractive art calendars grows greater, so send early to avoid disappointment.

PABST EXTRACT CO.
Department 13
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PEGGY.—Thanks much for the nice fee. You write to our circulation department and they will tell you the cost. That's so, we have to put up with the bad in order to have the good.

ARLINE W. L.—'Tis said, "Woman loves not her lover so much as she loves his love of her"; then loves she her lover for love of her lover, or love of her love of her lover? Rex did not answer about "Branscombe's Pal." Joe Moore is no relation.

WILD MARY ROSE.—That's because vanity grows in proportion as it is fed. So you for one dont care for Charlie Chaplin. But you like Mary Pickford. There are about 160,000 folks in the Hawaii Islands, but I dont think they all play the Hawaiian guitar.

GENEVIEVE OF FT. WORTH.—Lights for outdoor night work are obtained in several different ways. Sometimes a tinted film gives the effect of night; for short scenes, flares similar to flashlights are used, and for big scenes an extensive overhead light system is prepared. Powerful dynamos mounted on automobiles is the latest wrinkle to carry electricity into the wilderness. Theda Bara is with Fox, 136 W. 46th St., New York. Your letter was very interesting. Thanks.

MAE G.—How do you do? So you want to see Francis X. and Beverly Bayne in "Romeo and Juliet." Ernest Joy was Mr. Strong in "The Dupe." Gladys Brockwell was the wife in "The End of the Trail."

PINK ROSE.—Oh, thanks for the button of Hughes. So you thought Antonio Moreno's article on "How to Get In" was the best we have had. You think the players ought to state whether they are Republicans or Democrats in their interviews. Interviewers, please take notice. Always glad to hear from you.

FATIMA C., COOKSHIRE.—They did say that Fatima was not stuffed. Dorothy Phillips was opposite Ben Wilson in "The Children of Chance." Mary Pickford has no children. No, the Fairbanks twins did not play in that Universal, and they are not related to Douglas Fairbanks. Time flies, and with it flies, for which, thanks. Eddie O'Connor is to play opposite Lew Fields.

MARY M.—Thanks for the picture. Of course I wont laugh at you, Mary; but my advice is to stay at the factory a little while longer, and study at home nights, and later on you will be better qualified to go out into the world. You have very little chance now. Your picture is very pretty.

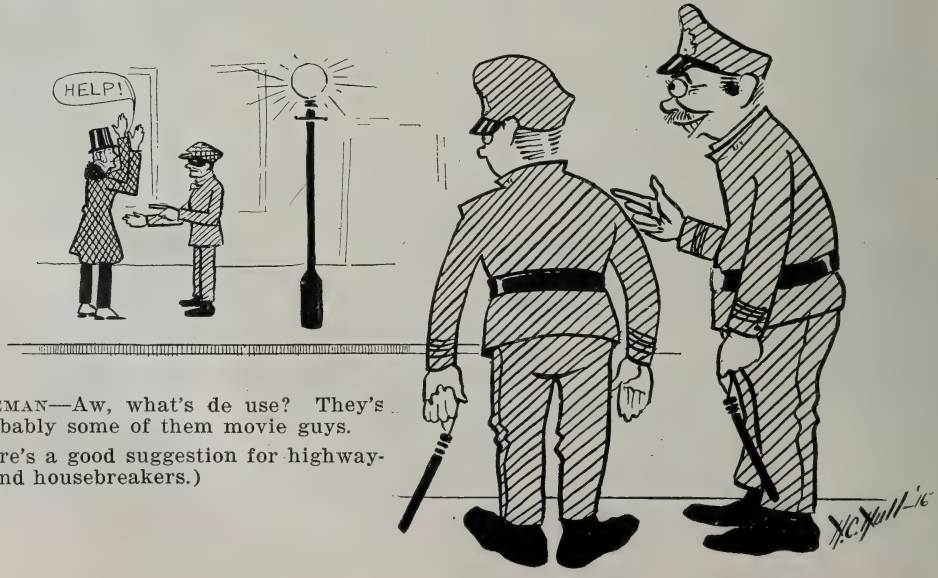
FLORENCE J. M., ONTARIO.—Louise Lovely's real name is Louise Carbasse, and she is of French descent. They say she changed her name because it sounded as if she was calling people names over the telephone. Write direct to Famous Players for that picture of Pauline Frederick. Yes, I must confess your letter was a little long.

LITTLE MARY AUSTRALIS.—Get the May 1916 Classic. Madame Petrova's hobby is her collection of goldfish at her country place at Flushing, N. Y. She has gathered them from all over the world.

ADDIE W.—Why not send for a list? See above. Your letter was indeed a gem. I guess it would be easy for you to become located, with all those accomplishments.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE ADMIRER.—Well, there are $6.00-a-week stenographers, and they give $6.00-a-week worth of work; then there are $20-a-week stenographers. I dont like to encourage you to come to New York. You can remove warts by applying nitric acid or chromic, which gives the least pain.

WILDFLOWER ADMIRER. — Write to Pathé about "The Iron Claw." Yes, Henry B. Walthall was once a humble brakeman on a Southern railroad. From putting on the brakes, perhaps he has learnt to act naturally and to suppress his emotions.



POLICEMAN—Aw, what's de use? They's probably some of them movie guys.

(Here's a good suggestion for highwaymen and housebreakers.)

XMAS PRESENTS DIRECT from FACTORY

SAVES YOU SERIES OF MIDDLE PROFITS

8177—BRACELET, 10-kt solid gold Flower design.
8181—BRACELET, 10-kt solid gold, extra wide.
8192—BRACELET WATCH, gold filled case guaranteed 25 yrs.
2206—WATCH-BRACELET CASE, genuine calf skin—3 sizes.
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8202—SCARFPIN, 10-kt solid gold with genuine cut diamond.
5008—LAVALLIERE, 10-kt solid gold with cut diamond, wing pearl.
8157—THIMBLE, sterling silver, hand engraved.
6040—BROOCH, 10-kt solid gold, fine cameo, fancy hand carved.
8033—RING, 10-kt solid gold, pink shell cameo.
8085—RING, 10-kt solid gold, three imitation rubies.
7028—EARSCREWS, 10-kt solid gold, French pearls.
3253—TRAVELING COMPANION, genuine Saffian leather.
7050—TIECLASP, 10-kt solid gold with genuine cut diamond.
7041—TIECLASP, 10-kt solid Roman gold.
8440—POCKETKNIFE, heavily gold plated, for men and ladies.
3107—TOILET CASE, high grade sealgrain leather, French Ivory fitting.
2308—SHOPPING LIST, green, antique, Spanish leather.
2605—EMBROIDERY SET, case of buckskin leather, contains embroidery, buttonhole and general house scissor.
2416—CIGARETTE CASE of India pinseal leather.
2225—CIGAR CASE of antique leather and leather lined.

Twenty-thousand other Xmas Gift suggestions displayed in our beautiful, fully illustrated descriptive catalog. Order today by number any of the above. Remit by Draft, two-cent postage stamps or M.O. Every article guaranteed—money cheerfully refunded if not satisfied. Names or initials on jewelry engraved FREE; on leather goods embossed FREE in 23-kt gold. Goods shipped to you or direct to your friend promptly—by return delivery.

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with the January number of the **Motion Picture Magazine.** The edition will probably be 325,000 copies, but perhaps you wont be able to get a copy unless you order it now. All our recent editions were "sold out" before they had been on sale ten days. The painting is by Leo Sielke, Jr., and the subject is

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The picture alone is worth much more than the price of the magazine—so is the front cover painting, too. Dont miss this!

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You can sell to nearby trade or travel all over the country. There is a big demand for window lettering in every town. Send for *Free Samples* and full particulars.

Metallic Letter Co., 405 No. Clark St., Chicago

PUSSY WILLOW.—I really cant take on any more personal correspondents. I have a few, and they hear from me about three times a year. Of course I'm not old—only 74.

PERRY T. R.; "SEASIDE"; CALDER W. S.; W. C. F., GUILFORD, MAINE; I. A. B. NELL, A MOVIE FAN; ROLAND ADMIRER; LUCILLE E. P.; W. P. O.; E. S., PA.; ADELE Y., BROOKLYN; HELEN M.; MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER; LEON L. R.; GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER; MRS. H. S. M.; "BETTY"; X. Y. Z.; B. L., ELIZ., N. J.; "ELISE"; A. L., WILKES-BARRE, PA.; A. R. MURRAY; BEATRICE N.; MARGARET U. AMBITIOUS; ROSE, 17; TALLEST GIRL IN CANADA; CREIGHTON HALE ADMIRER; NASHVLLE-DADDYS PUD; JOHN LEWIS; ADMIRER OF MARY PICKFORD; C. M.; Z. K. C.; C. S. H.; CLARICE L.; ELLA A.; E. J., LAFAYETTE APTS.; MRS. M. F.; MADEMOISELLE W.—Thanks for your kind letters. Questions have been answered.

LILLIAN A. O.—Thanks for the nice pears you sent me. They were delicious. The sun is over 92,500,000 miles from the earth, and the nearest fixed star is 16,000,000,000.

KATIE K.—Your request to "Please send details as to how I may become a movie actress" is out of my line. Read "How to Get In" articles.

ESTHER B., OREGON.—We had a chat with Creighton Hale in March, 1916.

MARGARET E. K., SAN PEDRO.—Your suggestion that we send some back numbers to the soldier boys has been referred to our Circulation Department. Time's short and space is shorter, so I must hurry on.

FRANK W. B.—Majority of the companies are now using only scenarios written by their staff writers. Many buy plots written by free-lances. Better get in touch with our Advertising Department. I agree with you on a good many things in your letter.

OCTAVIA, P. R.—So you didn't like Louise Huff in "Reward of Patience." I missed her curls also, but you cant expect her to wear curls when she is grown up. Of course I like to hear from Porto Rico.

ELLA R. C.—Cant you use a little judgment and not ask why they call Mary Pickford "Little Mary"? How would "Big Mary" suit you? Really, Ella, I'm astonished. Robert Leonard is with Lasky.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—You can write him direct, in care of Metro, 1476 Broadway, N. Y., because you can never tell where he will be next, and that will always reach him.

HE—By the way, Alice, I have a couple of tickets for the movies.
SHE—Oh, good; I'll run upstairs and get ready.
HE—All right. I guess you'll be ready in time. They are for tomorrow night.

Jobs Now Open
for Men Who Can Sell

Pick up any newspaper—note the large number of Want Advertisements for Trained Salesmen.

Talk with any business executive—he will tell you his firm can always find a place for a Trained Salesman. Other professions are overcrowded with good men—the Trained Salesman is always in demand—can always command a large salary.

Members Say:—

"From mechanic to high-salaried Salesman for the best firm in its line is what your Course did for me."—J. A. CHRISTIAN, 79 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"Last year I earned $800 as a clerk. This year I have earned $6500. Your training made this possible."—C. W. BIRMINGHAM, 129 Bank Street, Dayton, Ohio.

"We are enjoying the fruits of success made possible by your training. From common labor to $1000 a month speaks for itself."—JAMES SAMPLE, 21 So. Valley St., Kansas City, Kans.

"I was a carpenter. Your Course made me a Salesman. I earn better than $2500 a year."—J. E. WOOD, Rm. 352 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Big Pay–Pleasant Work

A Salesman is a direct producer of profits—it is only natural that he is well paid. He travels on finest trains—lives at best hotels—has plenty of leisure hours—is *independent*. Our Home Study Course in Scientific Salesmanship gives you just the training necessary to qualify for a big paying position as Traveling Salesman. Among the many subjects covered are the following—how to prepare a "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how and when to close.

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This Man

Has the Most Wonderful Memory Ever Known

HE can give the population of any place in America of over 5,000—

HE can give every important date in world-history—

HE has 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in his brain.

William Berol is this man's name, and a few years ago his memory was distressingly poor. His amazing efficiency was developed through his own simple practical method.

His system is being taught with great success to large classes at educational institutions in New York City. Thousands of men and women are learning it easily, quickly, ***by mail.***

The Berol Method Will Strengthen YOUR Memory Amazingly

It will assist you in recalling Names, Faces, Dates, Telephone Numbers; his simple system will correct mind-wandering and teach concentration; you will remember the facts in what you read; you can recall episodes and experiences; you can become a clearer thinker, and in public speaking seldom be at a loss for a word. Give this method a few spare minutes daily, at home, and you will be astonished.

Write to-day for full free particulars of this man's wonderful memory and our offer to YOU.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 854, NEW YORK

"Baby Grand"

The Christmas Gift Good All Year 'Round

Parents, boys and girls and guests are all fascinated by the royal games of Carom and Pocket Billiards when played on Brunswick tables in cozy home surroundings.

After school hours and winter evenings always find the Brunswick the center of merriment and wholesome exercise. Some styles can be set up quickly anywhere and taken down easily after play.

Made of beautiful oak and mahogany, richly inlaid—speed, accuracy and ever-level smoothness—sizes to fit all homes.

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

$30 and Up—Pay 10c a Day

A small first payment puts any Brunswick that you select in your home for Christmas. After that, pay the balance monthly—*terms as low as 10c a day.*

Balls, Cues, Etc., FREE

With every Brunswick Table we give you a complete Brunswick high-class Playing Outfit—Rack, Markers Balls, Cues, Tips, expert book of 33 games, etc.

Get our 30-day home trial offer and see these tables in our handsome colored catalog—"Billiards—The Home Magnet."

Write or send the attached coupon and have this book by return mail free! Send today and decide in time for Christmas delivery.

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623-633 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Send FREE, postpaid, color-book, **"Billiards—The Home Magnet"** and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

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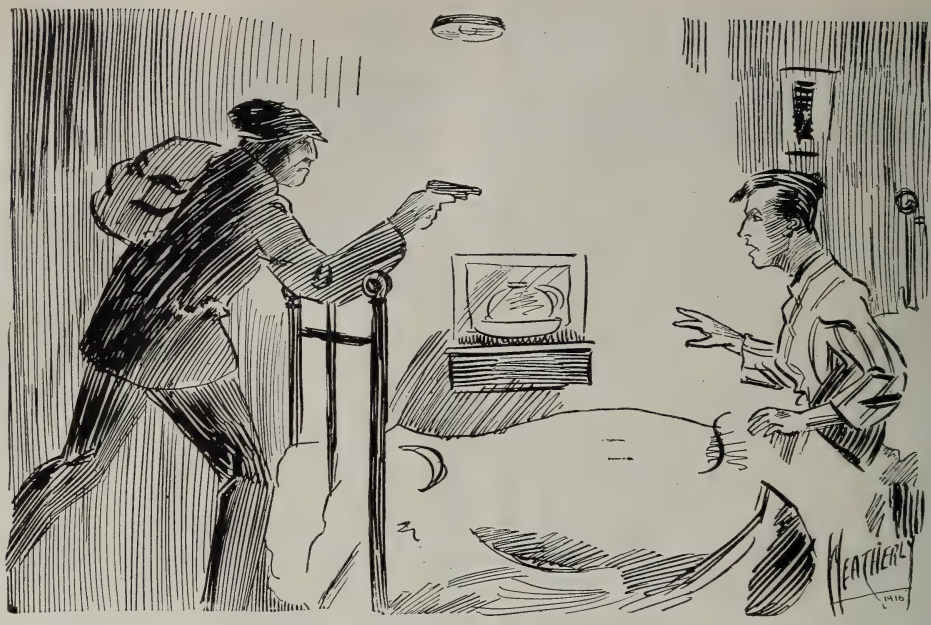

GUNN (who is a Motion Picture director in the daytime)—Now, you'll have to do that all over again and make it more realistic.

WILLIAM HART FAN.—You want interviews with Robert Warwick, Wheeler Oakman and H. B. Warner. Thanks for the fee. It was fine of you to remember me. You show good taste in your list of favorites.

CHUBBY.—Owen Moore didn't play in that L-Ko. That was a double exposure. You have the wrong character in that Selig.

SOLDIER BOY SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.—The Answer Lady was very distressed that your letter came too late to get an answer in her department. She is writing to you personally, and will also have a little note for you in next month's Magazine in case her letter might go astray.

ANTHONY.—You write such beautiful letters, and I am always glad to hear from you. Wont you tell me who you are?

YPONOMEUTRA PUSIELLA.—Dont you ever get tired carrying that name? Thanks for the picture of your dog. No, we are no relation. Yes, Arthur Bates. No cast for that Essanay. Sorry. You say you have seen Henry Walthall twelve times in "The Clansman," four in "Pillars of Society," seven in "Misleading Lady," eight in "Sting of Victory," and an average of five and six for each episode of "Mary Page." You are not an operator, I hope—what? Shall look for the pepper branches. Am passing your verses along. Thanks.

MARIE S., NEW YORK.—Please supply us with your correct address next time you send for a list.

LUCIE F. C.—The rôle of Nathan Hale will be played by Robert Warwick. It was Nat Goodwin, not Nathan Hale, who said: "My only regret is that I have only one wife to give for my country." You want a picture of Herbert Hayes in the Gallery.

EMHEY H. DALTON.—Nona Thomas, the Ince-Triangle ingénue, is a sister of Ollie Kirkby of the Kalem Company. You never can tell anything from names. Mary Fuller and King Baggot are not located at this writing. Probably will be before the first of the year. Try Universal, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. C., for "The Broken Coin," and Mutual, 71 W. 23d Street, for "Damaged Goods." Very good.

ALLISON-LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—So far as I know, Iva Shepard is the only vampire who can successfully "vamp" with light blue eyes. Donald MacBride as Jimmie in "Daring of Diana" (Vitagraph). Thank you.

PHILIP W. W.—It was reported that Florence Turner was in America playing for Mutual, but you apparently know differently.

JIMMIE BOY.—Joyce Fair with Essanay. So you go camping. Are you acquainted with the daddylonglegs? Helen of Troy must have been 60 years old when Paris fell in love with her, so there is still hope for old maids.

STEVENS P. F.—Follow the advice given to Mae T.

GASOLINE GUS, 17.—As to the Reel Club, write to John H. Chase, 416 E. 11th Street, Los Angeles, Cal. He will give you full particulars. Henry Katoni was Hironari in "The Typhoon." I dont meddle much with politics. Yes, I am proud of the Brooklyns this year, but it's time we got a pennant, even if we lost the World Series. The Jews introduced the custom of swearing on the Bible.

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Advanced Science of Spinal Adjustment

This is the day of drugless healing! The fallacy of "doping and dosing" has been exposed! Science has triumphed again! Treatment by spinal adjustment is the thing of the hour! Look at our newspapers and magazines—see the sweeping trend towards the principles of Chiropractic.

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ETHEL B.—Get your publicity man to send a lot of pictures and a chat of you to all the leading publications. Supply them with little, newsy articles every month about yourself. You will soon get publicity if not popularity.

R. B. R.—Thanks for the invitation. Sorry I cant take a trip down to see you in my aeroplane. The reason is because I haven't an aeroplane. Blessed be he who has nothing to say and insists on not saying it.

MAE T.—And you, too, please give your correct address when you want letters answered by mail. We dont like to have them come back.

TALMADGE FAN.—Why not address your mail to this department, please? John Bowers was Floriot in "Madame X." Thais Lawton was Columbia in "Battle Cry of Peace." Harold Huber was Mr. Vandergriff. Robert Vernon was the boy in "His Father's Footsteps." Yes, Louise Fazenda.

HELEN S., CEDARHURST.—Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1889. Nell Shipman has joined Lasky. James Kirkwood is directing Mary Miles Minter, also her sister, Margaret Shelby. L. C. Shumway was James in "The Candle" (Lubin). Yours was bright.

POPULARITY

PANAMA.—But you must not ask questions like that. Yes, Elmer Clifton played the lead in "The Fox Woman" with Seena Owen and Teddy Sampson. Florence Reed with Pathé.

ELIZABETH D.—No, Stuart Holmes is not a bad man off the screen, 'deed he aint. He tells me that his hobby is a clepsydra, which is a clock run by water instead of by ordinary clockwork. To regulate it fast, he pours a little rum into its reservoir, and for slow, a spoonful of tea. I'd hate to keep tabs on a clepsydra. Brooklyn Keller is with Horsley. Mary Pickford's studio is in New York, on Seventh Avenue. Thank you.

BILLY ROMAINE.—How good of you to write such a dandy letter! Edward Earle was in to see us the other day. He is a splendid chap, and we chatted him splendidly. Your letter is as charming as ever, and I want to hear from you oftener.

BRYAN G. R.—Madge Kirby was Dorothy; Helen Bray, Ilean Hume and Nell Dawkins were the other girls in "Bob's Love Affairs." Myrtle Stedman has joined Lasky.

BROWN BROS., N. Z.—The New Zealand card is very pretty, thanks. Yes, that was the explosion at Black Tom Island, N. J. No fighting at the Mexican border. Broadway is the main thorofare in New York City. Vitagraph studio is in Brooklyn.

IDA E. S.—Yes, many actors have been knighted in England for their artistic work. Among others are Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Frank Benson. No screen players have been knighted as yet, and I'm going to take the matter up with the King. Horace Hollacher was the brother in "Hulda from Holland." Gladys Brockwell was Adrienne in "The End of the Trail." Charles West was Morgan in "The Gutter Magdalene" (Lasky).

MARIE MCG.—Forrest Stanley is not married. Mabel Normand is with her own brand, producing for Triangle. The report that Warren Kerrigan was going to produce his own pictures has been denied by Universal. Ella Hall also remains with Universal.

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LESLIE E. M.—You refer to True Boardman. Theda Bara is a clever sculptress, and, but for an accident of fate, intended to make sculpturing her profession.

GEORGE E. F.—I'm glad you got the picture. You ought to, after your kind letter to her. Walter Miller will play in the new Florida Feature Company, producing "The Toll of Justice." Ivy Close has left Kalem temporarily and returned to England. Alfred Vosburgh has joined Morosco.

ANNA G.—Lottie Pickford is with Famous Players. That was Loretta Blake and Dorothy West in "The Eternal Grind" as the sisters. Thanks for yours. The Congressional Library contains 1,800,000 volumes; the British Museum, 2,000,000, and the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, 2,600,000.

"Oh dear! Baby is chewing on our last number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE."

"He is? Good! I'm glad he is developing a taste for such good literature."

IDA MAY.—Yes, I too am a howling baseball fan. Did you know that the umpires for the World Series had to pass a Moving Picture camera test? They first gave a close decision on the bases, and afterwards the same plays were made before a "slow" camera. The film was projected at less than half the speed of the plays, and clearly proved the correctness or incorrectness of the umpire's judgment. You refer to William Duncan in "God's Country and the Woman."

IDA H., NASHVILLE.—Pretty long, but very interesting. I have frequently been reproached for committing faults that my censors had neither the power nor the intelligence to commit.

GLADYS B., NEW ORLEANS.—I am not quite as happy as I desire, but perhaps I am not as wretched as I deserve. The weather is splendid here at present. Claire Whitney was Venetia in "Under Two Flags." Yes, Warda Howard played four parts in "The Raven."

MRS. W. F. RICHARDSON, WICHITA FALLS.—The home for old actors is located on Staten Island, N. Y. There are many actors' colonies, such as at Siasconset, Mass., Jamestown, N. Y., and the most recent one is a country club called "The Lights," at Freeport, Long Island, N. Y. I dont recall the play from your description. Francis Bushman never played opposite Ruth Roland.

CARMEN S., PONCE, PORTO RICO.—Marie Empress's real name is Marie Kean, and she is a great grandniece of Edmund Kean, the once celebrated English actor. Andrew Arbuckle in "The Matrimonial Martyr," opposite Ruth Roland.

FRED I.—I have found that passionate ambition and suspicion invariably go together. You refer to Edna Payne, formerly of Lubin. She was with Universal last.

CLIO.—Rabindranath Tagore wrote "Crescent Moon" (child poems), "The Gardener," "Citra," "Gitanjoli" (song offerings) and "Songs of Kabir." The MacMillan Co., N. Y., publishers.

JAY CITY FANNETTE.—I dont think you have the right title on that play. If you have the first word right, I can help you. Yes, pictures were in their infancy three years ago. We did not run that contest. Alan Hale with Famous Players. You think the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Goldfish ought to get after Charles Chaplin after seeing "One A. M." How about Clara Young in "Goodness Gracious"?

IRIS W.—Thanks for your consideration. Max Figman and Lolita Robertson in "Jack Chantry." Claire Whitney was Joan in "The Plunderer." Pat O'Malley in "Gladiola." Fred Abbott in "What Doris Did." You want a chat, interview or X-ray with Robert Warwick. One's coming. It's cooked and ready to be served.

MARTHA P.—It depends entirely upon the opportunities of the scenario. Haven't seen Owen Moore and Marguerite Courtot in "The Kiss." Yes, it must be good.

JENNIE C.—Write to the companies for pictures of the players.

PROVIDENCE.—Thanks for your information. You are quite right. William Desmond signed up for three years with Tom Ince. Mabel Van Buren is with Lasky.

PETER K. K. K.—If I could only make canals in my head to promote home traffic between my stores of thought! No, Antonio Moreno is not a ladies' man, any more than is any other good-looking player. Splendid thought you sprang on me.

M. B. A., VANCOUVER.—Chester Conklin was studying for the ministry when he suddenly decided to become a circus clown. (Quite a big jump!) He compromised the situation by going into pictures. (A still bigger jump!) Your letter was very interesting.

NELLIE F. L.—Send me your birth date and I will send what you want some time. Pretty busy just now—am Russian to get thru.

BERNICE P.—Howard Crampton and Catherine Calvert had the leads in "My Lady's Millions." William Garwood, former Universal director, leading man in "On Trial."

BERYL, AUCKLAND.—Harold Lockwood, Metro Co., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "Divorçons."

ERNEST O.—George Larkin is with Variety films. You want a picture of Rose Tapley in the Gallery. Miss Tapley is a very charming young lady, in spite of the fact that she is my hated rival.

PUNKEYDOODLE.—There is no such thing possible as reform; the only thing we can do is a little better. Julian L'Estrange was Mr. Travis, Katherine Kaelred was Mrs. Travis and Edith Lyle was Elsie in "The Girl with the Green Eyes." Dont use that name, please.

EDITH, 17.—I try to be happy by learning what I know not and teaching what I know. Mary Anderson has a sister Frances, but not Mignon. Anna Leigh was May in "The Alster Case." Alfred Hickman was Mendoza in "The Witch." Glenn Martin was the aviator in "A Girl of Yesterday." Donald Crisp was Monroe. George Beranger was Joe in "Flirting with Fate" (Triangle).

MADELINE M., BROOKLYN.—Famous Players do not want the scenario. All they want is a detailed synopsis of two or three thousand words outlining the story. Unavailable ideas are usually returned within a week. The Holy Grail is one of the leading themes of mediæval romance, and centers around the cup used by Jesus at the Last Supper.

CURIOUS.—It isn't so. A pretty face is the fortune of some and the ruin of others. Lola May opposite H. B. Warner in "The Beggar of Cawnpore."

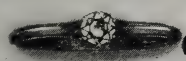
LYNETTE.—No, I dont answer questions in that weekly, altho they frequently have the same ideas that I have used. King Baggot was until recently the oldest member of the Universal Company in point of service. William Welsh now holds that honor, having been with them for over seven years. Matt Moore is the next in line.

E. M. S., NEWARK.—Maude Gilbert was Marie in "Samson." No play by that name. Be fair with your enemies, certainly; but be fair with your friends first.

E. L. B., ALLENTOWN.—That Valentine Grant play was taken in New York. Mine is Capricorn. J. W. Johnston opposite Marguerite Clark in "Out of the Drifts."

FRANCES D. L.—Yes, Gordon Gotch. Photographs of Nance O'Neil in February 1916 Magazine, May 1916 Classic. You haven't seen the Classic? Write direct to our Circulation Manager for back numbers.

ETHEL M.—You cant bribe me, thank you. I'll do nothing of the kind. I'll send you no picture of me. The Editor wont allow it. He says I'm not good-looking enough to be exhibited.



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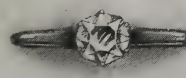

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SUNI, VICTORIA.—That was a mistake—should have been "Bush fires" and not "Brush fires." I shall take up the matter of your dues.

A. L. AND E. W. ADMIRER.—Usually in big and important scenes more than one camera is used. The best negative is afterwards selected. In outdoor scenes, where the action moves from place to place, a battery of ten cameras takes up the action, when it passes out of the focus of one camera to the next one. This is a matter of the director's and camera-man's good judgment. Send International coupons by all means. Yes, the prices for a large feature picture are often raised.

MILDRED A.—Yes, I am mighty glad it wasn't a buttermilk strike. Buttermilk is the healthiest beverage and wheat is the most nutritious thing you can put in your stomach. Had a very pleasant summer, thank you. I have plenty of heat in this hallroom of mine. Maybe next year I will get married. Marie Doro was the Kid in "Common Ground."

ETHEL J. M.—So many automobile trips were being taken to the county jail near Inceville to produce scenes where players were either freed or being incarcerated, that Thomas Ince has at last added a jail to his collection of outdoor sets. Who says that crime is not on the increase?

DAVID M.—Wilmuth Merkyl is with Fox. John Steppling is with Universal. Margarita Fischer is with Mutual. Madge Kirby is with Universal, playing opposite Billy Mason.

PICKFORD MAE.—Zeena Keefe and Earle Metcalfe have joined the Niagara Film Co. Edna Flugrath has joined Vitagraph. Sidney Olcott left Famous Players. Robert Walker and Augustus Phillips with Metro. Leo White was the baby in "Destiny's Toy."

MARTHA WASHINGTON.—It is reported that Rhea Mitchell will wear eight different hats in a coming Mutual Star product with Richard Bennett, but not all at one time. James Cruze was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1884.

CHARLES W. W.—Thanks for yours. You say that Charles Hughes, if elected, will be the first Charles to sit in the chair at the White House. Then he will be Charles the First, but is it not Woodrow the First?

CLARA H.—Henry Walthall was the hero in "The Informer." Doris Wooldridge was Rachel in "The Bondman." Edna Mayo was born in Philadelphia, where she attended a girls' college, graduating at the age of 16. She is 23 years of age, is athletically inclined, an expert swimmer and horsewoman, lover of outdoor sports, talented sculptress, enthusiastic motorist, weighs 117 pounds, and has brown hair.

F. H. PERU.—Bessie Barriscale and Charles Ray in "The Painted Soul" (Triangle). Theda Bara and H. Cooper Cliffe in "A Child of the Parisian Streets." H. Cooper Cliffe is playing in "The Intruder," a stage-play, and his work in it is wonderful. Yes, stop in and look us over.

JESSIE, ST. LOUIS.—Quit bothering with theory; deal with results. Marcelle Faber was Zingo in "Sari."

M. ROSALIE M.—Vera Sisson is with Universal. Jack Mulhall also. You must be a school-teacher—you write like one. You can generally tell them. Write me again.

MARCIA.—Ethel Fleming was Amy Cartwright in the picture "Under Cover." The "Q." stands for Quirentia, in Anna Nilsson's name. You want the Gallery doubled. Alas! it costs too much money—paper is so high.

IRENE M.—If they're tender-hearted, it costs an awful lot for prominent players to keep their wardrobe stocked. Popular favorites receive thousands of requests for handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., often with the more or less "honest" stipulation that they are to be auctioned off for some charity or something. Boyd Marshall with Thanhouser.

JOYCE, MAY, BARA.—No, I never get sick of answering questions. I like it immensely. William Hinckley was Stuyvesant, Jr., in "The Wayward Son" (Reliance). If you are a high liver, I think it must be your liver that's out of order.

A CURIOUS.—James Henabery was Lincoln, Donald Crisp was General Grant in "The Birth of a Nation." George Relph was Fownes, Gladden James was Tracey and George Magaroni was Evan.

ALENE C.; MARTHA WASHINGTON, OTHERWISE MARIE; H. E. V., DUPONT.—Your letters were very interesting, and I hope to hear from you again. Questions have been answered above.

DANE, 88.—Miriam Nesbitt isn't playing at present. I think I sent that letter to you.

HELEN E. H.—You can get any of the back numbers of our Magazine with a picture of Mary Miles Minter, but perhaps the picture in this number will suit you.

BIJOU.—Wallace Reid is in Los Angeles. Nat Goodwin was married to Maxine Elliott, Edna Goodrich, Eliza Weathersby and two others, but not all at once.

JACK, NEW ZEALAND.—You think that many of the picture companies will fail on account of high salaries? I agree with you, and here is what some of the stars are drawing down: Douglas Fairbanks, $100,000 a year; Frank Keenan, $65,000; W. S. Hart, Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark and Olga Petrova all $100,000 a year; Lenore Ulrich, $52,000; and then there is Mary Pickford with $10,000 a week and a share of the profits, and Charlie Chaplin with $10,000 and a share of the profits that may bring him up to $15,000 a week. I guess you're right; somebody has got to go bust. You say the temptation to write me proved irresistible, which proves how attractive I am.

MELVA.—You pay me a high compliment when you call me Doctor. Is it Dr. Sunbeam or Dr. Thundercloud? Wish I could print your letters. About 6,000 buildings are injured by lightning every year at a loss of about $3,000,000, about 700 people killed and about 800 injured.

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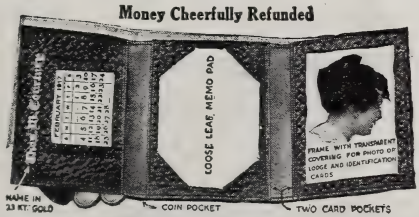
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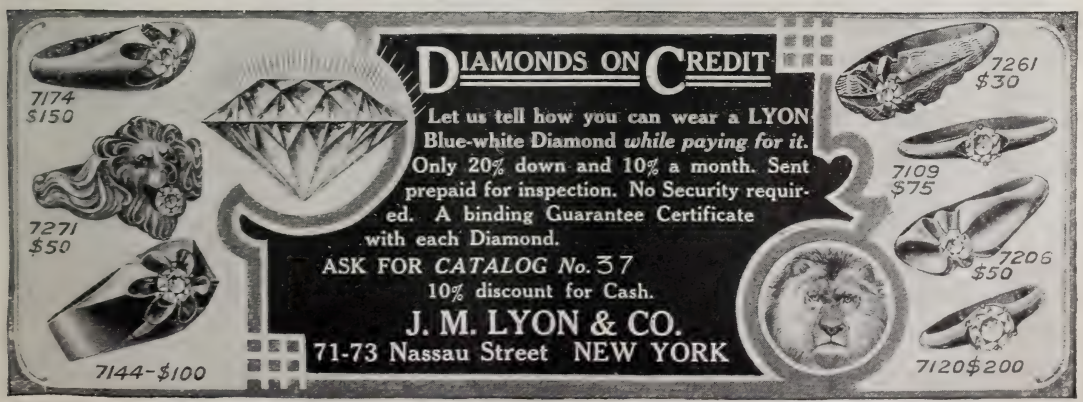
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 13)

There is some remarkable photography of night effects, and wonderful riding and fighting scenes abound. H. S. N.

"The End of the Trail" (Fox).—Featuring William Farnum and his new co-star, Eleanor Brockwell. A well-enacted play of the great Northwest. Excellent plot and scenery. As usual, William's fists are the means of his reaching his goal.

"Caprice of the Mountains" (Fox).—In which the versatile little actress, June Caprice, makes her screen début. Fine acting by an all-star cast; splendid scenery and photography. A picture that lovers of "Tess of the Storm Country" should not fail to see.

"A Corner in Colleens" (Ince-Triangle).—A Bessie Barriscale-Charles Ray comedy-drama that skips along with joy and with just enough "gloom" to hold suspense and "point up" the comedy. A touch of the recent Irish rebellion gives a topical punch to the dramatics. We do not think the climax strong—it descends to mere foolery, lacks suspense, and "agonizes" only the heroine. What are climaxes for, anyway, if they dont grip their audiences? The cast is excellent; the portraitures are pleasing and true-to-life, with one exception—either the director or author (or both) is to blame for the characterization of a hoydenish, but refined, Irish girl as portrayed in Miss Barriscale's "Shamrock." It was more of a caricature. The gestures, dialect and facial play are a product of low comedy — burlesque show traditions—that showed a lack of familiarity with, or contempt for, the well-bred Irish miss. All in all, a clever, neatly running photoplay that will please. E. M. L.

"Blind Justice."—A wonderful seven-reel feature of the Danish Biograph Company. A picture that took a year to complete, and represents acting and directing of highest merit and excellence. Plot holds the attention from beginning to end, and is highly dramatic. Theme shows evil of false accusation. Good photography, fine scenery. Subtitles very cleverly illustrated. Photoplay written by Mr. Christie, who also plays the leading rôle.

"Under Two Flags" (Fox).—Six reels featuring Theda Bara and Herbert Hayes. Very gripping plot and extremely well directed and acted. Scenery, picturesque locale of the Sahara and Algiers, showing life among the Chasseurs d'Afrique and wild riders of the desert. Does Theda Bara justice as an emotional lead—her "vampire" acting is entirely omitted. B. E.

"Valiants of Virginia" (Selig).—Kathlyn Williams leading. Strong acting and fine Southern drama thruout. In short, is an excellent screen version of the book of the same name by Hallie Erminie Rives. H. G.

"The Return of 'Draw' Egan" (Ince-Triangle).—William S. Hart in the title rôle, in a tale of the red-blooded West.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

Plenty of touch-and-go, good characterization, and a strong portrayal of a road-agent whose better nature asserts itself thru the call of love, and who takes the job of marshal with the intention of cleaning-up a bad town. Just how well he does it the picture tells. Its author has leaned a bit strongly on "The Virginian" with his plot motive, but his character of "Arizona Joe," the marshal's antagonist, is nowhere near so fine as "Trampas." He is branded as so weak that his death-lock with the marshal is a foregone conclusion. E. M. L.

"The Winning Punch" (Keystone).—A lot of punching all right, and the usual Keystone foolery.

"The Lady Killer" (Metro). Ralph Herz tries to be very funny in a "silent silly," and succeeds here and there.

"A Woman's Way" (World).—A most satisfactory picture, above the average in setting, gowning, photography and cast. The direction is decidedly human; by that I mean everything is done as it would be in real life. There is a powerful grip to this drama, and one admires always Miss Ethel Clayton as the woman who determines to hold her husband against the other woman and succeeds beautifully. The realistic scenes of the mine disaster deserve especial mention, but it is too bad "Puss," or the woman-cat, couldn't have been played by a more physically attractive woman. We had to stretch our imagination to believe that Carlyle Blackwell could "fall for" this vampire. H. S. N.

"His Stolen Fortune" (Essanay).—A Bushman and Bayne of the old Essanay days, which, in spite of the old-fashioned garb, is as virile as anything Bushman has done with Metro. H. S. N.

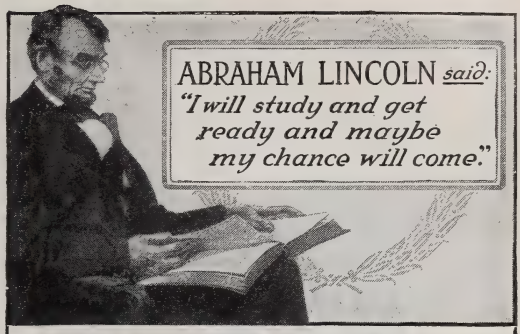
Ben Kartman Wins

The Hidden Face Puzzle Contest closed on October 5th. Several thousand answers were received, but among the first was one from Ben Kartman, 1840 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill., whose answer was considered the best. Nearly every contestant found six faces: Charles Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Billie Reeves, G. M. Anderson and Maurice Costello. Some of our very shrewd readers found over one hundred faces, but we confess that we have not been able to detect most of them. The year's subscription goes to the young man above named. We regret, of course, that we cannot award prizes to all the contestants, and wish that we could have a contest in which all the contestants could win a prize.

CONTENTMENT

By Erroll Hay Colcock

Without a gray and wintry sky,
Pale moonbeams slanting thru;
Within (enough to satisfy),
A photoplay and *you!*



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☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Teacher
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Navigator ☐ Spanish
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(*Continued from page* 15)

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Jean Sothern	28,000
Viola Dana	26,400
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Robert Mantell	24,515
Ethel Clayton	24,475
Louise Glaum	20,920
Helen Holmes	20,095
E. K. Lincoln	18,615
Maurice Costello	18,595
Dorothy Kelly	18,135
King Baggot	18,035
Harry Northrup	18,005
Frank Mayo	16,925
Florence Lawrence	16,505
Ben Wilson	16,260
Marie Newton	15,520
Mabel Normand	15,440
Lenore Ulrich	15,055
Earle Foxe	14,795
William Garwood	14,670
Hobart Henley	14,025
Margarita Fischer	13,795

Over the Studio Tea Cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

Picture-players are extending their beneficences too within prison walls. For some time, the movies have been used in many States to amuse and to instruct prisoners, but there are few cases in which the players themselves have appeared before them. In helping to set the Motion Picture Actors' Welfare League in motion, Valentine Grant recently made a personal appearance before the soldiers imprisoned for minor military offenses in Castle William on Governor's Island, N. Y. With her she brought her latest picture, "The Daughter of MacGregor," and she told "the boys in duress vile" many little interesting incidents of its taking.

Another soldier story that comes from the studios is both romantic and heart-touching. Six years ago, Earl Biescker, of Knoxville, Pa., joined the U. S. Navy. At the outbreak of the great European War, the young veteran cast his fortunes with the English army in France. His letters ceased to come to the old folks at home; all inquiries failed to reveal his whereabouts, and his old mother went into deep mourning. Six months passed by, and one night, in Pittsburg, a neighbor persuaded her to take in the movies. Then the astounding thing happened. Before her unbelievable eyes, his mother saw young Biescker walk toward her calmly down the screen, bearing a wounded comrade to the rear. The apparition dismayed the old lady, and she fell fainting to the floor, but her friends verified the date of the picture, got in touch with English army officials and found out that it was not "a ghost who had walked." Thereat the old lady's long months of heartache were instantly swept away.

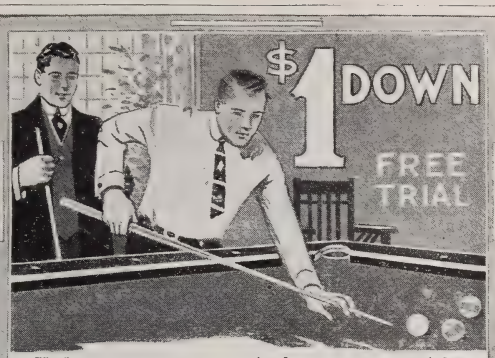
When Grace Cunard, bright star of "My Lady Raffles," recently attended at the studio an "advance run" of the latest episode, two of her twenty-six-odd dogs accompanied her. They followed her into the projection-room. When her picture flashed upon the screen, instantly there were sharp barks of surprise and then of joyous recognition. The dogs ran to the screen, leaped up against it and tried to lick the hands of their mistress. Amid the confusion the studio audience burst into laughter. When Grace Cunard, in the substance, called the dogs off and brought them to her feet, they gave tongue to all sorts of canine questions.

Beautiful Marguerite Courtot had her troubles in these latter days in rehearsing scenes for "The Kiss." As the title suggests, osculation forms the sweetest part of the story. Before Marguerite's labial career came to an end it was sadly checkered with the imprints—pecky, lingering, mellifluous, smoky—from countless ambitious young players in her support. "Gracious," she exclaimed, after the 'steenth attempt, "is there anybody left in the world who has not tried to kiss me?"

Here is a new dog story concerning Jack Pickford. It appears that in his rôle of Baxter in "Seventeen" Jack has got to be awfully mean to "Clematis," a terrorized "hound dawg." Now before the scenes were taken, Jack and "Clematis" had been the best of friends. Result: When Jack fiercely shook his stick at him while acting before the camera, "Clematis" insisted on licking Jack's hand. Jack sums up the spoiled scene by philosophizing "that you've got to be a consistent hater to make a 'hound dawg' fall out with you."

If Jack Kerrigan doesn't "hurry up" his decision as to his future career, some wise capitalist will offer to star him in "The Indecisions of Jack." Firstly rumor runneth that the handsome super-star was to forswear the studio forever and to headline in vaudeville. Then follows the denial of the Universal Company, abetted by some of Jack's friends, that he had no such intentions whatsoever, and that his present studio career is a life job. And now the third episode in "The Indecisions of Jack" is before us. All previous rumors have been set at rest by the statement that Mr. Kerrigan is about to build his own studio and to be under his own management henceforth. No doubt there are other "episodes" yet to follow.

Every one knows that little Marie Walcamp is a perfect "Daniel in the lions' den" when it comes to facing the real article. And now she has gone a step farther. In some recent scenes that were being "shot" on the desert, "Liberty" gave the slip to the pursuing greasers and started digging enthusiastically in the sand. "I have struck something!" she cried to her astonished director, and behold, as the excavation grew deeper, Miss Walcamp had unearthed the bones of an antediluvian monster. Now the report comes from the fossil department of



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Alice Joyce	Pearl White	Edna Mayo
Jack Kerrigan	Ben F. Wilson	Henry B. Walthall
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Jack Kerrigan	Earle Williams

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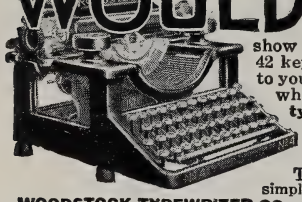

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the Smithsonian Institute that the little lion-tamer is the owner and discoverer of a thirty-foot dinosaurus. "No such pets for me!" exclaimed Marie, on seeing a sketch of the reconstructed monster; "'Dynny' must have worn Eve to the bone feeding him barrels of apples!"

The accident in which Helen Holmes was recently severely injured, resulted in the overventursome miss being taken to the hospital in a precarious condition. But she came out smiling, and is ready for more. Train wrecks, cattle and horse stampedes, bridge jumping, and such little things are only light housekeeping for "Hazardous Helen." Stubbornness and fearlessness are parts of her natural make-up, and she boasts the proud record of never allowing any "stunter" to double for her, no matter how great the risk.

A week or so ago, when Jeanne Eagles and her company of Thanhouser players were on location in the Adirondack Mountains, they badly needed some trophies to be used in a hunting-lodge scene. A telegram to New Rochelle failed to reveal any loving-cups in the property-room; but a day later, the express-wagon lumbered thru the woods and delivered a large package to the studio campers. On opening it, they found all the necessary trophies, and what a sad story they revealed! There was a solid silver cup, presented to an old couple on their fiftieth wedding anniversary; a beautiful gold one, awarded to a former well-known dancer, and even a little child had contributed its porringer bowl. Sad ghosts these mementoes of better days, that finally—hope and all—were interred in the pawnshop.

Almost every day crowns a new hero in Screenland when some fearless player beards a lion in his den. But here is something different. While Harold Lockwood, May Allison and their supporting cast were filming a scene in the woods for "Big Tremaine," the property boy unwittingly upset a beehive. The angry little creatures immediately attacked the players and drove them from the woods on the run. The camera-man's only regret is that he didn't get some film of the scene. The insectiferous marathon of handsome Harry and beauteous May must have been a sight for the gods.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Here is some deserved praise and some more than deserved criticism cleverly put into running verse by Isabel R. McKibben, 53 King Street West, Toronto, Canada:

We're told that Motion Picture folk, to film
a really splendid joke, that's rich, yet not
offensive, or to produce a thrilling scene, on
which all audiences are keen, count nothing
too expensive. That ne'er a mercenary thought
is given to train wrecks, and that not a frown

greets damaged auto. With coolest disregard to cost, great buildings fall and ships are lost. "Good Pictures" is their motto. Since we at first a victim fell to movies' charms, we love them well, and we just hate to mention—but e'en a fan must tell the truth—that there is one thing, crude, uncouth, which needs some strict attention. As every movie-lover knows, around the doors of picture shows stand monstrous, glaring posters, which blaze forth like a baleful flame, and would, if given their rightful name, be "Motion Picture Roasters." Did we not, from experience, know that these do not portray the show, we, frankly, should be frightened to venture in where should be seen such grotesque creatures on the screen. Of course, we've been enlightened; but how about the other folk, who try the movie show to choke, and bitterly eschew it? Those awful pictures out in front, which do the advertising stunt, will help those boobs to do it. So, why not spend a little cash replacing outside poster trash with something more alluring? Something that confidence inspires, and fine, dramatic instinct fires—something more reassuring?

Mr. James Gowdy, of 187 Crescent St., Long Island City, has a clever suggestion. He wants to know why the following would not make good teams on the screen as well as on paper:

Cleo Ridgely
Charles Richmond

Ruby Hoffman
Robert Harron

Lloyd Hamilton
Lillian Hayward

Earle Metcalfe
Edna Maison

Lillian Walker
Leo White

Matt Moore
Mary Maurice

George Cooper
Grace Cunard

Francis Bushman
Fritzi Brunette

Gertrude Selby
George Stanley

Alan Hale
Alice Hollister

Eleanor Woodruff
Earle Williams

Jane Gail
Joseph Girard

Leah Baird
Lionel Barrymore

June Daye
Jack Dillon

Victor Moore
Violet Mersereau

Ethel Clayton
Edward Coxen

Dorothy Green
Douglass Gerrard

Rosemary Theby
Richard Travers

A. J. Hand, Cambridge, Ill., voices a protest against "manufactured thrills" and penny dreadfuls—he's thru with his dime-novel days.

It seems as if the time had come to uplift the voice of protest—at least the voice of question—as to the great increase of the continued story in movie form. I speak for the disgruntled army of people who, from Maine to Montana, have shoved their good nickels (mostly reinforced by dimes) under the win-

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If you will tell me what improvements you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

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"Breaking Into the Movies in California"
is the title of a wonderful article in the January
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
It is the diary of a beautiful girl who was ambitious and who went to California to win fame and fortune as a photoplayer. Her ups and downs are told in graphic narrative, and best of all it is all true. Her experiences form an important chapter in the history of Motion Pictures and everybody should read it. Beautifully illustrated with photos of the author.

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dow and gone with high hopes into the darkness and stagnation of the silent playhouse, only to find themselves faced by the eighteenth installment of the "Antics of Aunt Anna" or the ninth chapter of "Nick, the Ne'er-Do-Well."

I am willing to hibernate one night in the week for the sake of the fans who pant to spend, in driblets, three dollars to see the thirty episodes of the "Adventures of a Gambler Lady," which they wouldn't give thirty cents to read (and which wouldn't be worth thirteen, if they did), but I would like to know that I shall not shortly have to stay at home all the evenings, by reason of the rapid increase of the movie serial. It is as impossible to enjoy one of these isolated chapters as it would be to get pleasure from a magazine story whose opening lines should record that "With a gasping sigh the Lady Patricia fell into Lord Algernon's arms, murmuring: 'Alas, and is it by so slight an offense that I forfeit what has cost me so dear?'"

My home town in Illinois is one of those straggling villages, split by ancient feud into east side and west side, with a good quarter of a mile of neutral ground between. None the less do we sport our two movies—one in each section. It lends a spice of excitement to our pleasures that we have always a choice between the banging lady pianist at the old show and the whanging mechanical piano at the new one, but this added interest of decision we would gladly forego if so we might be sure, in either, of finding a whole completed story, however humble and possible it might be.

For in our town, with more than the frequence generally obtaining "in the best regulated families," accidents occur, so that, tho a definite night may be set aside for the marvels of "The Plunging Pearl," one is by no means sure of not finding the lady on deck an evening ahead of herself or twice as far behind. Yet who, with his best girl on his arm and the rabble of "other-siders" crowding up behind him, can stop to inquire and appraise, even tho he knows but too well that the stifled yawn and the squirming spasm of utter boredom may be his if he does not?

But let me not be numbered with those disturbers of our peace who point out offenses with ease, but make no effort to set forth remedies therefor. No, let me hasten to suggest that it be made the unvarying custom, if not the law, for all movies to hang out a signal—one of such startling size and brilliance as surely to attract the eye—and on this signal to have in glaring letters some such screed as, "Warning! Proceed at your own risk. Serial on!" or: "Attention! If you haven't seen 'Huntoon of the Haunted House' to date, dont come in!" And I would add that all such notices should be so placed that the passer-by might scan them before he extend the so often disastrous invitation to his blushing fair.

I feel that I scatter good seed. May it not fall on stony ground.

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Censoring the Film Kiss

(*Continued from page* 112)

as far as the Kansas movie censor appeal board is concerned.

"Mother-in law kiss, five-sixteenths of a foot.

"Soul kiss, dispute. Brewster favors a limit of fifty-seven feet; Sessions says not more than twenty-three feet; Botkin not voting.

"The foregoing rules are primarily for actors' kisses. For actresses the following are being considered:

"New hat kisses bestowed on woman friend, six feet.

"Rich uncle kiss, twenty feet.

"Poor uncle kiss, one foot.

"Vampire kiss, status not determined. Sessions says not at all, and Brewster and Botkin refuse to disagree with Sessions.

"Kissing own baby, no limit.

"Kissing husband, five feet for affection; for other purposes, depends on circumstances."

Ruth said, in answer to a question, that film kisses, as well as others, should be left to the discretion of the persons concerned, but that she didn't understand why the censors had omitted the dog kiss. We'll leave it to the censors.

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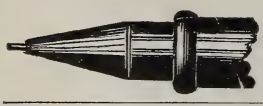

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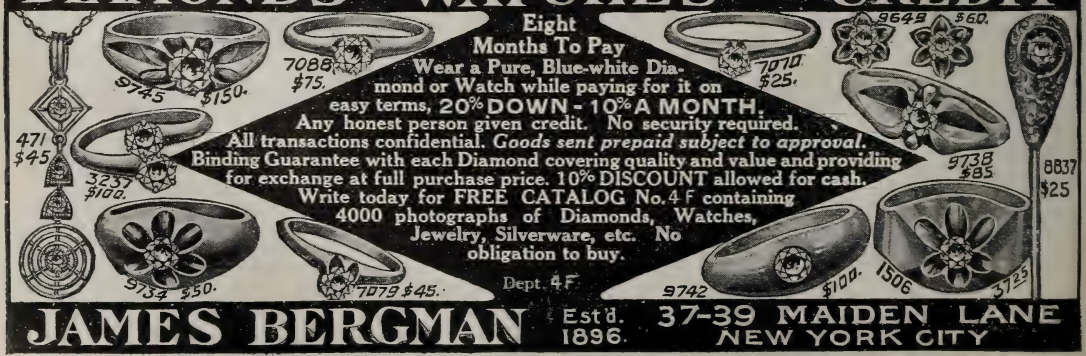

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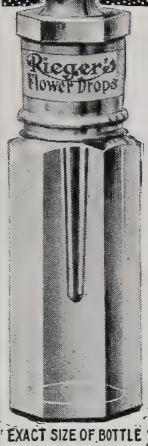

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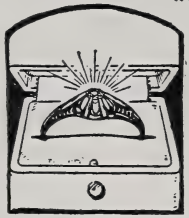

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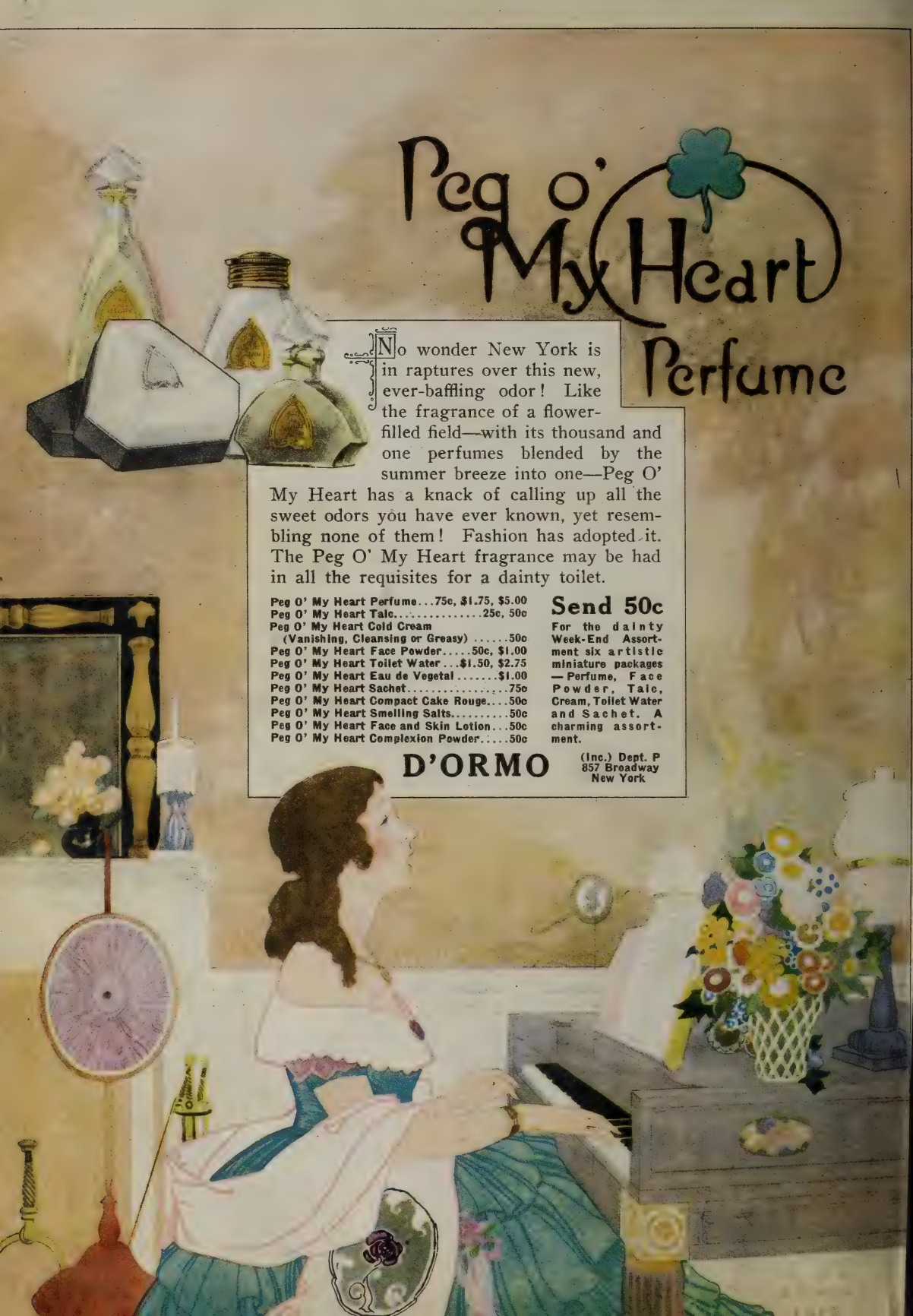
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JANUARY 1916

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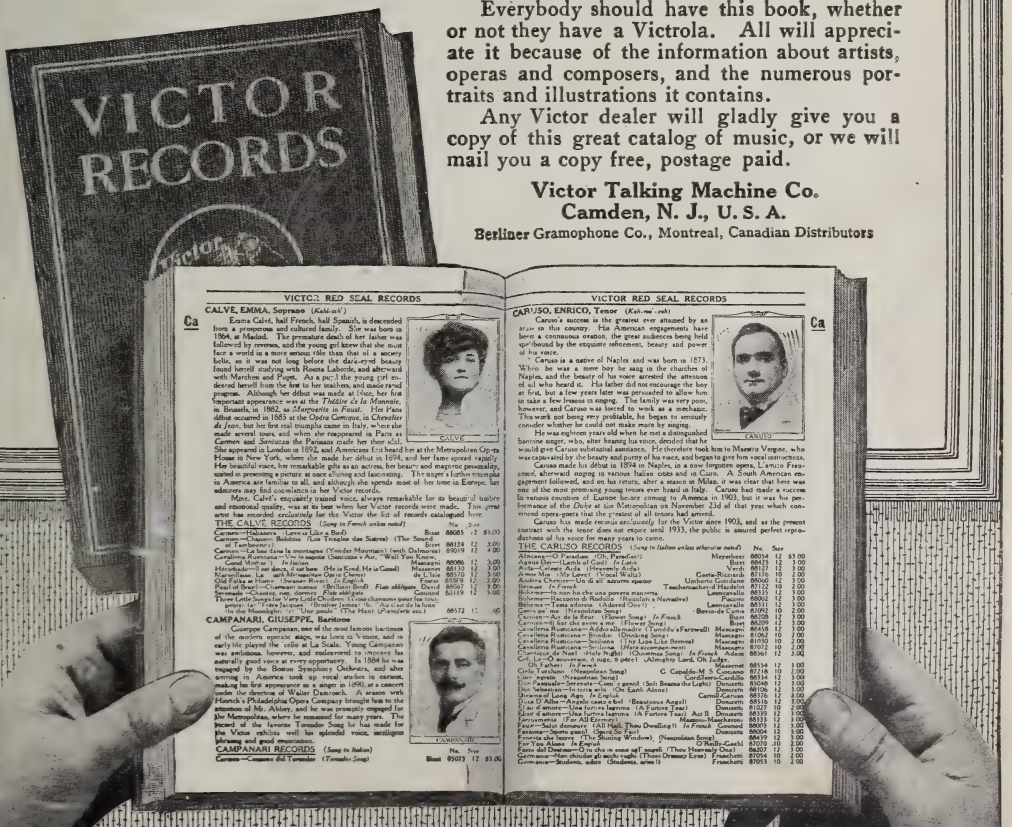
VICTOR RECORDS
VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS
CALVE, EMMA, Soprano (Kahl-vay)
Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious vein than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Pagès. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her debut was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, in 1882, as Marguerite in Faust. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the Opéra Comique, in Chevalier de Jean, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as Carmen and Santuzza the Parisians made her their idol. She appeared in London in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she made her debut in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. Her beautiful voice, her remarkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality, united in presenting a picture at once alluring and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs in America are familiar to all, and although she spends most of her time in Europe, her admirers may find consolation in her Victor records.
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CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (Kah-roo'-zoh)
Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.
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He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.
Caruso has made records exclusively for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.
THE CARUSO RECORDS (Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted)
CAMPANARI, GIUSEPPE, Baritone
Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones of the modern operatic stage, was born in Venice, and in early life played the cello at La Scala. Young Campanari was ambitious, however, and endeavored to improve his naturally good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after serving in American took up vocal studies in earnest, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, at a concert under the direction of Walter Damrosch. A season with Hinrich's Philadelphia Opera Company brought him to the attention of Mr. Abbey, and he was promptly engaged for the Metropolitan, where he remained for many years. The record of the favorite Toreador Song he has made for the Victor exhibits well his splendid voice, intelligent phrasing and good enunciation.
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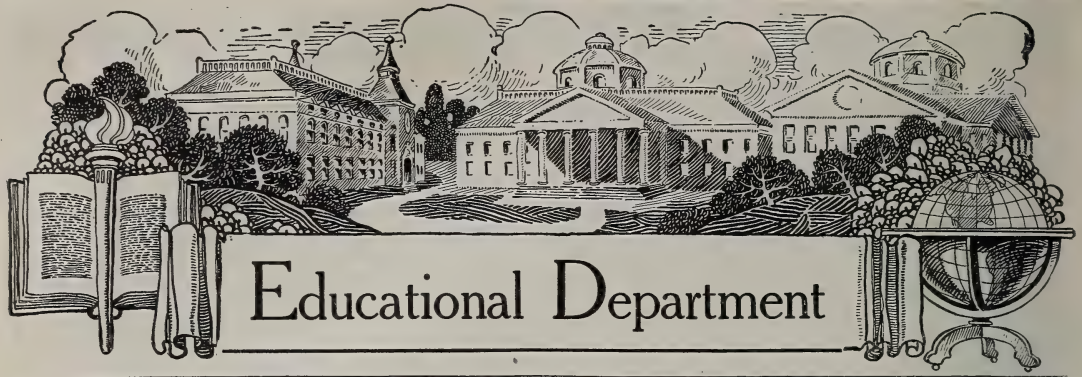

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Over the Studio Tea Cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

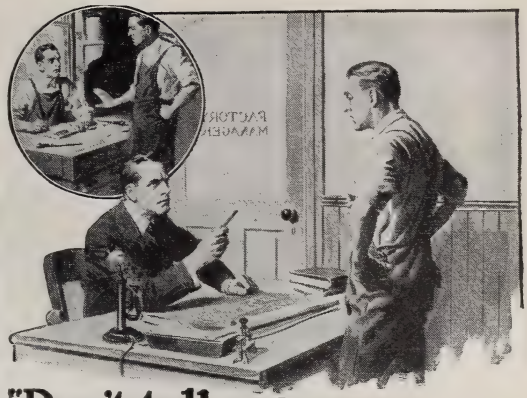
Trouble is brewing in Hollywood. Those demure citizens who have earned their beauty-sleep between nine and twelve P.M. have banded together to frown down studio night-work. They complained of noisy machinery, flaring lights, music and dancing, megaphone concerts, gun-shooting, and midnight carpentry. As over one hundred thousand dollars a week are paid out to studio burners of the midnight oil, it is extremely doubtful that the town council will listen to the complaints.

The most unique proposal ever received by an actress was the avowal received by Billie Burke from a Seminole Indian, who was supposed to propose to her in "Gloria's Romance." At the director's call for action, the copper-colored lover proclaimed in a loud voice that if Billie would marry him he would kill all the white men in Florida to please her. Furthermore, if she would become his squaw, he would give her his gold watch, his sixteen handkerchiefs, his eighteen shirts (six of which he had on at the time), and his grandmother's forty pounds of beads, asserting also that she would not be asked to plough or cook his succotash. Billie Burke was supposed to faint at the end of the scene, but she was forced to turn her back to the camera to permit an explosion of laughter.

The Motion Picture Actors' League for Prisoners, which recently started its good work thru the instrumentality of Sidney Olcott and Valentine Grant, is gratified to announce the accession of Marguerite Clark to its ranks. The object of the league is to provide entertainment for prisoners in the small and obscure prisons. Their first performance was given at Governors Island, New York, to the military prisoners. There are no dues, no rules, nor regulations. Motion Picture actors and writers are requested to send their names, if they wish to cooperate, to Sidney Olcott, care of Motion Picture Actors' Entertainment League, 315 W. 15th St., New York City.

Now that "Reality at Any Cost" is the war-cry in the studios, the real thing is being served in the way of eats and drinks. Recently Owen Moore, who is cast as the butler, stood waiting to be called for a dinner-scene in "Princess Zim Zim," his co-star being the beautiful (and hungry) Irene Fenwick. Suddenly the director shouted for salad, and the property-man thrust a bowl of luscious lobster-salad into the hands of the actor. "Confound it," groaned Mr. Owen, "and I just topped off a hearty meal with two plates of ice-cream! A butler's perquisites are not worth a hurrah any more!"

Billie Burke had better look to her laurels as a fashion-plate, for news just comes from the Coast that in "The Years of the Locust"



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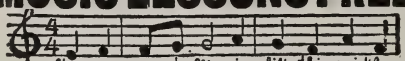

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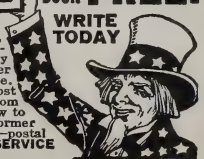

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Fannie Ward will be seen in an astounding collection of gowns. The ingenuity of the scenario-writer was put to the test in concocting scenes dealing with everything from bathing negligée to sport-clothes. In the various parts of the photoplay, Miss Ward's changes of costume consist of morning negligées, four street costumes, afternoon gowns, tea-gowns, ball-gowns, opera-cloaks, furs for driving and motoring, girlish frocks, riding-habits, and all the hats, parasols, shoes, slippers, and hosiery to accompany them.

In an elaborate scene in "Hell," now being filmed in Los Angeles, the spirits of departed vampires such as Cleopatra and Francesca da Rimini float before the eyes of the audience in the scantiest of attire. One of the male extras who played the part of a deputy devil could not make his eyes behave, and exclaimed, sotto voce, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Patter from the Pacific

By MOSGROVE COLWELL

(INTRODUCING ME)

Reader, should this verse of mine ever see
itself in print,
Tho I know it isn't fine, still it is a little
hint
Not to pass these pages o'er; read them—
now—dont think I'm tough;
That is what I'm hired for—take a chance
and glimpse this stuff.

Persiflage and paragraphs on pictures with
a punch,
Newsy notes and maybe laughs on all the
movie bunch;
That is what I'll run for you—please dont
think this is a bluff;
It's an easy thing to do—take a chance and
glimpse this stuff.

Now and then, with gentle phrase, may I
hope to gain a friend?
If I cannot win your praise, I am sure my
job will end.
Throw a boost in to the boss; I can never
have enough—
Otherwise I'll be a loss; take a chance and
glimpse this stuff.

Chorus from West Coast press-agents: "Whadda you mean, 'verse'?"

Up at Santa Barbara, Tom Chatterton has a two-legged calf on his ranch. Any Ziegfeld show has that beat by a hundred calves.

The "Jack o' Hearts" mystery grows. J. Warren Kerrigan left the Universal company in the midst of a five-reel feature being produced by Lois Weber. Jack says a salary agreement could not be reached. His press-agent says it is almost certain he will head his own company—but not quite.

Henry Otto, erstwhile Harold Lockwood's director, is producing pictures at the San

Diego Exposition, with Margarita Fischer as his star.

The studio changes come thick and fast. Cleo Madison, on expiration of her contract with Universal, expects to star at the head of her own company.

"Winning by a Nose" might be the title of an episode in the serial life of Marin Sais, Kalem's daredeviless. A rude horse threw his head backwards, broke her nose, and now it photographs better than ever.

Now that President Wilson has, or has not, been re-elected (this is written the day before Election Day), Ken O'Hara is receiving congratulations or condolences on the success or failure of his publicity campaign. He organized two leagues among Triangle-Ince players for the support of their candidate, the President. Tom Ince, Bill Desmond, Raymond B. West, Charles Miller and J. Barney Sherry were among the men campaigners, while the women's league included Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams, Louise Glaum, Margery Wilson and Enid Bennett. Yes, the fair sex vote out here.

"You're just delicious when you sit and drink," rhapsodizes an admirer in a verse sent to William S. Hart. There are possibilities in this theme: "You're just too cunning when you smash men's hearts" might be addressed to Louise Glaum; or, "I like the tender way you fight for life" would be appropriate for Grace Cunard. But let's not encourage this sort of thing.

Count that day lost whose slowly setting sun sees no film star with his own company begun.

"Giant Powder" is the name of a picture being made at Universal City. It ought to be strong stuff.

One may learn from his press-agent that Fred J. Balshofer, president of the Yorke and Quality companies, "is a photographic expert, having started in the profession first as a camera-man, and with time developed into a film magnet." Thomas A. Edison, please notice.

CULLS FROM THE CUTTING-ROOM.

Harv Thew and Tom Geraghty, with whom ye scribe used to cover, in a manner of speaking, assignments on Jim Bennett's *Herald*, are now two of J. L. Lasky's bright scenario-men. Remember that trip to Easthampton, hey, Tom?

Ye scribe went riding last Sunday on a Keystone horse. The chairs in this office are none too comfortable, say we.

Wally Reid, the handsome cuss, is organizing a Photoplayers' Club in Hollywood. Let us have an invitation, Wally, when we get that dress-suit.

Ye scribe has accepted an offer to write for the well-known MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Now is the time to subscribe.

Best-dressed actress in Los Angeles? Hard to say; there are so many really good dressers. Ruth Roland, of the Balboa Company, is well in the running.

(*Continued on page* 12)

Good Things A-Coming!

Among the good things that readers of the **Motion Picture Magazine** may expect in the next issue are:

"Putting It Over," By Pearl White.

"With the Movie Folks at Home and Abroad," By Roberta Courtlandt.

"E. K. Lincoln, Canine Fancies," By J. Allen Boone.

"Carlyle Blackwell as a Host," By Lillian May.

"Ollie Kirkby, the Home Girl," By Cecilia Mount.

"The 'At Homes' of the Players," By Pearl Gaddis.

"Breaking Into the Movies in California," By Suzette Booth.

"Billie Burke at Home," By Roberta Courtlandt.

Chats with Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart, Thomas Meighan, Winifred Greenwood, Mae Murray, Thomas Chatterton, Wallace Reid, Helen Holmes, and others (if there is room for them all in the big February number).

"Acting on the Street," By Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

"Falling—On and off the Screen," By Robert Francis Moore.

"Astrological Horoscopes of Marguerite Snow and Charlie Chaplin," By Johnson Briscoe.

and a vast amount of other features, besides the usual departments and all the up-to-the-minute news of the film world.

And dont forget that there will be a handsome painting included in the February issue, worth at least 25 cents, and it will be even better than the one of Douglas Fairbanks in this number.

Order your February number NOW!

We cannot hope to supply all newsstands with what they demand, and unless you place an order with your newsdealer, you will probably hear the familiar "Sold Out" retort, and then you will have to go away minus the finest magazine in the world.

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(*Continued from page* 9)

George Melford, Lasky director, has sold his Glendale property and has purchased a beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, close to other prominent Laskyites.

Kindly note that Miss Sterling has changed her given name. It used to be Edythe; it is now Edith.

Another Edith, Storey to wit, has made a return visit, and will be seen in five-reel features with Antonio Moreno. William Wolbert will be the producer. Miss Storey has stated she will purchase a home for her mother and herself. They all do it.

Hobart Henley, actor and director with the "Big U," lives at the Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood. His friends address him as HHHHH now. Henley is making his mark as a producer, but he had to fight hard for his chance.

Bara vs. Bayne

ONE year ago the Motion Picture public was the jury in the hotly contested case of Bara against Farrar as rival *Carmens*. Now it is Bara against *Bayne* as rival *Juliets*.

Director Edwards, of the Fox Company, has pictured "Romeo and Juliet" with a cast that practically is *"all-star,"* competing with the Bushman-Bayne version produced by Metro with *scenic* splendor. Miss Bayne is a beautiful Juliet; but Miss Bara is more than beautiful. She is charming. The scenario used by her has more opportunities for dramatic acting. Her face and movement express every grade of emotion, from kittenish vivacity with her "nurse" to gravest despair in the tomb scene. The world's greatest romantic drama has never been better done. All the real fans will see both versions, and even then will not be satisfied until they can compare these pictures with the next stage production.

THOS. W. GILMER.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Soul of Kura San" (Lasky).—A dramatic picture of thwarted, youthful love. A betrayed Japanese lover adopts the "Do-unto-others-as-they-have-done-to-you" creed, for vengeance; but discovers, in the end, that to forgive is best. A wonderfully logical and well-worked-out story. Sessue Hayakawa is an accomplished depicter of human emotions, and to see little Tsuru Aoki is to love her.

H. S. N.

"The Combat" (Vitagraph).—There are no flaws in "The Combat." It moves along as smoothly as the works of a first-class motor. Its plot is interesting, even thrilling;

photography, excellent; cast, superb; and, best of all, Anita Stewart shines forth as a young girl who enters into a loveless marriage to save her mother from bankruptcy, only to find that the man whom she loves, and had considered dead, lives. Miss Stewart plays with a deftness and surety which is a relief to witness, after some of the grimacing we have lately seen which was supposed to be emotionalism. H. S. N.

"Out of the Darkness" (Lasky).—A melodrama all about an heiress, a cannery, a strike, fire, and love. Charlotte Walker seemed to lack poise; one was conscious that she was acting. Perhaps this seemed the more conspicuous because Thomas Meighan and Marjory Daw were so completely at home on the screen. H. S. N.

"The Social Buccaneer" (Bluebird).—A young man trying to right the wrongs of an evil world steals from the rich to aid the poor. He assimilates this idea from a chance meeting with a Chinese pirate who practices the same charity. Briefly, that is the plot. The atmosphere is decidedly praiseworthy; the Chinese scenes, especially good; the direction, splendid; the rôles well-cast; and, to cap the climax of a well-done picture, J. Warren Kerrigan has the lead. H. S. N.

"The Kid" (Vitagraph).—There is one amazing fact that stares at us from this picture, and that is the painful lack of "chicness," of "up-to-the-moment-ness" in Lillian Walker's clothes. It seems to me that a bustling, young lady reporter would be the first to keep herself stylish and well-groomed. Aside from that, the picture is a complete success. A young newspaper-woman determines to solve a murder case. Cleverly she hounds the man who she thinks knows the truth, only to find that he is her own father. Dramatic, well acted in its entirety, carefully directed, "The Kid" will hold you enthralled from start to finish. H. S. N.

"Gold and the Woman" (Fox).—A uselessly morbid picture. It starts out well, even ambitiously, with a pioneer stealing land from an Indian whose squaw lays a curse on the white man and all his descendants. The scene shifts, and there is a remarkable picturization of a South American rebellion and the looting of the palace. The last reels unfortunately descend to very little except vampiring by Theda Bara. The young actress who took the part of the little, blind girl deserves unstinted praise for a clever bit of characterization. H. S. N.

"The Calico Vampire" (Griffith-Triangle).—Anita Loos has written another comedy which brims over with laughs. Fay Tincher is the scintillating star, who just cant make her eyes behave. H. S. N.

"The Return of Eve" (Essanay).—A beautifully presented piece of rather improbable situations. The scenery, settings, captions and photography are splendid. All in all, a clean, wholesome entertainment. Edna Mayo plays the leading rôle piquantly, and Eugene O'Brien is intensely likable in a difficult part. H. S. N.

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PEARL WHITE

painted by the now famous artist, Leo Sielke, Jr., and among the important features of this "classy" Classic will be:

"Acting a Matter of Instinct," by Hugh Ford;
"Plus Grease-Paint and Wig," by Roberta Courtlandt;
"Polly's Day at Home," a chat with Pauline Frederick;
"An Animal Chat with Kathlyn Williams," by Peter Grindley Schmid, with a dozen wonderful animal pictures;
"Stars and Their Bungalows in Flickerville," by Pearl Gaddis;

and many other features, bright, newsy and up-to-the-minute.

Dont forget that the Classic is only 15 cents a copy, that its page is nearly twice the size of that of its sister magazine, and that it will be on sale at all newsstands on and after Dec. 15th.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1, 1916. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR, MANAGING EDITOR, BUSINESS MANAGER, SEC.-TREAS., of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23d St., New York City; ALICE M. LONG, 235 W. 23d St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, thru the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)—EUGENE V. BREWSTER. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of September, nineteen hundred and sixteen.—GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP. My commission expires March 30, 1918.

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"The Daughter of the Gods" (Fox).—A spectacular production, remarkable for the natural charm and beauty of its setting, featuring Annette Kellermann, William E. Shay, Hal de Forest, Violet Horner, Catherine Lee, Jane Lee and others. The opening scenes are strong in their beauty and simple appeal to child life. In fact, the whole play would be adapted to the imaginations and sympathies of children, if a few of the visualized problems of life suitable only for grown-ups had been excluded. The water-scenes, the valley of the gnomes and elves, the slave-market and the burning of the Sultan's city are as excellent from the viewpoint of natural beauty and charm as anything to be found in Motion Pictures. Annette Kellermann's great physical beauty and wonderfully graceful swimming and diving feats add decidedly to the interest and appeal of the whole production. The photography from beginning to end is of the best. As a spectacle "The Daughter of the Gods" is of the highest quality; but the lack of dramatic punch and really good acting places it in the class of a "spectacle only." G. H.

"The Microbe Mystery" (Griffith-Triangle).—A near-approach to a finished stage-play in its perfection of detail and well-balanced cast. All of the characters stand out sharply, and in the big moment the humblest one takes the "center of the camera." A plot, as unfolded by Wilfred Lucas, the country doctor, and Constance Talmadge, the daughter of his "sickest" patient, that alternately amuses and thrills. Its ingenious yet natural story is highly commendable. E. M. L.

"Romeo and Juliet" (Fox).—Another proof positive that Shakespeare has a distinct screen appeal. No stage-play could approach it in wealth of detail, beautiful scenery and superb settings. Theda Bara shows her range of dramatic ability by first playing Juliet as an ingénue and later as a tragédienne, both her love scenes and her tragic ones being excellently played. Harry Hilliard looked and acted the rôle of "the perfect lover." E. M. L.

"The Sultana" (Pathé).—A lurid melodrama with Ruth Roland and William Conklin, but with not much else to recommend it, and even these capable players failed to show anything above the mediocre. Hand-colored, but poorly done in many places. J.

"Romeo and Juliet" (Metro).—Admirers of Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne will find therein much to increase their admiration. Bushman is an ideal Romeo—in physique, grace and conception. There is no strutting or posing; he plays "the perfect lover" with a delicate, yet passionate, appreciation. Beverly Bayne makes a winsome and lovable Juliet—her balcony scene is well-nigh perfect in its allure. Staging, sets, costumes and properties all show good taste and are beautiful. Bushman's duel scene with Tybalt is no child's play, a fine bit of swordsmanship. E. M. L.

"The Wolf Woman" (Ince-Triangle).—Louise Glaum scintillating thru five reels of

sparsely clad sensualism to a moral ending. Wonderful photography, lavish settings, artistic headings and a splendid cast, including Charles Ray and Wyndham Standing, are spent on this photoplay. We cannot quite believe that a creature, gowned as Miss Glaum does this vampire, exists; if she does, it is just as well that apish girls should be left in ignorance of her. H. S. N.

"Ashes of Embers" (Famous Players).—Unlike "The Wolf Woman," here is a trigly tailored, stylishly gowned "vampire" who is realism itself. Here is the sort of woman we know men sell their souls for. Pauline Frederick is superb in the dual rôle of twin sisters; one utterly selfish, the other an everyday, good girl. Dramatic and emotional, yes; but absolutely true to life. H. S. N.

"The Little Liar" (Griffith-Triangle).—A unique character-sketch. A little girl born into a wretchedly humble existence dreams dreams and lives upon her imagination. She is a princess, she tells her street playmates, or a rich man's daughter; consequently she is called "The Little Liar." How she lives her unloved life up to her tragic ending is a tale full of exquisite humor and pathos. Anita Loos, who conceived the story, and Mae Marsh, who lives it for us, are to be congratulated upon giving to the screen something well worth while. H. S. N.

"The Weakness of Strength" (Metro).—Poor taste in photography. The interior scenes are surrounded by a frame of the exterior scenes, thus giving an effect of unreality. The pitiful part is that the story is interesting; exterior lumber scenes and forest-fires, marvelous. Ormi Hawley deserves bigger things, and Edmund Breese was obviously not meant for the camera close-up. H. S. N.

"The Fable of the Throbbing Genius" (Essanay).—Another in the series of George Ade comedies that pokes gentle satire, and points a moral at our human frailties. Like his other "morals in celluloid," the pictures simply illustrate the clever Ade subtitles. This time it is a home-town genius who becomes screen-struck and eventually wakes up. E. M. L.

"The Daughter of MacGregor" (Famous Players).—Featuring Valentine Grant and Sydney Mason. Plot interesting to the end—well-directed and acted. Splendid scenery and photography. MacGregor is a dour character that softens us to tears in the end, and his daughter is a winsome, witching lass. A. C.

NOTICE TO THEATERGOERS

Owing to lack of space, we are obliged to omit our department of reviews of stage plays, but it will be continued in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC every month. The Classic will also contain an unusual quantity of news and articles of interest to patrons of the speaking play, including chats with players who are seen both on the stage and screen.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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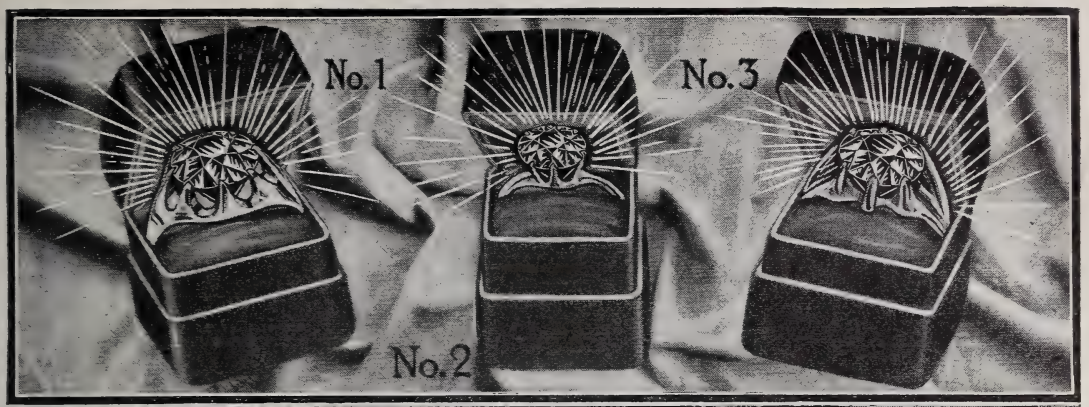

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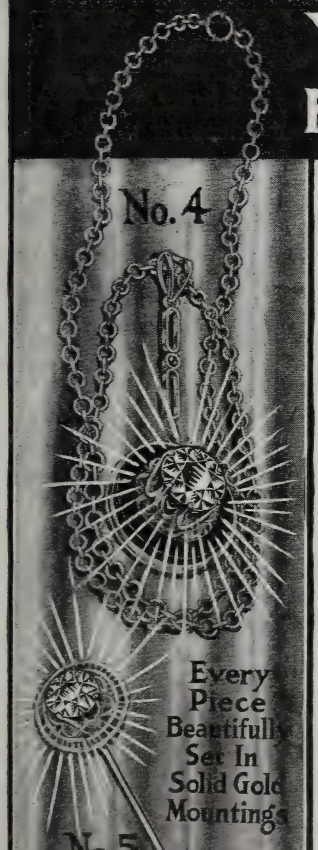

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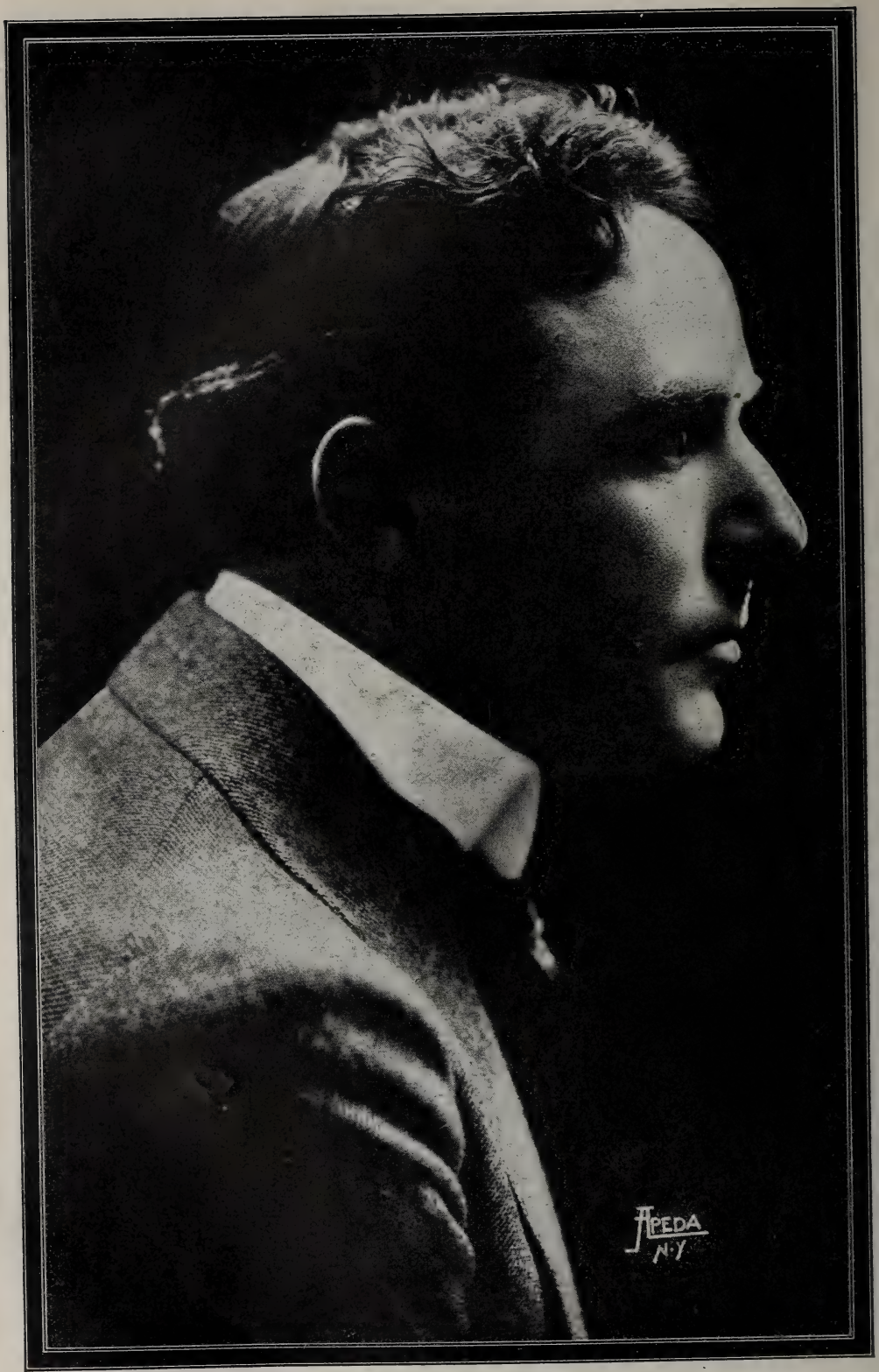

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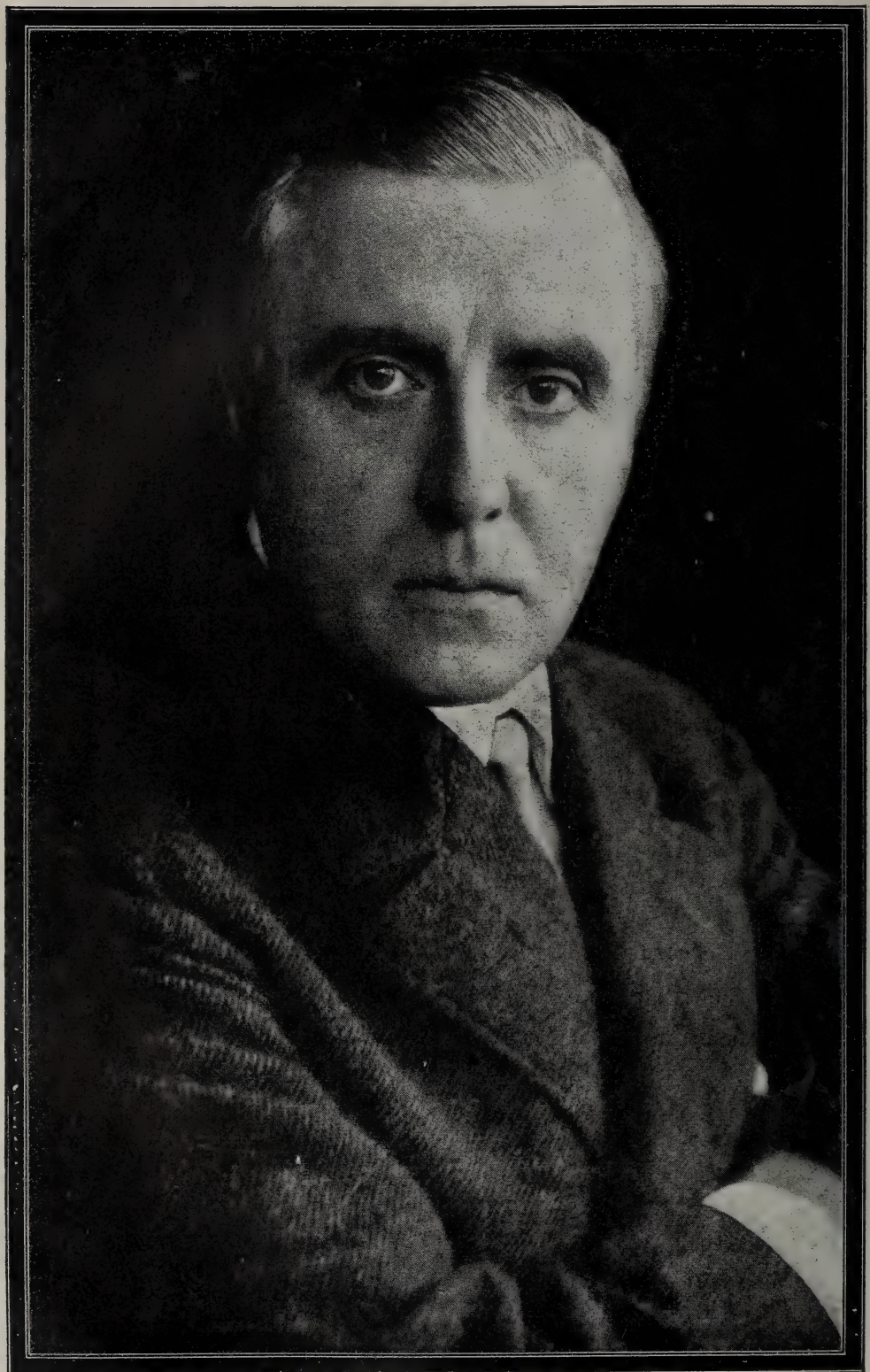

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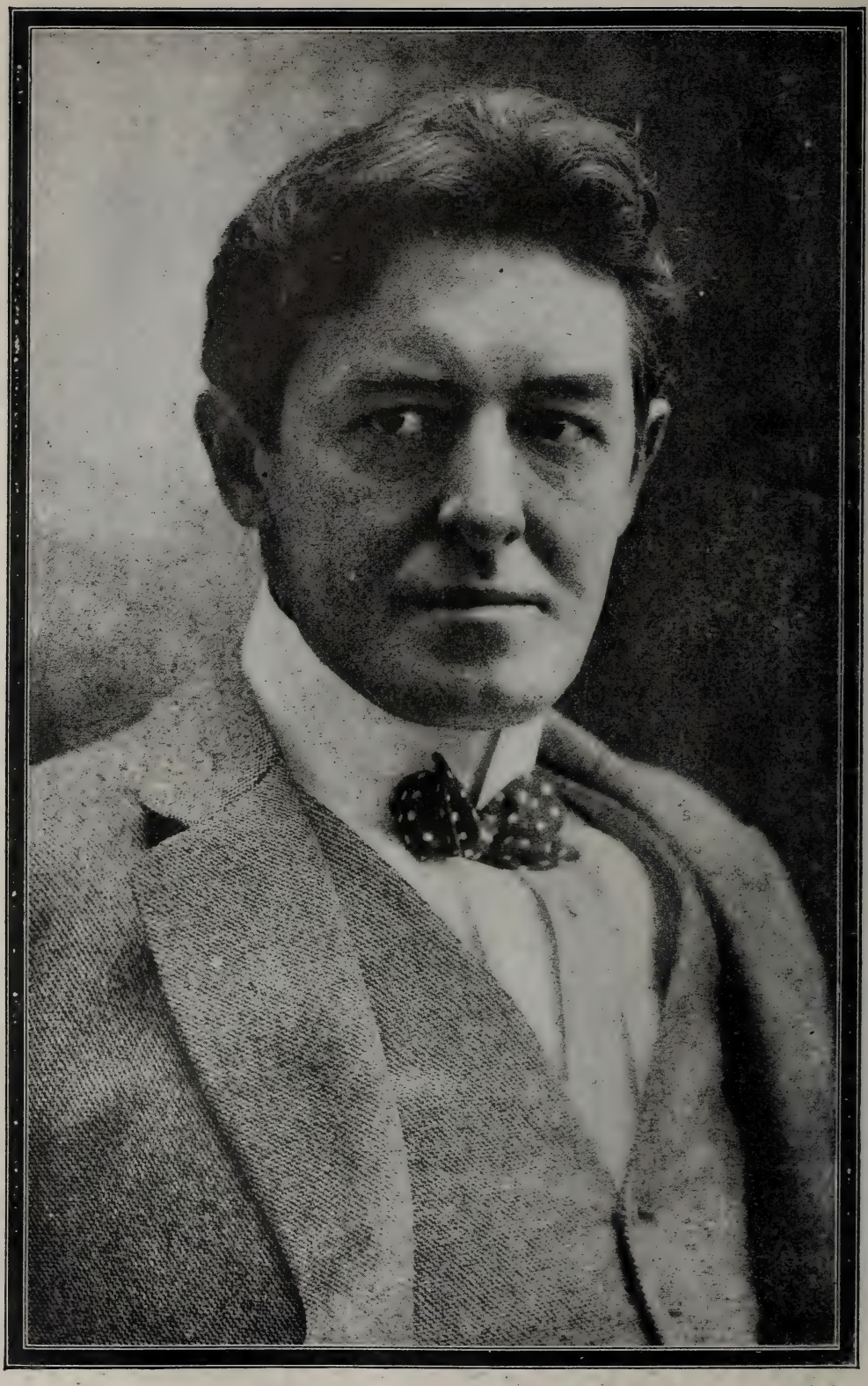


MARC MAC DERMOTT (Vitagraph)

Blanche Sweet
Lasky.

The Screen in Toyland

by George Wildey

'Twas Christmas night in Toyland, and Santa, long ago,
Had circled round the world and back, his presents to bestow.
And now, at home, he worked away, a twinkle in his eyes,
Arranging for his own wee folk a wonderful surprise.
He tinkered here, he tinkered there, intently and in haste,
Until his preparations were completed to his taste.
And then he threw the doors ajar and called his people in—
They came as leaves before the wind, with faces all a-grin;
They came in droves and bunches and in pairs and single files,
Their tiny feet pat-pattering adown the tiny aisles.
But not till all were seated, and the lights were burning low,
Did they suspect their treat would be a Motion Picture show.
You should have seen the mouths agape, and eyes with wonder bright,
When down a snowy, moonlit road the reindeer flashed in sight;
And heard the wee folks cheering, in their funny, piping way,
At Santa Claus, half-buried in his toy-laden sleigh.
They watched him as, with lightning speed, along his course he swept,
Until he reached the distant homes where little children slept.
Their timid hearts were thrilled anew each time they saw him stop
And disappear like magic down a yawning chimney-top.
A second, and they saw him in the living-room below,
Where anxious hands had hung the hungry stockings in a row,
Each one of which he stuffed and crammed until it overflowed
And seemed to groan protestingly beneath its precious load.
They followed him around the world until his work was done,
And hailed him on the homeward stretch, his reindeer on the run.
The scene then shifted back along the now familiar way
And showed the children waking with the dawn of Christmas Day.
They tumbled out of bed, with shining eyes and tousled hair,
And scampered down the stairs to see if Santa had been there.
The audience could fairly hear their bubbling shouts of joy
That greeted each discovery of sugar-plum and toy.
And in the fun and frolic and the happiness displayed
Were Santa Claus' faithful little helpers well repaid
For all their year of servitude in loving toil and thought
And all the wistful tenderness that went with all they wrought.
Said tiny Peter Pickles, "Sure it's Santa Claus for mine!
He always does the proper thing, and does it mighty fine.
Aside from making Christmas gifts, the greatest thing I know
Is just to sit around and watch a Motion Picture show."

With this issue the Motion Picture Magazine ends its sixth year and begins its seventh. It was the first in the field and it is still first in circulation and therefore first in public favor. It thanks its readers and patrons most cordially, and wishes them all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Feminine Fads

SINCE the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and similar publications have begun to draw the public and the player more closely together, the curiosity of the former, regarding the latter, has been hard to satisfy. The more they know, the more they want to know. The Answer Man, kind old fellow, is bowed beneath the burden of questions, ranging from some one's age to some other actress's salary; from one actor's favorite brand of cigarets to another's boot size. But since this curiosity is only human, since the players' lives will almost invariably bear the closest scrutiny, and since the players realize that it is the public who provides "the stuff that fills our pay-envelopes," the Magazine has been endeavoring to tell the public—the great, good-natured, benevolent public, who loves deeply

MABEL NORMAND

MARGUERITE CLARKE

& Fancies

By Roberta Courtlandt

and hates fiercely, without, apparently, rhyme or reason—just what it wants to know.

Want to know your favorite "movie queen's" hobby? Her principal fads and foibles? All right; draw up your chairs and listen closely. The lesson will be gone thru with only once.

We'll begin with Alice Joyce—a lovely beginning, is it not?—our own Alice, who has been gone so long, but who is coming back to us via Vitagraph's "Battle Cry of War." Alice has two hobbies—two all-absorbing passions in her young life. Yet so closely are they woven together that neither interferes with adoration for the other. The two hobbies are her handsome husband, Tom Moore, and her lovely little daughter, Alice Mary Moore, now "going on" one year old. Of course

MARIE DORO

MYRTLE REEVES

EDITH STOREY

RUTH ROLAND

there are other interests in Alice's life—she is fond of seeing good pictures, no matter who plays in them, and her enthusiasm over a particularly good bit of acting is as fresh and girlish as if she had never seen the inside of a movie studio. Another interest is a study of palmistry, one of the oldest arts in the world.

But the two greatest, most wonderful parts of her life are Tom and Baby Alice.

Marguerite Clarke, radiantly lovely, the idol of adoring maids and swains thruout the world, is very much in love. She admits it unblushingly, almost as if she were proud of it. No doubt she is, for the object of her affections is a wee, feathered bit of yellow happiness—her canary. He's the dearest little songster imaginable, and not so very long ago, when Miss Clarke was at work on "Little Lady Eileen," need arose for a canary in the scene. Instantly Miss Clarke begged a few moments off, raced down-stairs and into her car. Fifteen minutes later she was back, a carefully wrapt cage clasped tenderly in her arms. She had gone home for Dickie, wanting him to share honors with her in her new play. For a while poor little Dickie was scared stiff. The director wanted a close-up of Dickie singing lustily away. But poor little Dickie was too badly frightened to do anything but creep into a corner of his pretty cage and tremble. Almost in tears over the anguish of her little pet, Miss Clarke stole softly to the window-seat, above which Dickie's cage was hung. The sputtering lights, the sound of hammering on a near-by set, the shouting of

HELEN HOLMES IS FOND OF MOTORING,

people in another scene—it was all so new and strange to the little, feathered visitor. Then Miss Clarke spoke softly to him and whistled a bit. Dickie looked down at her; then, as she continued her cheery, but soft little whistle, the fear-frozen heart of the little bird melted, and, fluttering to his perch, he flung back his tiny head, and such a burst of gay melody as flooded the Famous Players studio!

It is a pretty little story, and, what is more, an absolutely true one.

Jackie Saunders, of Balboa, is an outdoors girl. In spite of the fact that she can, and does, wear Lucille frocks with an air of haughty aloofness worthy of a millionaire's débutante daughter, she is much happier in a short, divided skirt, flannel blouse open at the throat for comfort, a tiny hat pulled on over bright blonde curls, and high, laced boots. In this guise, with fishing-tackle and lunch, she sets out for a day of utter happiness. This snap was taken one afternoon, after a day's fishing, and proves that Jackie is no mean performer with the rod and reel. She really and truly caught this whole string of fish without any assistance from any mere man. This is Jackie's hobby, favorite amusement, and so on—fishing—"only that and nothing more."

Helen Holmes is fond of motoring. She has three cars, but the favorite of them all is the low-hung, wicked-looking white racer shown here. If motoring is her favorite and greatest amusement, then working on her car is

AND SHE HAS THREE CARS

her hobby. The engine of the racer runs as smoothly as a sewing-machine, and its rate of speed is positively vicious. All of which is due to Helen's tinkering. This picture was taken on the road in front of the Holmes bungalow—a snapshot for which she was wholly unprepared, being in "working togs," with her hands undeniably dirty and greasy, and a smudge of grease across one rose-petal cheek. On the seat, doing a bit of patient waiting, is one of Helen's pets—a Boston bull of undeniable ancestry and spirit.

Billie Burke has a hobby that will instantly appeal to every feminine heart—shopping and pretty clothes. What woman's heart wouldn't melt towards Billie, after such a humanizing statement? Billie, in playing the lead in "Gloria's Romance," is wearing some forty thousand dollars' worth of gowns—the cream of the establishments of Lucille, Henri Bendel, Balcolm, and the like. So every instalment of the picture means, for Billie, just one grand shopping orgy after another, for every frock must have boots, gloves, and all the lovely, fascinating things that make women's eyes sparkle in downtown stores and husbands' eyes glare on the first of each month.

THIS PROVES THAT JACKIE SAUNDERS IS AN EXCELLENT FISHERMAN

Ruth Roland, way out Balboa-way, has a perfect love of a dog—"too small to be a dog, too large to be a germ"—a tiny scrap of fluffy white doghood, with, according to Ruth, an angelic disposition and a liking for chocolate creams. (Beaux of Ruth, take heed!) His Dogship has worked in a number of pictures, and has grown quite blasé over his triumphs. He is a part of Ruth's hobby—a love for pets in general, and dogs in particular.

Ruth Roland's love for pets and animals extends even to such mundane creatures as geese. She has quite a poultry farm at her home in Long Beach, and in a play called "Sultana" a flock of her own geese were used. Perhaps this accounts for their very excellent acting and their clever posing for a still picture. Thoroly at home before the camera, they registered a most decided hit, as trained and taught by Ruth.

Mabel Normand loves her horse and the long, glorious rides she has on him when work at the Mabel Normand Feature Film Company does not demand the attention of its mistress. Mabel scares Director-General Mack Sennett almost into spasms by her long rides. With a box of lunch slung over one shoulder, a folding kodak over the other, Mabel rides away "into the misty distance," or "off over the horizon," leaving the studio folks wondering whether she'll forget to come back. Mabel admits,

albeit reluctantly, that sometimes she's afraid she wouldn't, if it wasn't for her "hobby-horse"; he has a habit of hearing the call of supper, along about six o'clock, and no amount of urging can dissuade him from promptly heeding that call. I imagine it's a pretty good thing that he has acquired that habit, or he would be of little assistance to a pretty mistress, who has become lost in thought, and, without his aid, is likely to become lost, in fact, as well!

When Marie Doro moved out to the Lasky studio for a year or more, the first thing she noticed was her dressing-room. "I spend the greater part of my time in it, therefore I want it attractive," she explained. For a couple of days she went about, according to her husband, Elliott Dexter, with her head in the clouds, answering all questions absently or not at all, and speaking little, except when she was spoken to. Then she took action. She had the walls painted a dull restful green—a cool green of the heart of the woods in summer. Then chintz was purchased—a chintz that seemed made to harmonize with soft, gray-green walls—and a deep, woodsy-brown dressing-shelf and table. The woodwork of the dressing-room was painted with the same brown, and curtains, cushions and covers were made of the chintz. Result: the prettiest dressing-room in Lasky Lane.

THIS OLD LADY IS NONE OTHER THAN DAINTY ELLA HALL, JUST NINETEEN YEARS OLD, IN "WE ARE FRENCH" (UNIVERSAL)

We hear a lot about the California stars and their lovely bungalows. But Myrtle Reeves, after a long season "on the road," was so happy when she signed a contract with Balboa for a number of years, and was thus able to settle down in one place, that her own bungalow became her hobby. She had always wanted a pretty home, and now was her opportunity. That her hobby worked out beautifully can be seen from the picture. Her garden is a wonderful place—a mass of roses tumbling about in bright profusion; lilies; so many flowers that it would take a florist to properly catalog them.

Edith Storey has a most unique hobby. In her pretty home is a room whose walls are almost entirely of mirrors, arranged so that persons, standing in the center of the room, can see themselves, truly, as others see them. On one side of the wall, at the height of a camera, is a button—the camera's eye. In this room Miss Storey rehearses all her scenes for the morrow, with herself as judge and critic. No matter what position Miss Storey assumes, she can always see herself—front, back and profile.

The Homeliest Dog in the World

By JEROME BEATTY

PANTHUS is a philosophical cuss. One day he was worth five thousand dollars; the next day he was a tramp; yet he's happier now than he was when he had a price on his head.

Panthus is the ugliest pup in the world, according to the experts at the Thanhouser studios, and yet he is playing an important part in "Prudence, the Pirate," in which is starred Gladys Hulette.

When Agnes C. Johnston wrote the scenario for "Prudence, the Pirate," she demanded a dog actor of no mean ability, tho necessarily of mean ancestry. One of her characters says, "Here's the ugliest pup in the world," and so the property man had to furnish him.

In the New Rochelle dog-pound Panthus was found, after the Thanhouser Company had advertised all over the country for the ugliest pup and had received scores of photographs of dogs that failed to qualify.

To a silken couch in the studio Panthus was taken, and his ration was costly dog-biscuit. He didn't like it, and escaped after he had worked for a week. There was consternation in the studios. Panthus appears in nearly every scene in which Miss Hulette takes part. Several hundred feet of film had been made. If another dog had to be substituted, all that would have to be retaken.

A frantic search of New Rochelle was made, and Panthus finally was found in an alley. He was captured and placed under guard. In order to protect himself against any further flights of Panthus, Edwin Thanhouser insured the pup's life for five thousand dollars. The policy was issued by the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company, and insured Panthus against sickness, death, theft or wanderlust.

When "Prudence, the Pirate" was finished, Panthus was worth less than a nickel. The day before he was one of the most valuable dogs in the world. And Miss Hulette thinks so, too—she has adopted him for the rest of his short dog life.

GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS

MRS. VERNON CASTLE
(International)

Photo by Campbell

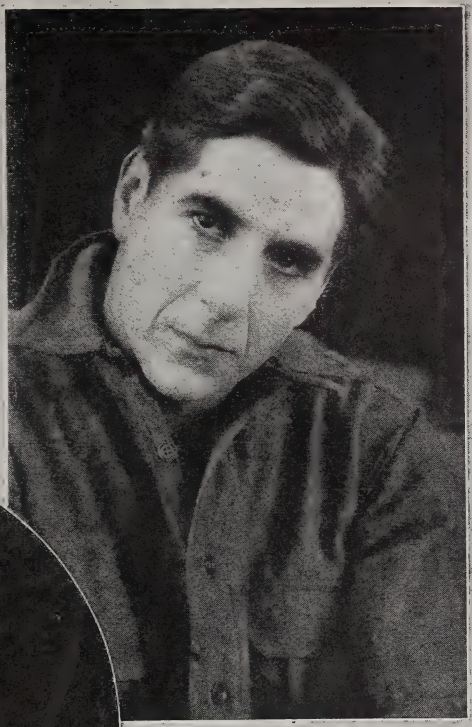
BELLE BRUCE (Metro)

PEARL WHITE (Pathé)

CHARLOTTE BURTON (American)

Enter His Shadow Self, "Bob" Warwick

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN



THE little telephone operator of the World Film Fort Lee studio was reading the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE when I entered.

"Mr. Warwick?" she began. "Why, I dont know, he——"

"I'm from the Magazine," I said, with a nod towards the book in her hand.

"Are you going to interview him?" she asked, eagerly. "Please do say a whole lot of nice things about him—he wont himself, I just know that, and we're all crazy about him. He's the quietest, least conceited, modest——" A call-boy entered, cut short her eulogy, and escorted me to the star's dressing-room.

Mr. Warwick smiled down upon me from the advantage of his great height and shook my hand in a sincere, genial manner, totally free from the affected manner so often met with nowadays.

I started the ball rolling by telling him that I had heard that he had always refused to be interviewed and to "get his picture in the papers."

"That is not quite true," he defended, "but I have never willingly sought publicity."

"Shall we begin at the beginning?" I persisted, and he started in by telling me that he was born in San Francisco and that his ancestry is decidedly cosmopolitan—Scotch, Irish, French and German blood all claim equal rights to him.

"Rather a dangerous combination just now," I ventured, and his eyes twinkled as he replied—"Rather. Perhaps it is the clash of the opposing forces that accounts for some of my moods."

Then he confessed to having moods. "Some call it temperament," he said, "but that term shields too many faults—plain temper comes nearer the truth," and he looked a little thoughtful at his own self-denunciation.

But right here I voice a protest of my own, founded on the combined opinions of the studio force that "Bob" Warwick's the best natured fellow there, and if he's ever fighting mad—well, he's got a reason for it.

As far back as he can remember, Warwick's ambition was to become an actor. When a slip of a growing lad, he memorized every important rôle in the Shakesperian repertoire and would give readings to admiring friends. He was the leading man of a popular local company which gave performances before large and excited audiences who demanded the full worth of their twenty-five pins or buttons, as the case might be, and who were invariably satisfied.

But his father, a clever amateur musician, had other plans for his son and his remarkably good baritone voice; so, accordingly, a musical training, far less agreeable to him than the Thespian career he longed for, was practically forced upon him.

For a time his first love was forgotten in the enthusiasm his singing evoked. A great career was predicted for him in the operatic world. He sang in churches and before select social gatherings, training himself for the big days to come.

Then came Italy and Paris—and to the latter he lost his heart. He was at that most impressionable age, a grown boy, yet not a man, experiencing a new life so totally different, so infinitely more alluring than anything he had ever known before, that he succumbed, and, as he explained, with a rueful smile, "I studied Paris instead of singing, and consequently lost my voice."

The humiliation was almost overwhelming. The boy was alone in a foreign city, his career suddenly snatched away from him. But, chastened with a new resolve—a bigger, manlier one—he returned to his home town and threw all his ardent self into preparation for the stage. "Bob" Warwick's début made him an almost immediate success.

Then came his support of Frances Starr in "The Secret," of Grace George in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" and "A Woman's Way," and of Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy." Mrs. Leslie Carter was another co-star of his and he played the leading male rôle in Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina."

In the all-star revivals of Belasco and Frohman's "A Celebrated Case" and Lester Wallack's "Rosedale," his acting brought unusually complimentary comment from the critics and endeared him all the more to his loyal public.

In the full tide of his popularity his marvelous, lost voice returned to him and for a time he turned to musical comedy, starring in "The Kiss Waltz" and with Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess," but drama claimed him once more for its own and so closed this brief but brilliant chapter of his career.

He was playing, under Belasco's management, with Miss Starr, when William A. Brady asked him to star in the photoplay version of "The Dollar Mark," in which his acting had done its part towards making it a success in its long stage run. This was his first photoplay performance; and its warm reception made him decide to remain with his shadow self for a long studio career. His film appearances include, among others, "The Face in the Moonlight," "The Sins of Society," "Alias Jimmy

ROBERT WARWICK IN "HEART OF A HERO" (WORLD)

Valentine," "The Man of the Hour," "Sudden Riches," and many others, all feature productions released by the World Film Company.

In "The Heart of a Hero," a forthcoming photoplay version of Clyde Fitch's stage-play, "Nathan Hale," the beloved American idol is sympathetically and ably portrayed by him. None of the appeal or pathos of Nathan Hale's self-sacrifice and martyrdom is lost in his remarkable interpretation of it.

During a lull in our conversation, little Madge Evans, the World's child actress, came running over to us and greeted him in childish exuberance. She was gravely introduced, and, turning to me in a burst of confidence, remarked: "I do so like to act with Mr. Warwick—he puts me right in front of the camera!"

To talk with the rest of the actors and actresses of the company is to find a verification of many just such little considerations and kindnesses, that have combined to make him so beloved and popular.

I broached the subject of doubling—of putting trained performers thru the

dangerous feats required in photoplays and so sparing the principal performers. Mr. Warwick agreed it was often done, but added that this practice has led the public to believe all such feats are done by special people.

"In 'Marie,' a forthcoming release," he told me, "the lead was to jump his horse off a sixty-foot cliff into a lake. The director had hired an experienced horseman to double in this for me, and we were waiting around while this scene was being rehearsed. He made some unsuccessful attempts, and finally I resolved to do the thing myself—and did—but now that I've done it, I dont suppose I'll get the credit for it."

ROBERT WARWICK IN "HEART OF A HERO" (WORLD)

Mr. Warwick does not like to play unprincipled parts. The clean, uplifting rôles are the ones he enjoys and in virile, strong parts he is at his best. For these last named he is particularly well suited and his athletic activities stand him in good stead. "Bob" Warwick is first and last an athlete.

He belongs to the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco and is still the talk of the "pugs" as an amateur boxer. To mention that for years he held the middleweight boxing championship of this big sporting club is enough to convince any one that Warwick is as much a man in private life as he is in the forceful, heroic characters of his screen productions.

In New York he spends his spare time at the New York Athletic Club, where his time is pleasantly spent boxing, playing handball and countless other athletic sports.

To see this versatile actor in real life is to admire more strongly the things we look for in him on the screen, for it is impossible for the camera to portray the magnetism of his manner and voice or of his manly sturdiness. His face, bronzed by the sun, betokens his athletic activities; his keen brown eyes sparkle with the zest and joy of living, and he is a first-prize product of the great outdoors.

The late afternoon sunshine was filtering thru the studio windows as I finally rose, gathering together my belongings.

"It was a painless operation," he said, with another smile and hand-shake, and I left the studio firm in my admiration for Warwick the actor, in this appreciation of Warwick the man.

Dont You Know?

By W. S. CRAWFORD

I'd like to be an actor in the Motion Picture Plays;
I easily could do it—Dont you know?

I'd show my heroism in a hundred different ways;
I know that I could do it—Dont you know?

With all the pretty girls I'd like to play the kissing parts;
I jolly well could do it—Dont you know?

I'd play the haughty villain, or the ravisher of hearts,
Or a fond and loving husband—Dont you know?

I could play the raucous fellow making merry with the boys;
I could do it—'cause I've tried it—Dont you know?

I could play a "royal corpse," or a mild "off picture noise,"
If I truly had to do it—Dont you know?

I'd be a novel feature in a Motion Picture Play,
For I can do 'most anything, you know.
I could conquer hordes of rebels;
I could——
What is that you say?
I hardly seemed to "get you"—
Dont you know?

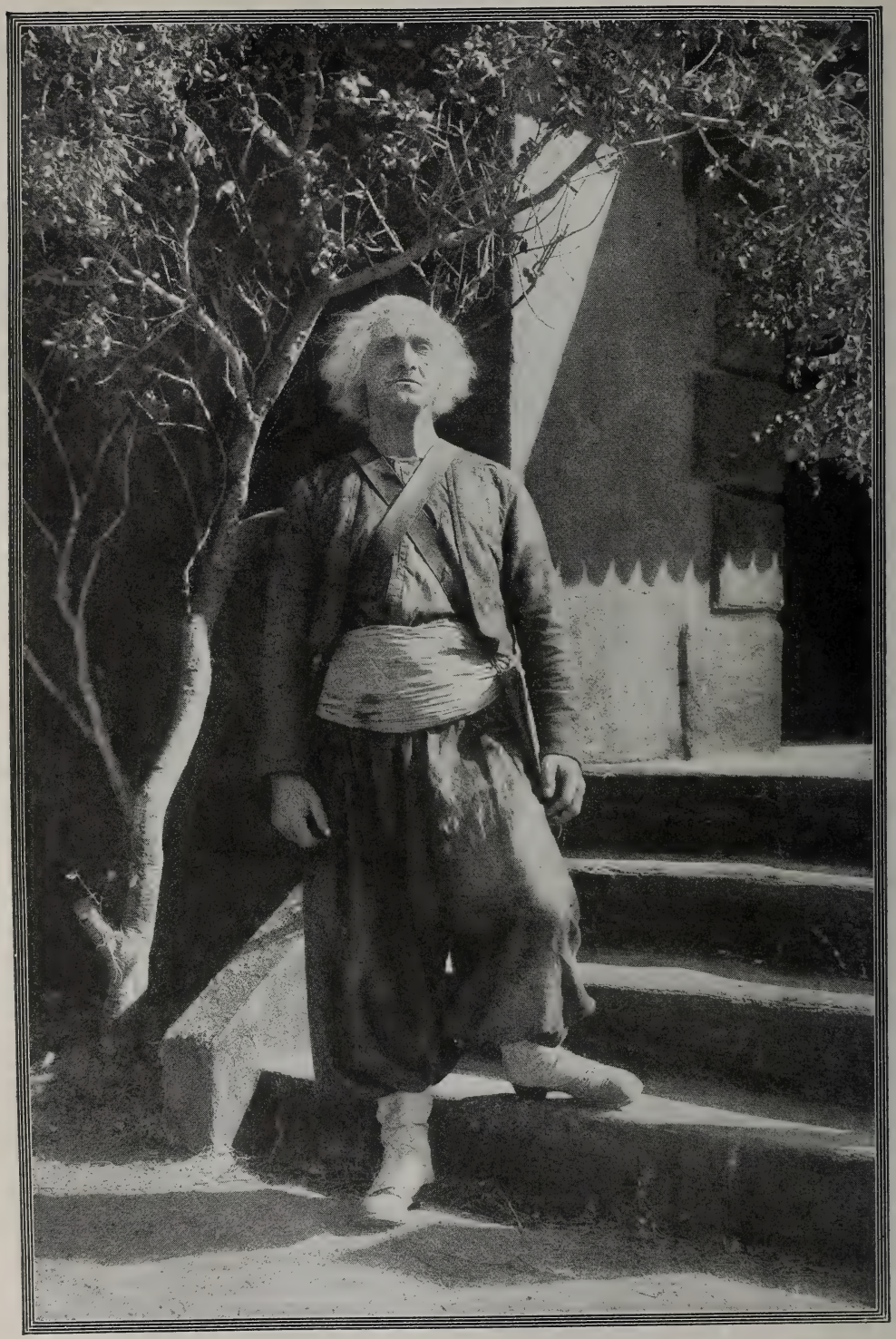
Would I dash out on a trestle,
In the harsh and blinding gales?
Let a freight train pass above me while I clung by finger-nails?
Would I calmly take a seat upon a keg of dynamite,
And let some low-born ruffian blow me clean up out of sight?
Would I leap down from a precipice onto jagged rocks below,
Just to lend a realism to your Motion Picture? *NO!*
Bah Jove, I wouldn't do it—
Dont you know?

Border design drawn by the author

Pauline Frederick in "Ashes of Embers" (Famous Players)

"Youth's Endearing Charm"

Spindle legs, elbows and self-consciousness are weak agents of dramatic grace, but with the shambling puppy and the tumbling kitten—helpless things all—they carry a distinct appeal. In "Youth's Endearing Charm," little Mary Miles Minter is on the borderland 'twixt child and woman—her fight for existence, her first loves and hates, summon the "big brother" in us all



A striking photograph of a striking scene. Note the fine lighting effect, and the capital make-up of Rupert Julian in this scene from "We Are French" (Universal)

This looks like the real thing, but it is not. Douglas Gerrard and Francelia Billington are not married. Altho this is "Her Wedding Day," it is only in a Universal picture

Ella Hall in "We Are French" (Universal)

Mary Miles Minter in "Dulcie's Adventure" (Mutual)

A Son of Erin

by

Dorothy Donnell

PALLAS

This story was written from the Photoplay of JULIA CRAWFORD IVERS

If a man could choose his birthplace, shure Ireland would hold the intire population of the world. But next t' ould Ireland comes Americky, where ivery man is as good as his neighbor, if not better, an' where, if yez miss yez chance t' be Prisidint, yez still can be a polisman, with full as much honor an' glory, bejabbers!

'Twas in ould Tipperary I was born in, an' I'm not consalin' the fact, nor is Katie. Indade, an' I carry me address on me face, as ivery honest Irishman does, tho Katie, whin she is tricked out in her Sabbath best, looks as American as Fifth Av'noo, or Lillian Russell, or the Statue of Liberty—bless her sweet, pretty soul! But just yez mention Tipperary to her

an' watch the blushing av her! Small cause have I t' go back on me birthplace whin 'twas there I met an' loved Katie O'Conner, and whin 'twas there I read the piece in the paper that sint me overseas to Americky. For shure, if I hadn't lived in ould Ireland, howiver could I have come to New York, pray tell?

It all started with the pig—the foinest, clanest, swatest little pig in all Erin an' the pride o' me Katie's heart.

"SO I OBEYED THE CURL AN' PULLED ME LASS OUT"

In Ireland, yez must know, th' banns is niver read on a couple till they've got a pig an' a feather-bed to start housekaping on.

"Isn't it a knowin', cliver baste, Dennis?" says Katie, admirin'-like, houlding it up for me to see. "Shure, lad, did yez iver see a likelier crature?"

"It might be bigger," says I, to tease her. "What there is av it is well enough, an' there's enough av it," says I, "such as it is."

"Arrah!" says she, knowin'-like, "yez cant befool me! 'Tis fair burstin' wid pride yez is yersel', Dennis. There's not a family in all Glenderry 'll have as iligant a pig as me!" An' then she blushed at the thing she had said and hid her face forninst the pig, so I must needs take thim both into me arrums.

"Kate swateheart, acushla!" I says in her ear. "Shure there's niver a man in Glenderry 'll have as pretty a wife as Dennis O'Hara. 'Tis wishin' I could give yez a silk gownd and jools, I am; but niver yez mind, mavourneen—some day we'll own a cottage o' our own, an' chickens, and mayhap—a cow!"

"No!" says Katie, overcome with amaze—"niver a cow, Dennis—bad cess to yez settin' me hopes so high! Here," she says, thrusting a bottle o' milk in me hands, "feed th' pig an' quit dramin' av cows. 'Tis only gentry that has thim."

"Thin we'll be gentry, Katie," says I.

"Th' banshee was abroad the night I was born, an' I'm m'int f'r luck, or shure, darlin', I'd niver have got *you!*"

'Twas joking I was then, but it set me brain workin' like flails, an' afore long it threshed out a notion. In Ireland—God bless her!—a man's future lies behind him, an' 'twas in me mind to own a bit more av th' sod, afore I die, than the six-foot-three they'll need to bury me in. But the piece I read in the paper said that Americky needed the Irish for her polis-force, where we'd earn more in a month thin in five in Ireland. Shure

howiver was I to guess that the fellow who wrote that bit was pokin' fun an' not tellin' the truth at all, at all? In Ireland, a joke doesn't wear the trousers an' weskit av fact. When I read the piece, I jumped up froom the hedge-row, where I was sitting, an' wint down the road wid the speed av two min, an' knocked on Katie's door.

"Coom in," calls her father, who had wance the voice an' muscles av an ox, but now, bejabbers! they were shrunk to a grasshopper's size. "Oh, 'tis yez, Dinnis, me b'y," says he, waving at the stir-about an' taties on the table. "Fall to, lad. Saints presarve us! what's moilin' an' moitherin' yez? 'Tis a wild eye yez have, son."

"Where's Katie?" says I. "Shure I've got news f'r th' lass—grand news!"

In a corner, behind the oak-chist, I gleeked a curl, the color of th' sun, shinin' thru red glass. Hide froom me, would she, th' sly lass? Yet, be token av the telltale curl, she was wishful av bein' found. 'Tis the way av women th' wurrld over, I'm thinkin'—their lips say "Go!" whilst their eyes say "Come!" So I obeyed the curl, an' pulled me lass out, shrieking an' laughing, with a briar-rose in both cheeks an' eyes like Ireland's own sky.

The laugh was gone whin I told her me plan, an' the roses were washed with dew.

"'Twill be but a wee time, me darlint," I coaxed her, "afore I'll be sindin' for yez. An' think what a grand man I'll be in me foine uniform an' what grand money I'll be earnin'!"

"Too grand for the loikes av me!" choked out Katie. "An' some foine day a rich lady, wid dimints in her ears an' a purple silk gownd, 'll be marryin' yez. But suit yersel', Misther Dennis O'Hara," says Katie, with a pout to her red lips that called for a kiss in return. "Maybe there's others in Glenderry 'll be glad f'r yez shoon," says she.

"If you're manin' Squire Trelawney," I says, me fists doublin' unbeknownst, "ye'll sup sorrow if yez listen to his blarney. Av all th' black-hearted spalpeens—— But you're makin' fun av me, acushla. Come; look up, avourneen; 'tis me, an' me only, yez love—isn't it, Katie machree?"

But still Katie was f'r playin' coquette. "An' I suppose ye've had a fortune lift yez f'r yez passage over?" she says, pleasant-like. "It costs money, I'm thinkin', to cross the say——"

"Begorra!" says I, rueful-like, "an' shure an' I niver wance thought o' thot——" I could see Katie's face brighten, but me own was as long as the road to Craig-na-Mon. I carried a sour look froom the cottage back till the peat-field, an' puzzled over the matter till me head was as muddled as stir-about. A matter o' forty shillings would kape me out av good fortune, an' there seemed no mending o' the lack.

Then the saints, who love the Irish, sint Terry O'Leary—his fists full o' siller as a bag full o' stones.

"'Tis coom to me ears ye're wishful o' journeyin' to Amer-icky," says he, wid a grin that fair bumped his big ears. "'Tis a bit I've laid by I'm bringin' yez. Whin yez find your fortune, yez can sind it back if yez loike."

"FORGETTIN'! I'LL BE AV YEZ

THINKIN' AV YEZ BY DAY AN' DRAMIN' BY NIGHT"

It fair took me breath, for Terry was the tightest gossoon in Glenderry; but I was born to luck, on a night whin the banshee was combin' her hair wid her goold comb on the roof-top, and I took the siller afore he could change his mind. An' wance more I ran down the lane to me swateheart's cottage.

"'Tis come, Katie — me chance is come!" I shouted, fit to raise the echoes, which, as everybody knows, are the voices of lost souls. "Katie acushla, I'm going to Americky to buy yez a cow!"

The ould father woke from his napping an' shook his head, white as the snow on Ben Arden.

"Too far—too far!" he droned. "Th' say is salt froom th' tears av th' women whose min niver came home. Stay here, me lad—I'm wishful o' seein' me colleen wedded afore I die."

"Whist! father, lave th' b'y be!" cries Katie. "'Tis only th' husk av him is spakin'; as Terry here an' I can see, th' rist is already in Americky. Ye can go, Dennis acushla, but dont be forgettin' to come back—some day."

"Forgettin'! yez little spalpeen," says I, lifting her face wid me finger under her chin. "I'll be thinkin' av yez by day an' dramin' av yez by night, me darlin', as sure well yez guess; but ye'll have the pig t' comfort yez till I send for the three av yez."

I niver wanct dramed, from the look av her, the truth av the matter, nor knew it till two years after, how me brave lass had sould her pig and given Terry the money for me. "Yis, no doubt th' pig 'll remind me av yez!" laughed Katie. "There *is* a resimblance—isn't there, Terry? But what'll I give yez to kape me in *your* mind?"

"As long as there's breath in the body av me, Katie O'Conner," I says, "there'll be love av you an' longin' f'r you in the heart an' soul av me!"

An' God knows I meant it true. The next week I came to Americky—I've been here tin years come Fast Day, an' I can say the same thing now. There's grand ladies in Americky—Miss Harding for wan—but me own colleen is the swatest av thim all, and always will be, to my thinkin'—God love her!

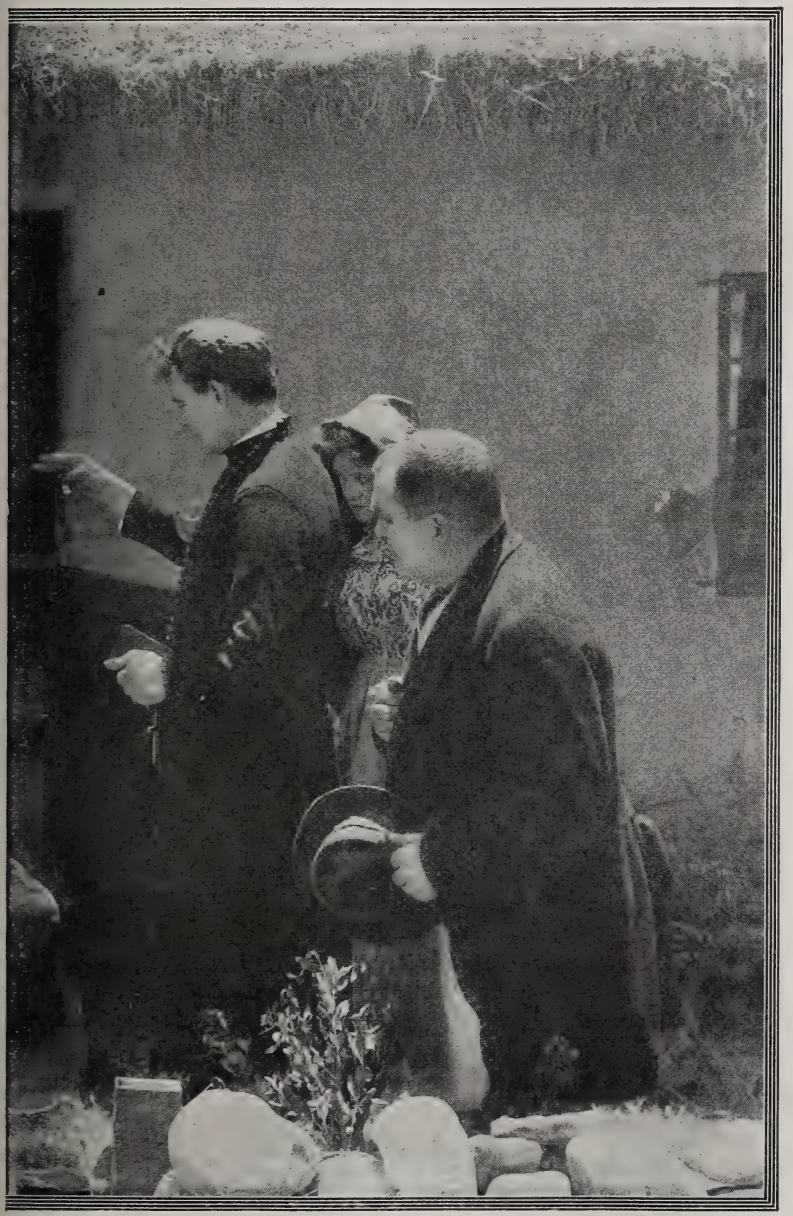
I carried to Americky a right hand tingling with handclasps, an' two ears full av the ould priest's blessings, and Katie's kiss on me lips, an' nothin' at all besides to spake av. An' three hours afther I'd landed I had a job. Yis, but 'twas not on th' polis-force, as I dramed, but handlin' a pick in a ditch, with a handful of furreigners wid ear-rings jabberin' on ivery side. For the man that wrote that piece I read in the paper was jokin'. 'Tis not so aisy to be a polisman, afther all.

"Let thim laugh!" I says t' mesilf, raymimberin' how they had grinned at th' polis station whin I asked f'r a job. "If they set me t' swingin' a pick, I'll swing a pick *well*, f'r the honor av Ireland an' the glory av Katie O'Conner," says I. "An' there's no sinse cryin' whin a bowld laugh will do as well."

"TWO EARS FULL AV THE OULD PRIEST'S

At th' ind av the month I was made

boss av th' gang, which shows that a smile is a good invistmint. At th' ind av two months I was on the polis-force, afther all! 'Twas Brady, polis captain, an' O'Keefe, ward boss, that gave me the job, an' I thought that they must have heard av me good wurrk in diggin' ditches.



BLESSINGS AND KATIE'S KISS ON ME LIPS"

"That greenhorn av a big Irisher is popular wid th' wops!" I heard wan av thim say as they stood lookin' down on me gang. "They'd elect him Governor if they could."

"H-m!" says th' other, lookin' at me sharp. "Mebbe we could use him on th' force, afther all. It's a good idea t' stand in well with th' sons av Sunny It'. He looks like our meat—eh, Brady?"

"He's safe, I guess," nods th' other, an' beckons to me. "You're th' fellow who wanted to get on the force, aint yez?" he says. "Well, mebbe we can fix it up f'r yez—that is, if yez can obey orders," says he.

"I can," says I.

"Then come along," says he, "an' we'll get yez a uniform, if they's any big enough."

I had me picter took in that uniform an' sint it to Katie, afther I'd worn it a week.

"How do yez like Dennis O'Hara av th' polis-force?" I wrote her. "Shure 'tis aisy t' be a polisman. I haven't arristed a sowl yit. 'Tis a good honest lot av people in this wurrld, Katie, an' you're th' best an' swatest av thim all——"

I didn't write her av the times whin I could have arristed a lad f'r drinkin' a bit overmuch, nor a hard-lookin' woman f'r meddlin' wid a little Swedish colleen just off av th' ship widout frinds. Shure I took th'

poor foolish lad home t' his mother, who could tind t' him better thin anny coort, an' I drove th' woman off froom th' colleen and put her in the care av th' Christian Association.

But afore iver I could mail the letter to Katie I made me first arrist, afther all. I was walkin' along me beat with me eyes on the stars, which is where no policeman's eyes should be, but this time 'twas lucky they were, or I'd niver have seen th' cowardly, murdherin' thafe av th' wurrld. An', as it was, I didn't see him, ayther, but I heard th' lady scream, an' I was up that fire-eschape afore iver th' sound had stopped. I'm no fairy, an' th' fire-eschape was ividintly built f'r thim exclusively, f'r it swayed an' groaned an' wailed like a banshee. I didn't know thin 'twas poor construction wurrk, so th' inspector c'd buy a new autymobile. But, annyhow, up I wint, an' be th' mercy av God, r'ached th' open window an' sprang in just in th' nick av time. In th' chair sat th' prettiest young lady on this side av th' say, half-fainting, with a big, cowardly ruffian bendin' over her, grabbin' her white throat in his two dirty hands. In wan moment me night-stick had descinded on his skull with a gratifyin' *plop!* an' in two moments I had th' felly tied up so thoro it took tin minutes t' unloose him afterwards.

Th' young lady decided not to faint, an' instid grasped me hand. I wont raypeat what she said, f'r fear av soundin' consated. I hope th' Recordin' Angel was takin' it all in.

"My name is Florence Harding," she says at th' ind. "My father is wan av th' city ingineers," she says, an' wrote somethin' on a card. "If iver yez want a job, go to him an' he'll give yez wan f'r savin' me loife this avenin'——"

An' thin she wint off again into thanks an' complimints, till me head was quite turned whin I tuk me prisoner away. I niver thought thin that I'd be wantin' a job so soon.

A wake later, Captain Brady calls me to th' desk an' shows me a list av names. "I want yez

" 'TIS NOT SO AISY TO BE A

to visit these people," he says, "an' say you're froom me. They'll understand. Yez take what they give yez, an' bring it back—do yez understand?"

"I understand what yez is tellin' me t' do," says I, puzzled-like, "but not why I'm to do it."

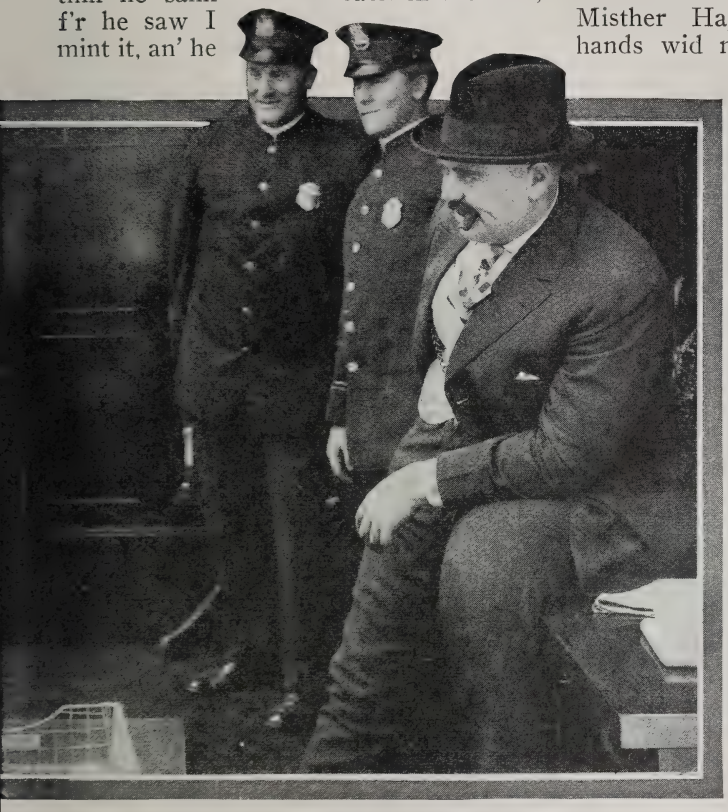
"Because you're told to!" snaps Brady. "Questions is not part av your duty. Do as I say, an' kape mum, an' yez'll get promoted some day."

Sthill I niver guessed the dirty job he'd set me. But th' places I wint, an' the quare way th' people acted, opened me eyes. 'Tis graft I was sint t' collect

—hush-money froom pawn shops an' saloons, an' women wid painted cheeks an' scared, hollow eyes. Me blood biled. I wint back t' th' polis-station an' threw th' dirty coin in front av th' cap'n.

"Niver again, sor," says I—"niver agin f'r Dennis O'Hara!"

Brady started up, foamin' wid fury; thin he sank back in his sate, f'r he saw I mint it, an' he



POLISMAN, AFTHER ALL"

didn't dare threaten me, f'r fear I'd tell what I knew. If I'd have been willin' t' do that, I'd niver have lost me job; but Irishmen aren't informers—praise be!

It seems th' Reform Party was puttin' up a strong fight f'r winnin' th' nixt election. A felly be th' name av Haynes wanted t' be Mayor, an' he was runnin' an investigation av polis graft. Wan av his min had followed me whin I wint collectin' f'r Brady, an' th' furrst thing I knew I was called t' coort t' answer f'r collectin' graft money. It wasn't me they was afther, but the min higher up, an' I knew it, but they couldn't get anny names out av me. "I'm no telltale, sor," I told thim; "I collected th' money. Yez 'll have t' take it out in dischargin' me, I guess, sor."

An' that is what happened. Whin I lift th' coort-house, me heart fair broke wid thinkin' how 'twould hurt Katie t' hear she must wait a while longer afore comin'. Two min spoke t' me. Wan was Misther Haynes himself. He shook hands wid me an' gave me a sort av quare look out av his keen eyes. "I'm not forgettin' yez, Dennis O'Hara," says he. "I like loyal men, an' I know as well as yez know that yez was only a tool."

Th' other man who spoke t' me was Misther O'Keefe, the boss av th' ward.

"Dennis," says he, approvingly, "I need a close-mouthed man f'r an inspector," says he. "It's a grand, aisy job—one hundred a month—an' all yez have t' do is to go around an' look at construction jobs an' see they're all O. K. If yez want it," says he, "it's yours."

That avenin' I sat down an' wrote Katie another letter. I niver dramed how it was wid her, poor colleen, her father dead an' Squire Trelawney—God do th' same t' him!—hangin' about and frightenin' her an' tormentin' her. So I told her to kape a brave heart till I sint f'r her, which th' good saints grant it might be soon. An' th' nixt day I wint out inspectin', an' th' furrst job they gave me, bejabbers! was a viaduct which Misther Harding was buildin'—him as was th' father av th' young lady I saved froom th' burglar.

Froom th' first look at it, I didn't like that viaduct, but th' superintendent told me it was all right and my O. K. was just a matter av form. Sthill I hung around a bit, an' that avenin' I wint t' th' Public Library an' found a book that

towld about cement. 'Twas harrud readin', an' I wint away, me poor brains in a snarl; but an Irishman cant be downed be wurrds, so back I came th' nixt day an' th' nixt, till I began t' see what th' books were manin'. An' whin I was sure I understood, I wint back to th' viaduct again.

"Yez'll have to change yez mixture," says I to th' superintendent. "Yez know, or yez ought to know, that th' thing wont be safe f'r a child t' walk on now."

"Wont be safe?" roars another voice, tremblin' wid anger. "What do yez know about cement work, I'd like t' know?"

I whirled around, an' there stood Misther Harding, wid his daughter clingin' t' his arrum.

"I know this," I says, quiet-like—"I know a bridge made av sand wont stand, sor, an' as inspector I cant allow it to pass."

"Wont stand?" says Miss Florence, indignantly. "Papa—of course he is wrong?"

"He's a meddling Irishman!" roars Harding. "I'll phone O'Keefe to take him off th' job. It means thousands to me."

Miss Florence turns t' me. "My father never makes mistakes," she cries, "an' I'll prove how I trust him——"

An', afore annyone could stop her, out she runs onto the viaduct. It mightn't have happened f'r years, but it did happen thin under our very eyes. Wid a roar loike thunder, th' rotten work tottered and wint down, buryin' th' poor, trustin' colleen under th' ruins.

"IN TWO MOMENTS I HAD TH' FELLY TIED UP"

Right here I'll say she wasn't kilt, only bad hurt, but her father was fair beside himself. It was months afore they was sure she'd get well, an' whin she did he towld her, solemn as on th' Book, as he'd niver do any job that wasn't honest again. But, av coorse, an inspector that tells th' truth aint wanted, so I was out av wurrk again.

An' thin came Misther Haynes, an' says, "Dennis O'Hara, I like yez. I like *your* kind. Will yez wurrk f'r my election?" says he.

"Misther Haynes," says I, "I like *your* kind, sor, an', thank yez kindly, I will."

Ivery Irishman has th' gift av gab—not that I'm claimin' I did much t' help elect Misther Haynes, tho he thought I did. An' whin he wint into th' Mayor's office, Dennis O'Hara wint back on th' polis-force as Chief.

Me furrst official act was t' sind f'r Katie, but niver a wurrd did I breathe as to what had happened. I wanted t' surprise her, an' surprise her I did. She niver dramed that the grand felly in th' foine uniform waitin' on th' wharf was her Dennis, an' began for t' ask me, timid-loike, f'r directions. But whin I spoke, she looked up wid a little cry, an' in a minute she was sobbin' in me arrums.

"Katie acushla, did I frighten yez?" says I. "I niver mint to, alanna. Coom, look at me, darlint, an' see if yez dont admire me uniform. 'Tis mine f'r kapes, Katie dear."

But she only cried the harder.

"Listen, avourneen," I whispers; "there's a wee cottage waitin' in the suburbs; there's a bit of a pig, Katie—an' a *cow!* Didn't I tell yez, darlint, we'd have a cow some day?" But sthill she cried.

"What's moitherin' yez, swateheart?" I begs her. "Tell Dennis what's wrong."

"'Tis only this," sobs me Katie thin: "yez look so grand—an'—I'm wishin' I had a new bonnet so I—could do yez proud——"

'Tis quare things women are—now isn't it? I'm thinkin' maybe God smiled a bit whin He made thim th' way they are. We men will niver understand thim; but perhaps we love 'em—God bless 'em!—all th' better f'r that—who knows?

Movie Pests

By ISA L. WRIGHT

THE FAT MAN

Who, by some weird omniscience, hath
The faculty all grim,
Of choosing meagre-statured folks
To sit in back of him.

THE FAT WOMAN

Who occupies one seat in full,
And then some more for fair,
Besides annexing both the arms
Of each adjacent chair.

THE BE-HATTED DAME

Who snuggles in the seat, ad lib.,
Wiggling until she's settled pat;
And when she's killed what time she can,
Then she removes her hat.

THE WISEACRE

Who cant enjoy a picture play
Unless he reads the inserts out;
And, for your delectation, tells
You what the show is all about.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Who makes you grab your hat and rise,
And then, right in the midst of it,
He sees another seat beyond
Where he decides he'd rather sit.

ANY THOROBRED

Who pays a dime to come inside,
Intending, too, to get its worth;
And will be fully satisfied
If you will let him have the earth.

Something New About Creighton Hale

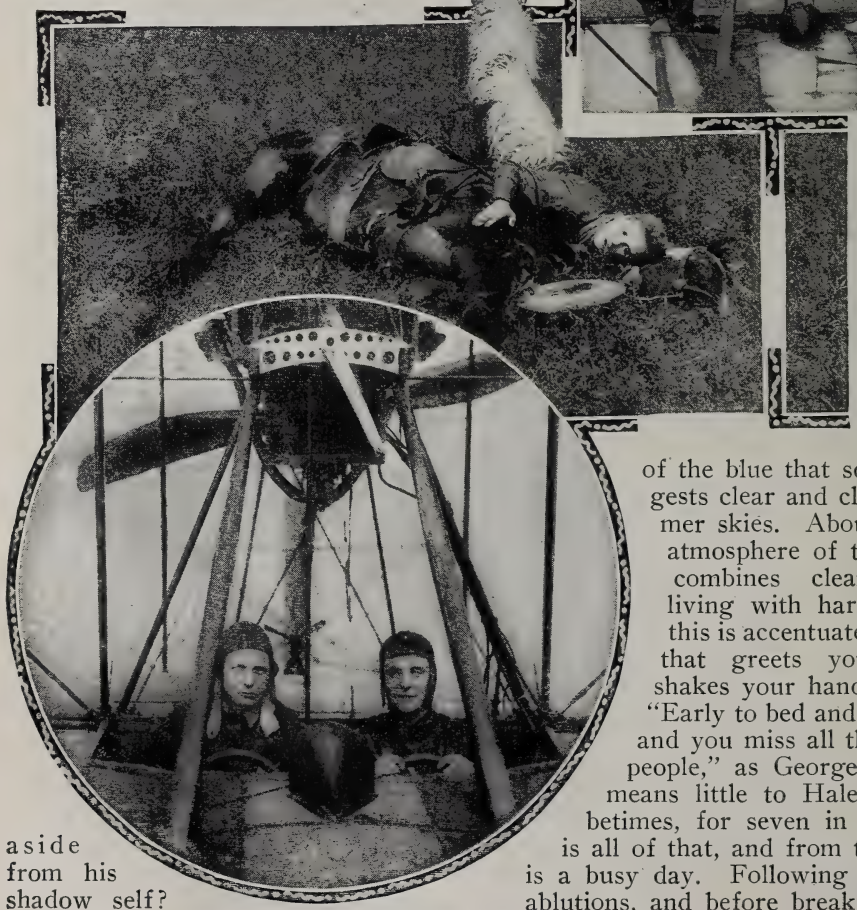
by

Kilbourn Gordon

HE gets up at seven A. M. He drinks quarts of milk, and he would rather fish all night and fly all day than do any other two things.

Who? you ask. And comes the answer: Creighton Hale.

This engaging young man of the movies is by way of being what is known in the vernacular as several sorts of a regular fellow. And to prove it, let's take a good, close look at him—a close-up, so to speak. You know him on the screen, of course. Many people do; but do you know aught of him aside from his shadow self?



A slender, upstanding young chap is Hale. Five feet nine he is, and in gym togs he tips the scales at one hundred and forty. Blond, very blond, is he of hair—not red, as some have surmised—and his eyes are of the blue that somehow suggests clear and cloudless summer skies. About him is the atmosphere of the man who combines clean, healthful living with hard work, and this is accentuated by the grip that greets you when he shakes your hand.

"Early to bed and early to rise, and you miss all the prominent people," as George Ade put it, means little to Hale. He is up betimes, for seven in the morning is all of that, and from that hour his is a busy day. Following the morning ablutions, and before breakfast, he goes to the garage that houses the Hale car, for the day is not properly started until that car, fueled and tuned for touring or

what not, stands before its owner's door. He is an ardent and inveterate motorist. Motoring with him is chronic, and he admits that he is one of the few actors alive who can properly adjust a carburetor. Breakfast over, he immediately is in that car and bound for the studio or location, as the case may be. It is a peculiarity of Hale's, and one that has ofttimes proved helpful to plodding pedestrians, that he refuses, under any circumstances, to ride alone. Recently, in driving from his home on Eighty-fourth Street to a location at Bayside, Long Island, his record as a common carrier ran as follows:

New York to Corona—2 trolley-car conductors, 1 fireman.
Corona to Flushing—3 policemen, 1 telegraph boy.
Flushing to Bayside—1 mail man, 3 youngsters.

The working day done, he is back in that car and making a bee-line for home, there quickly to change from the garb that costumed his day's endeavor, have dinner and be off in his car again. There are no two ways about it—he does like that car. And he rarely goes to a picture or a play. With Hale, once the day's work is done, 'tis done.

"When I get thru at the studio," he says, "I want to get out and get the other fellow's point of view on things. Going to a picture, or even a play, in the evening, after a man has been hard at work before the camera all day long, has always seemed to me very much like a butcher going to see another cut meat after store hours."

Let's take him on a loafing day.

CREIGHTON HALE
(POWELL)

When in New York, this usually is spent in the open at Long Beach, where are swimming and tennis aplenty, or down at Great Neck, where he has recently acquired an attractive country home. Next spring, he hopes, will see him settled there. In this house at Great Neck is a garret, and that garret brings to its new owner many

memories of other days. It is almost a replica of the London garret in which Hale, as a struggling youngster, once lived.

At Ithaca, during the filming of the "Elaine" serials, when there came an off day, the Jamieson of the "Exploits" was always to be found in the company of the Thomas brothers, flying an aeroplane or hydroplane around and about Lake Cayuga. Hale, as you may know, is the only actor member of the Aero Club of America. His interest in aeronautics is keen, and recently he has been making spectacular flights down at Amityville, Long Island, with Lawrence Sperry, of stabilizer fame.

"Flying," he says, with authority, "has it all over other sports."

And he is fond, as well, of the sport that made Mr. Walton—Izaak, to be exact—famous. It was at Ithaca, too, that he once caused consternation in the movie colony by fishing all night and flying all the following day. Hale, like many hard workers, makes the most of his leisure.

No close-up of this variety would be complete without some account of the artistic beginnings of the object thereof. And besides, Hale's reference to a London garret had aroused my curiosity. I asked him to tell me something of both the beginnings and the garret.

"I was born almost on the stage," he said. "My father was an Irish actor-singer who used to tour Ireland in repertoire. I went on the stage first before even I could talk. Father was playing 'East Lynne,' and in that play are used several children. I was placed in a crib up stage, and my sister, who was hidden behind the crib, made such ejaculations as fell to the lot of the character I presumably was playing.

"With that start I developed, before long, into a boy actor. I played all sorts of Little Willies all over England and Ireland. Father, however, interrupted my histrionic activities and sent me to school in London."

"What about that garret?" I inquired.

"That came along a little later. I came to the conclusion that electrical engineering, and not acting, was to be my profession, and to that end I began to study. Cash was not plentiful, and I had to make shift as best I could. My studies were costing me something, and, to economize, I lived, for a time, in a garret. And it was a darn good garret, too.

"I studied during the day, and, to help things along, played in vaudeville, or the halls, as we call them, in the evening. I found, however, I couldn't make it go. There wasn't enough coming in, and I was never fond of garrets, anyway. I tried twice, but it seemed fate was against me, and I finally gave up all thought of becoming an electrical engineer, and devoted all my time to the stage.

"I played all sorts of parts in all sorts of plays. I think the only things I missed were burlesque and the circus. It was great training, tho."

About this time, I learnt, Hale became known to the English stage as "The Boy Stage Manager," and in that capacity was eminently successful.

"There was one thing in that connection that always makes me smile when I think of it," he told me. "Whenever I joined a new company to run the stage, the company manager always had to call the players together and make them a little speech to the effect that I was in charge of things back of the footlights—that I was to be taken seriously and to be obeyed."

About seven years ago Hale came to America as stage manager for Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson) in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." He remained with Miss Elliott for a season, went into stock in Hartford, and returned to "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" for a tour thru the South and West. Before the season's end he had played every male part in the piece. Among his treasured possessions is a review from a Richmond paper, highly praising the work of three distinct characters, all of which Hale played—two, of course, under assumed names.

Various engagements followed, and some three and a half years ago he began to look into the possibilities of the picture field. To that end, under another name, he secured work as a super in various film productions. What he saw from the angle of the extra man didn't

make a profound impression, for he decided to remain in the spoken drama.

Mr. Powell, then a director for Pathé, attended the opening, at the Fulton Theater, of Augustus Thomas's short-lived play, "Indian Summer." In the cast was a young man, blond of hair and engaging of manner.

Immediately the curtain was down, Mr. Powell made his way back stage.

"Have you ever been in pictures?" he asked Hale.

"Not enough to have anybody find it out," Hale replied.

"Well," said Powell, "here is where you start."

Shortly after, Hale, in a small part in "The Taint," made his first picture appearance with the Frank Powell Productions, Inc.

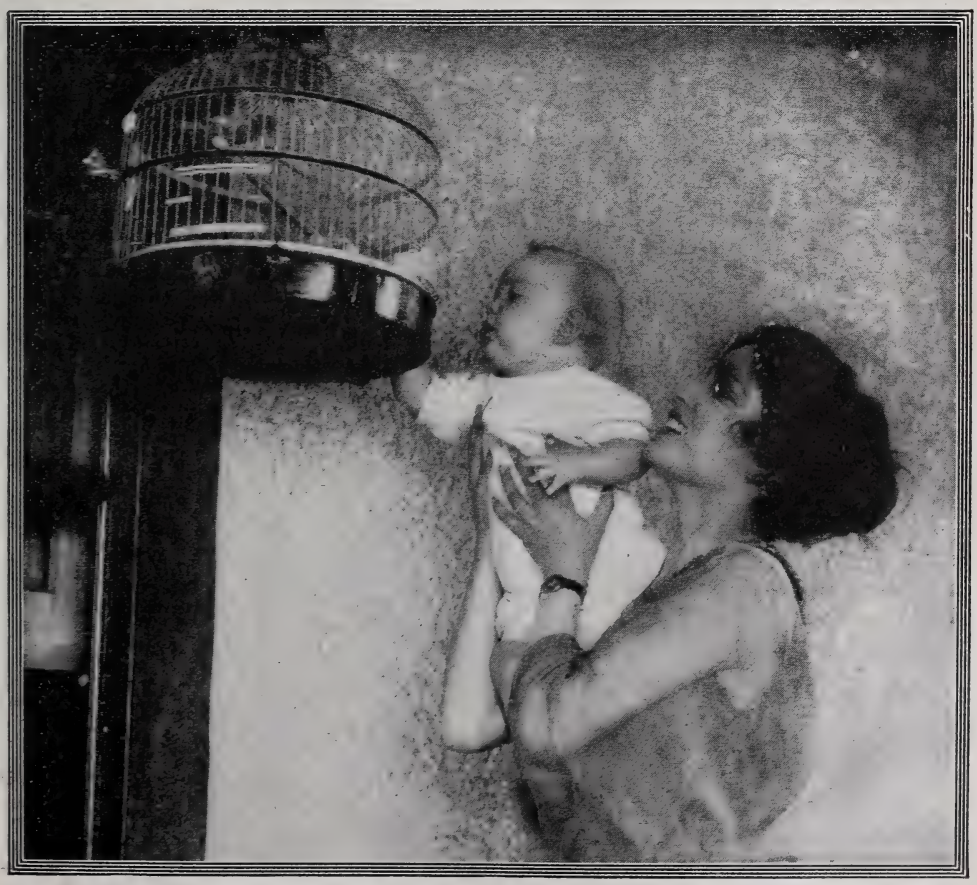
Hale's hit in pictures was immediate and emphatic. Following the filming of "The Taint," he was drafted for "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Romance of Elaine," and then "The Iron Claw." Recently he has completed "Charity?" the first feature produced under his new alliance, Powell Pictures (still his old friend, you see), and associated with him in this picture is his arch screen enemy and good friend of the "Elaine" and "Iron Claw" days, Sheldon Lewis.

"The villain," says Hale, "still pursues me."

His is one of the substantial successes of the screen, and his philosophy of life is as simple as his success is satisfying.

"Health, a job and a pastime" he wants, and these he has in abundance.

He's a lucky fellow, dont you think?



WHEN ALICE JOYCE IS NOT PLAYING BEFORE THE CAMERA SHE IS USUALLY PLAYING WITH HER DAUGHTER

STUDIO

HOW TO GET IN.

NOTE — IN CONNECTION WITH THE INTERESTING SERIES WHICH HAS BEEN RUNNING IN THIS MAGAZINE, PERHAPS THE FOLLOWING SUGGESTIONS MAY PROVE VALUABLE

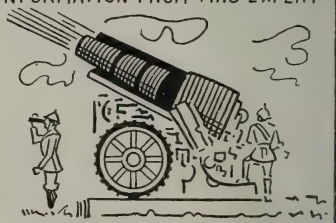
HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH THE DIRECTOR
NOTICE THE STRONG IMPRESSION WHICH THIS YOUNG MAN HAS MADE

ONE WAY TO GET IN —

ONE MIGHT GAIN SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM THIS EXPERT

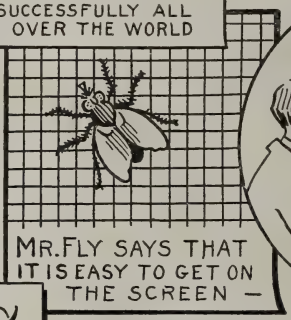
IT IS EVIDENT THAT THIS GENTLEMAN CAN ONLY TAKE A SMALL PART —

HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES
THIS METHOD IS USED SUCCESSFULLY ALL OVER THE WORLD

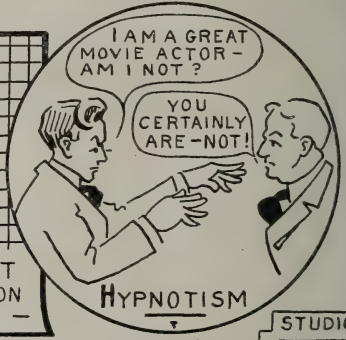


A GERMAN 44 CENTIMETRE GUN OUGHT TO MAKE SOME KIND OF AN OPENING —

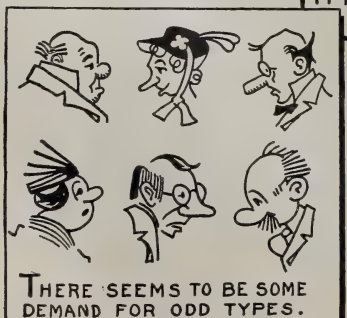
STEP INTO THE FIRST AVAILABLE OPENING, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, AND WORK YOUR WAY UP AFTERWARDS —



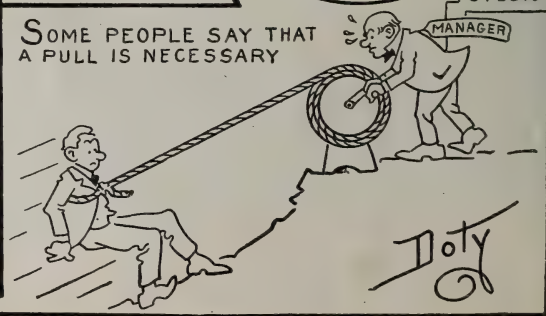
MR. FLY SAYS THAT IT IS EASY TO GET ON THE SCREEN —



HYPNOTISM



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DEMAND FOR ODD TYPES.



SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT A PULL IS NECESSARY

Breaking Into the Movies in California

A Diary

By SUZETTE BOOTH

NOTE: To the many girl readers all over the United States whose one ambition in life is California and the movies, I dedicate this diary. It is not the great stars that can give advice. When they broke in, it was very easy; but the girl of today, that comes here alone and unaided and tries to get in, is the one that can relate the hard, cold facts.

SUZETTE BOOTH, THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO BREAK IN

NOVEMBER 20, 1915.—Leave St. Louis. Being suddenly cast on the world alone, and obliged to earn my living, I start out for California. My object is to try to support myself by working in the movies. I have a little money, left me at my father's death; being alone, I wish to put this in the bank for emergencies and live off my earnings. I chose the movies as a livelihood without hesitancy. Why shouldn't I?—a descendant of the famous Booth family—most of my people have followed that profession (the stage); I have been before the public most of my life, posed a great deal for artists and photographers, was the original "Katy Girl," last summer had a little experience in Chicago with the Essanay. Los Angeles has over two hundred studios; why shouldn't I get a position in one of them?

NOVEMBER 27, 1915.—Arrive in San Francisco, after a hard, long trip; visit Fair, and stay until the thirtieth.

NOVEMBER 30, 1915.—Leave Frisco by steamer for Los Angeles, the Mecca of the movies.

DECEMBER 1, 1915.—Arrive at San Pedro, after an all-night's trip on the ocean. In my arms I carry a huge bunch of pink roses and a big box of bon-bons sent down to the steamer by two Frisco admirers; each has a card attached, with the word "Success!" Am so happy. *Of course I will be a success!* Quite a few people in Frisco discouraged me; said, "You might get to heaven if you tried, but into the movies these days—never." Take Southern Pacific Electric into Los Angeles and go to a hotel.

DECEMBER 2, 1915.—Getting unpacked and resting after my long journey. Visit the shopping district, and find out it is near Christmas. Christmas in Los Angeles is a joke—it is so hot.

DECEMBER 3, 1915. It is Sunday; buy a paper and immediately turn to "Help Wanted—Female." Mercy! this sounds good. "Wanted types of all kinds for Motion Picture studios; call Monday; Black Building." Well, I shall certainly be there; knew I wouldn't have any trouble getting into pictures; I'll have a swell position before the week is out.

DECEMBER 4, 1915.—Monday. Dress with unusual care, and start out to find the Black Building; ask several people, but they, too, are strangers; so I walk up one street and down another, and finally locate it. A great crowd got on the elevator with me. I said fourth floor, and the elevator boy grinned—I did, also, when every last one of them got off at the fourth. As I stepped out, the corridors were lined with people; it was impossible to get into the office—each one eyed the other and then sneered. I felt conspicuous. Heavens! do all these people want to go into the movies? Finally the crowd dwindled, and I entered the outer office. A blonde stenographer handed me an application to fill out—name, age, weight, height, color of hair and eyes, experience, wardrobe; can you dance, ride, or swim? Filling out the application, I waited my turn. Presently the door opened, and the manager, a little, two-by-four specimen of manhood, beckoned me to come in. He evidently did not have the nerve to tell the applicants the scheme, so had it typewritten for them to read. It said you would be obliged to subscribe to a photoplay magazine for one year at a dollar in order for you to register your name. It did not look good to me, so I refused—was quickly shown out another door.

DECEMBER 5, 1915.—Manager of a photoplay magazine calls up—says he has a proposition to make to me, that I can make more money in a day working for him than I could in a week working for the movies.

DECEMBER 6, 1915.—Call at Black Building. Manager says I am just the girl he has been looking for to be private secretary and interview the applicants when he goes out on business. I am to get forty cents on the dollar for every subscription.

DECEMBER 7, 1915.—Am now private secretary and have interviewed sixty-three applicants (but only made one dollar). Oh, dear, they all had such hard-luck stories. Well, I have learnt an awful lot about the studios. Some had years of experience with such stars as Robert Mantell, Margaret Anglin, et cetera. A woman of immense proportions, formerly in the Metropolitan Opera Company, screamed "Bunko! fake! nothing but fakes in this town!" when I asked her to subscribe. "It's a good place to die in, tho," she said—"the cemeteries are beautiful." I told her I, too, was a tenderfoot, and she calmed down. A tall woman of sixty came to see about her son; she said he wanted to be a movie actor—that he resembled Francis Bushman; she showed me his picture (he was a barber). Well, he did look like Charlie Chaplin. I am discouraged, after interviewing all these beautiful and talented people. If *they* cannot get in, what chance will *I* have? Two years ago, they tell me, it was easy; now it is impossible.

DECEMBER 8, 1915.—Second day at work. Outer office is also shared by Mr. B., who advertises all over the United States for beautiful girls for the movies—transportation furnished. When they write, he answers and requests them to send a dollar; evidently, quite a few sent it, because he was very busy taking dollars out of letters this morning. He then tells the stenographer to send them the names of the different directors, and that's all the poor girls get for their dollar. A detective has called to see the manager; guess I'll quit. All these so-called courses, schools, photoplay-writing ads are all fakes, they tell me. Have been here only a week and am getting very wise.

DECEMBER 9, 1915.—Have address of Lasky's studio in Hollywood, the most sought-after studio in Los Angeles, so I am told. I board a Hollywood car, and ask the conductor if he will tell me when we get to Vine Street. He said, "Madam, we are not allowed to give information." Rode quite a ways; came to Sunset Boulevard. On the corner was a vast lot, with a canvas fence surrounding it; an immense structure of the Bible period

Just to show that Suzette Booth, the author of this article, was not the ordinary type of untalented, stage-struck girl, here is a photograph of Miss Booth which proves that she has not only personality, but beauty

loomed up about sixty feet in the sky—great, white plaster elephants guarding the entrances, and floating in the breeze were banners with "Mother and the Law" printed on them. Thought this must be Lasky's, and hastily got off the car; ask a little boy if it is, and he says, "No; it's D. W. Griffith's Reliance and Fine Arts studios." So I am at the birthplace of "The Birth of a Nation"! I ask the boy if those are girls away up on top of that immense structure in the broiling sun. He says, "Sure; gee! they get three dollars a day for that!" I cross the road where the offices are located; going up a narrow stairway, I find myself in a big yard; a little play-house in the center says, "Engagements, 2 to 4—Miss Brown." All around the yard were crude benches; it was so crowded I could not find a seat. Young women, elderly ladies, youths and gray-haired men, women with little children—all waiting for Miss Brown. It was three-thirty—she failed to appear. I left; got on the car again for Hollywood. The conductor was more considerate than the other one, and told me when we came to Vine Street. Hollywood is beautiful. As I walked down Vine Street to the Lasky studio, amid the palms and the lovely flowers growing by the street-curbs, how I wished I could work at Lasky's! At the studio, which looks like a frame shed, a boy about fourteen was busy reading "Diamond Dick." Seeing no one else around, I asked if I might see the manager. Bestowing on me the most bored look in the world, he pointed to a sign, "Engagements, 5 to 6 Only—Capt. Ford." He went on reading his book. "But I am a stranger, came such a long distance, had such a time finding the place; I must see some one," I said to him, but he went on reading. My! how I would love to shake that boy! It was four o'clock. Rather than stand around looking at him until five, I went back to town.

December 11, 1915.—Monday. Another big week before me. Mr. B. calls up and asks if I have a position. (I answer no.) Says he can get me one at Keystone—to come out to his office in Edendale, and he will give me a card to Mr. Palmer of that company. (Mr. B.'s office is in the same block as the Keystone.)

December 12, 1915.—Go to Edendale, and Mr. B. telephones to Mr. Palmer; says, "I am sending you Miss Booth, the original 'Katy Girl'; I know she will get a position when you see her." At Keystone a guard stood at the gate and refused me admittance. Gave him a card, and he said he would present it to Mr. Palmer (leaving me outside). Finally he returned, and said he would see me. Mr. Palmer spoke very encouragingly, but said I must see Max Sennett—for me to call up tomorrow and he would arrange an interview.

December 13, 1915.—Call up Mr. Palmer, and he says, "Nothing doing, Miss Booth; Max Sennett's out of town; call tomorrow."

December 14, 1915.—Call Mr. Palmer every hour today, only to be told he is not in. Believe he is trying to avoid me.

December 15, 1915.—Decide to go out after him. At the studio the gateman says, "Mr. Palmer is not in," but adds, pleasantly, "Mr. Sennett has been walking up and down outside here for the last half-hour." Have decided to land Sennett, so I walk up and down outside the studio for at least two hours. It is dreadfully hot and the sun beats down on me unmercifully. Los Angeles has palms—palms, but no shade-trees. Finding a huge rock, I sit down and make myself comfortable and enjoy the free performance. The Keystone occupies both sides of the street, and pink and red kimona-clad movie queens run back and forth like so many mice, buying ice-cream cones, hot dogs, et cetera, from a sandwich wagon. Fatty Arbuckle crosses the street, dressed in a plaid wrapper, and greets Mabel Normand, who has just arrived in a beautiful car. I have attracted their attention; they are staring and talking about me; bet they think I am Clara Kimball Young. Raymond Hitchcock drives up, passes me, and smiles—the memory of the days when he, too, was hunting the manager. Finally one of the directors comes over and says, "Well, little, brown wren (I was dressed all in brown), still setting? Say, why dont you try Fox, across the street?

(*To be continued in our next number*)

LENORE ULRICH

Shadows of Bernhardt

By PETER GRIDLEY SCHMID

"SHE is the coming Bernhardt of America!" exclaimed an authority on the drama, as Lenore Ulrich made her final bow to an enthusiastic audience upon the conclusion of her triumphant Broadway appearance in Belasco's "The Heart of Wetona." With histrionic talent that shadowed the wonderful Sarah herself, this little girl from Milwaukee attained metropolitan popularity that surprised even the most sophisticated members of Broadway's theatrical circle.

An example of what can be accomplished by the poor schoolgirl with a weekly allowance of twenty-five cents is strikingly portrayed in the career of this country-wide favorite of both the screen and the stage. Five years ago Lenore Ulrich had little outside of a wonderful mother, who is still living, a host of little brothers and sisters, and a strong de-

termination to provide the luxuries of life for this little brood. Every Saturday afternoon she received her quarter, with which she secured a seat in the gallery of a stock theater, not to go there for her own enjoyment alone, but to study the stage, for she had decided that her future was to be spent there. She would go on the stage, not merely for the glory that might accompany a successful career, but for the prospects it held out in the way of providing for those she loved.

Repeated calls at the manager's office finally gained her admission to his sanctum sanctorum. With a not unkindly smile, he advised her to go back to her dolls, and predicted that when she grew up she would become a stenographer, a dressmaker, or a salesgirl, just like her many friends. This, however, did not meet with the ideas of the little girl at all. Many subsequent visits were made to the manager's office with similar results.

Just when things looked the darkest for little Lenore, she was given the opportunity for which she had prayed. It all happened in a rather unusual manner, and Henry Rae Webster, the well-known stage director and producer, who was responsible for her advent to the stage, tells it as follows:

"The beginning of Lenore Ulrich's stage career was a bit different from the usual successful star's biographical sketch. She was only a kiddie among a group of other kiddies, who hopped around to the music of a hand-organ on a Milwaukee street, but the difference was that the little girl with the dark eyes did not hop—she flung herself into a whirl of dancing like a little animal—the reckless abandon only a child would dare if it had the temperament—which it usually hasn't. She was a wonderful, wild, natural creature, who could dance just because it was in her, not because she had been taught.

"I was producing 'Carmen' at the Shubert Theater, and left rehearsal to find an extra girl for the dance in the record act. I found the group of dancing children, and halted to watch the slender girl who danced all alone. Then I spoke to her—asked her if she would like to dance to real music and be paid for it. She looked half-frightened, yet wild to accept, and it was a case of coaxing mother.

"In the end she secured permission, and I took her to rehearsal, where she watched the other dancers. I drew a diagram on the stage floor to help her get the figure of the dance. Three times she went thru the figures with me, and was ready to join the other dancers in rehearsal of the scene. It was the quickest thing I ever saw, and she was a little jewel in the dance at the theater. She is certainly the most remarkable case of sudden dramatic development I have yet witnessed."

When the show closed, Lenore was satisfied that, altho it meant hard work, her career as an actress had begun. She would continue her climb to success, always having foremost in mind what this meant to her little mother and the kiddies. In less than a year she was playing important parts in stock, and shortly afterward her career as a star commenced.

It was while appearing with a stock company in a little town in New York State when her real career began. In the audience sat George Mooser, of the Oliver Morosco forces. He did not wait until the show was over in order to decide that here was the very girl he had been looking for. Many months he had searched the stage for a girl to portray the title rôle of Mr. Morosco's new play, "The Bird of Paradise." The remarkable dramatic depth of this young lady's talent immediately impressed him. She did not act—she lived her part. Shortly thereafter, "The Bird of Paradise" was launched with Lenore Ulrich as the star. Its success needs no retelling here; suffice to say that for three and a half years the play packed theater after theater, the actual business of this production, reckoned in dollars and cents, proving the greatest done by any road attraction in the last ten years.

On the screen, Lenore Ulrich's success has proved a duplication of her theatrical triumph. Recognizing her natural screen talent, Mr. Morosco, soon after entering the Motion Picture field, presented her in "Kilmeny." Other stars might have made "Kilmeny" attractive, but it took the art of a Lenore Ulrich to make it adorable. Later, in order to

get realism, this little star braved existing dangers across the Rio Grande for "The Heart of Paula," another photoplay that added many new admirers to her long list. Her latest film subject, "The Intrigue," produced by Pallas Pictures for the Paramount Program, offers what is conceded to be her greatest work on the screen.

When the writer called upon Miss Ulrich to get photos for this story, he anticipated the usual "Miss So-and-So will see you in a few minutes," whereupon he expected to read several afternoon papers until such time as the hostess felt she had allowed him a sufficient wait to impress him with the importance of the meeting. Strange to say, the hotel clerk reported: "Miss Ulrich says you may come right up." There was no assortment of liveried servants to interview before finally meeting milady herself. No, indeed, I was greeted by mine hostess herself, and with a smile and a handclasp that signified the sincerity of the proverbial "Welcome" on the doormat.

"I would like to take some silhouettes, but I dont see how we can do it with these dark walls," I timidly remarked, glancing around for some white cloth for a background.

"I have it—the bed-sheet!" exclaimed Lenore, with characteristic frankness. In less time than it takes to tell about it, the bed-sheet was on the wall, and soon the photos were taken.

Over a cup of tea, prepared by her own deft hands, after due apologies for the absence of the maid, we had a most enjoyable chat, and it was not long before I felt that I had known this charming girl for ages. The subject of her nationality has often been discussed among her many admirers, and the effective manner in which she portrayed her rôles in "The Conflict" and "The Heart of Wetona" has led many to believe the report that she had Indian blood in her veins.

"No, I am not an Injun," smiled the popular girl when I told her about this report. "Nor am I a Mexican or a Hawaiian. I have been taken for all of these, but lo! I am of German-American stock—and strictly neutral."

LENORE ULRICH

I remarked that these suppositions were indeed earned compliments.

"Compliments! I do not like them!" exclaimed she. "They are not sincere as a rule, and, when they are, one has such little faith in a person's judgment, I pay no attention to them."

"You are very frank."

"I dont see why a girl should not be frank. One reason I enjoy talking with men is that they are so much more frank in their conversation than women are. If you trust a man, you seldom get the worst of it; it is only those who try to do others that get 'done' by men as a rule. Criticism, I think, for an actress is like dentistry—it hurts, but it is good for you. Even imperfect criticism has a value, because there must be some reason for it. I do not see how any one is ever going to be a great actress unless she gets criticism and can stand it, too."

"How do you dodge all the attention that a young star of beauty and distinction receives?"

"I live the life of strict seclusion."

"I should think you would have to hire bodyguards to keep admirers away."

"My maid can do that, if necessary, but I do not even need her. Men never annoy me, and as for my affection, it is universal and impersonal. Do you know that in all my traveling alone about the country, acting in pictures, touring, and living in hotels without a chaperone, I have never been insulted by a man!

"I think that men protect a girl when they know she is a lady. If a girl goes about flirting and egging men on to flirt with her, she is bound to be insulted, and I do not think that she can blame any one but herself, for she invites what she receives. Men give to you just what you give to them, and if it is respect and courtesy that you want, it is easy enough to get it. I think the American men, as a class, are the most chivalrous in the world, and if I ever need a friend I shall go to the first American gentleman I see and tell him my troubles."

LENORE ULRICH IN "THE CONFLICT" (PALLAS)

Throw Away Your Bottles!

Doctor Limerick's Crusade Against All Human Ills Is Annihilating the Medicine Chest

MABEL PATENT APPLIED FOR!

Take the Mabel Normand wink from the
Mabel Normand eye;
Take the Mabel Normand twinkle and
the jerk;
Take the Mabel Normand stumble, and the
other rough and tumble,
Still, Mabel bobs up smiling to her work.

For there's no amount of slapstick
That can quite erase her charms,
Tho she make up just as ugly as she's
able;
For there's just a little something
That the others seem to lack,
And when you look for what it is, you
find it's Mabel!

Mabel Weathers Burleson.
709 W. Okmulgee, Muskogee, Okla.

Jerk-water colleges hand out all sorts of honorary degrees to surprised recipients—everything from A.S.S. to N.U.T.—but it remained for the "Association of Starving Rymesters" to do the right thing by the Limerick Editor, and now he's a Doctor of Meterology—or inspector of lame metrical feet. The A.S.R. didn't send him a sheepskin, but his is tough enough, Lord knows!

Outside of the honor, there's plenty of justification for being Doctor Limerick. Here are some specimen letters from patients he has cured:

Dear Dr. Lim:

Previous to taking my first dose of Limerick writing, I was confined to a wheel-chair with an aggravated case of swollen and lumpy metrical feet. The ability to get one foot on paper always gave me the spring-halt in the other. My family have suffered much more than I have—I always read my verses to them. After my first Limerick I found that the ink flows freely in my veins, my feet track, and I've actually gotten into print!

P. S.—Please publish this—I led the grand march at the Compositors' Ball.

Daisy Dimplebrain.

Dear Dr. Lim:

My father is an undertaker and my mother a dyspeptic, so I haven't smiled since I was born—it would only do harm. The other night I took six of your Limericks

out loud. Father's face cracked at the second and mother's muzzle unfurled on the next. We pulled down the shades and had a good laugh all around, in spite of father's business and mother's acid food-tank.

LILY CHILBLAINS.

And so on thru the whole salvation list. If you've got the Jamaica ginger habit, slip the bottle into some one else's pocket and try a Limerick instead. Cut out that rhubarb and soda—shape up a set of brain-teeth in its place, and remember that Doctor Limerick will diagnose your case free of charge—no matter how desperate! For the brightest Limerick each month about plays and players Doc offers you a salve of $12, in joy capsules of $5 and $3, and little pills of $1 each. The "prescription" prizes this month go to the following pain-killers in the order named: Mrs. John E. O'Malley, Ruth I. Dyar, Fred Ziemer, Sam. J. Schlappich, Mary E. Rouse and Lizzie Cheney Ward.

PLAYING UP TO THE WRONG GIRL!

"THAT combination of Bushman and Bayne
Does give me a most awful payne,"
Quoth the maid, with a start
And a clutch at her heart;
"But I hope it will always remayne!"

MABEL WEATHERS BURLESON.
709 W. Okmulgee, Muskogee, Okla.

IS ANY ACTOR SAFE?

WHEN Eddie Earl opens his mail
He finds scented notes by the bale;
It's part of his work,
And not being a Turk,
He's single and keeps out of jail!

THOMAS FINNERTY.
73 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDWARD EARL

A LEAP YEAR FOR HIS FEET!

You're the handsomest man on the screen;
That's enough to make Bushman turn green;
But your face is so sweet,
I mind not those big feet;
Charlie, dear, this is 1916!

S. Constance Boehm.
1750 Aberdeen St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

HE'LL MAKE YOU RIDE PILLION!

Oh, Farnum, you're surely some "Crockett,"
With flintlock so old you cant cock it;
While great strength of arm
Is a part of your charm,
You'll win with one hand in your pocket!

Sam. J. Schlappich.
515 Vermont Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

THE SCENT OF "THE SCARLET RUNNER"!

At the Vitagraph plant there's a new Perfume used by Williams, it's true;
It is made by John D.,
And it's awful—oh, see!
When Earle comes in sight they say, "Phew!"

Harry J. Smalley.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HIS DYING REQUEST!

There was a young man in Fort Wayne Who was pinned in the wreck of a train;
Said he, "Dont mind my trunk,
Or the rest of the junk,
Save that photo of Beverly Bayne!"

Mrs. John E. O'Malley.
Clinton, Mass.

GIVE ME THE LITTLE GRAY MOUSE!

Oh, Theda, your eyes are entrancing,
Your lips set my pulses to dancing;
But if I wanted a wife,
You can just bet your life,
Down a far-distant road I'd be prancing!

Miss Ruth I. Dyar.
Box 384, Santa Paula, Cal.

SHOOTS THEM ON THE WING!

In 'most any plight you can name,
William Hart is ahead of the game;
His slow-moving smile
Doth the ladies beguile,
And sure *I* can vouch for the same!

Bessie R. Wing.
12 Middle St., Augusta, Me.

EARLE WILLIAMS

JACK KERRIGAN

THE DEATH-DEALING CUT-UP.

Miss Muffet sat down
just to rest her
Blue shoes and the blues
that oppressed her;
While there she espied
A picture, and died
From laughter—a photo of
Chester!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

CHESTER CONKLIN

A LAMBY LIMB-ERICK.

That Mary had a little
lamb
Is telling truth by halves;
I saw her in a bathing scene,
And Mary had *some* calves.

Fred Ziemer.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

HEART FOR ART'S SAKE.

He knocks out our hearts with a whack;
Like the villain, we never "get back";
As the prince, or as "Terry,"
He's lovable, very;
But he's sweetest of all when he's "Jack."

Lizzie Cheney Ward.
958 Acoma St.,
Denver, Colo.

NEVER MIND HER GRAMMAR!

A foreman means "boss," does it not?
All right, then, I'll say what I've got:
At playing "young leads"
(Now, give me some heeds),
Tom Forman is boss of the lot!

Mary E. Rouse.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DOES SHE GIVE HERSELF AWAY?

To the movies so often we
go,
Expecting to see a good
show;
But the mush that is
sprung
Makes you feel you are
stung,
But never by Clara K.
Young!

Louise D. Smith.
438 E. Colfax Ave.,
Denver, Col.

TOM FORMAN

This story was written from the Stageplay of GEORGE BROADHURST

Two beasts roamed at will thru the broad domains of Virginia Blaine's nature, and, like the lion and the lamb, they were not destined to lie down together in peace until the coming of the millennium. She dearly loved the timid little lamb of her dreams that ambled forth now and again to graze on the green hills of hope. But no sooner had it begun to complete some romantic picture than its plaintive bleat was drowned by the roar of the lion of pride, that forever lurked in some near-by cavern, ready to devour such gentle prey.

Virginia feared pride no less than a ferocious lion. It had been pride that drove her to refuse the hand of a young man of low degree, but of high qualities, and with a capacity equal to hers as a maker of dreams. Pride made her take her hated position of telephone operator, and pride caused her to wish that she was one of the splendid ladies of the hotel, instead of the simple operator who had to attend to their wants.

How different had been the course of her sister Fannie after the death of their mother! Fannie had no pride, and if she had dreams she lived them. She had married Jimmie Gillies, a plodder, and they seemed destined to live happy ever after on fourteen dollars a week.

It was disquieting to live in the atmosphere of Fannie's happiness and occupy a hallroom that had no substantial means of keeping out Jimmie's vapid philosophy of their wonderful future, based on present felicity and future "raises." Virginia cast mental shadows on this domestic picture, even by imagining how terrible it would all turn out if Jimmie lost his job!

Virginia sat at her switch-board, one rainy day, when the guests at the hotel seemed to be letting up in their everlasting chatter for awhile. The lamb of her dreams had strayed forth in the stillness, and Virginia found herself contemplating that fond day, years ago now, when she had been chosen the orator of her class

in high school. It was prophesied that she should be a great lady some day and employ this talent to rare advantage. But, alas! the talent had died, and—the lion roared—she was a poor telephone girl with little or no future.

Then, from just behind her, a voice asked for a long-distance number. Before she looked up into his face, she felt there was something of the lion and the lamb in this man—that he in some way embodied her pride and her dreams. Perhaps she did look a little longer into his face; she did not remember later. There was something in his handsome face that again brought forth the bleat of dreams. Then he paid for his call, and a very snappy old woman in Room 71 brought forth a roar by demanding if she was going to get that number for the best patron the hotel had or preferred to lose her job for negligence. Virginia complied with great dignity, and then fell to dreaming of the voice and the man behind it, when she was interrupted by the hotel messenger.

"And maybe you dont know who the guy was you just got the number for?"

Virginia expressed her usual want of interest, and the messenger forced the intelligence, which she was dying to hear, upon her.

"Why, that's Robert Stafford, the millionaire broker."

Here, then, was impossibility again; he was proud, and her dreams were futile.

Yet, the following day, she persisted, knowing the pain it would bring in the end, in trying to recall the voice that had boomed over her shoulder. With her eyes shut, she was able to revive but a faint semblance. By afternoon it had gone the way of all of her dreams and was mockingly echoed in her own sighs. Then suddenly, out of the hum of life in the near-by lobby, the voice of yesterday floated to her ear. She rose from the cramped position she was forced to retain for hours, and saw him talking to another gentleman. She sat down, filled with both joy and disappointment, angry with herself for having dared to dream. She felt the presence of some one beside the dock that cooped in her freedom day after day. She turned, and this time looked for a little longer into the kind but inscrutable eyes of the man of her dreams.

He gave her the same number, and, when he paid her, made some remark that was kindly and, above all, gentlemanly. But when he went away she felt that he would return and that here at last was a dream come true. How true—it remained for pride to demonstrate.

The next day Mr. Stafford came the wires were crossed and she could not get his number. This was the day they had the little chat, and she had seen in his appraising eyes something that made her dream with such persistency that no one could get a number at the hotel until they had threatened to report the operator to the manager.

If the truth were known, it was pride that caused Virginia Blaine to marry Robert Stafford three months later—pride in the thought that a girl in her circumstances could win a man in his; pride in the possession of an establishment and jewels such as he would surely give her; pride in being able to raise her sister Fannie and Jimmie out of their pitiable poverty.

Her excuse in after days was that it had all come so suddenly. He had invited Fannie and Jimmie and herself to take dinner in his magnificent apartment. Oku had taken Fannie and Jimmie to inspect his wonderful collection of Japanese vases, leaving her with Stafford in the library, where she was lost in the intricate paths these treasures of books, furniture, tapestry and pictures had traced in her imagination. She told him so.

"Books, furniture, tapestry and pictures—yes; but they do not make a home. Only a woman can do that," he had replied.

She turned and faced him. Before she could draw away from him, he had seized her in his arms. All dreams were over now. She knew it and was sorry.

"Will you make a home for me? Will you be my wife?"

She only stared at him, as she repeated, "Your wife?" He nodded, like one unable to say the words. "But do you love me?" it suddenly occurred to her to ask.

She felt a tremor pass thru the arms that were about her. "I always want to

"I WANT ALWAYS TO BE NEAR YOU"

be near you, to be tender to you, to look after and guard you. If that is love, then I love you."

"But you do not ask whether I love you?" she pouted.

"I do not expect you to"—she thought he laughed a little ironically as he said it—"not yet. But marry me, and I will *make* you love me!"

There was something of a challenge in this that the eternal woman in her relished. "You will *make* me—love you?" There seemed to be some doubt in her rebellious nature. She knew that pride was stronger than love in her. "I do not know what to say. Give me time to think."

But Stafford's will dominated her. 'Say—yes!" he almost commanded, holding out his arms to her.

There was something undeniably sweet in this compulsion, and, as tho it were her last moment in the world she inhabited, its sordidness passed before her like a procession, and she quickly lisped, "Yes." And, as he swept her into his arms, she knew that she was his.

They had been married less than a month, when Virginia suddenly wakened to the fact that a miracle had happened. It was not this wondrous transition from

the coarse din of a hotel lobby to the quiet refinement of a luxurious home, nor the lightning rise of Jimmie from the rut of a shipping clerk to a hundred-a-week position in Stafford's office. No; it was the conquest of pride and the presence of a wonderful something in her life to take its horrid place. It seemed, indeed, a miracle in her coming to love Robert Stafford.

With the warm sunlight of love, all those gentle attributes of her sex which the chill atmosphere of pride had withered, blossomed luxuriantly. She became a creature of emotions. Morning, noon and afternoon found her humming some romantic air she had played for her lover the night before, or gazing wistfully out of the window to the spot where he had waved a smiling farewell or would appear with uplifted eyes in the twilight again. Where love had been merely incidental and luxury essential, now nothing but his love for her counted.

While Stafford seemed ever to be thinking of her, yet, with the passion of one whose life depends upon it, she feared that all might not be actuated by love.

"Am I making you happy, my little wife?" Stafford would ask, catching the pensive shadow that lurked in her eye.

"Of course I am happy," she would protest. "You—you have given me everything!" To emphasize this, she swept, with a gesture, the countless luxuries that lay about.

Stafford was a little hurt by this seemingly irrelevant mention of material things.

"While you—you have given me these—have you given me that which I desire most—your love?" And then she would be panic-stricken in the thought that she had hurt him deeper than his look would imply. And she would cling to him closer, trying to laugh away the shadow that had fallen between them. When she had come to believe that he loved her as she had come to worship him, the shadow would vanish.

This little serio-comic performance was put on evening after evening before the more pretentious tragedy was ready for staging.

The prolog was ushered in thru the medium of a grand party, which Stafford insisted on giving in their apartment. "To show my friends that I have chosen the most beautiful woman in the city," he told her, when she seemed about to protest.

For that matter, the guests at the party were all that could be asked. They were for the most part home-loving people. But there were three or four of the men, however, who lingered too long about the punch-bowl and brought a strident note to pleasant chatter in the drawing-room. This might have passed entirely unnoticed by Virginia, had she not chanced to overhear her husband's voice rising above the clink of the champagne glasses.

"I repeat—she's the most beautiful woman in this house tonight—*and she's mine!*"

Virginia was conscious of a flush of shame overspreading her face, that had glowed with happiness but a moment before. The smiling guests seemed to be mocking her, and the splendid pearl necklace felt like burning stones against her breast. What followed was but a hideous memory.

After they had all gone home, she found herself sitting before the fireplace, where she had learnt to bask in the warm light of dreams come true. There was now but a sickening heap of dead ashes lying gray in the shadow of the hearth.

She did not even look up when Oku entered with a silver bucket containing a bottle of champagne packed in ice. Nor did she realize that he was there, until she heard the unsteady clink of a glass. She looked up just in time to see her husband expressing the same satisfaction over the contents of a full glass of liquor that he had so often voiced in her.

Before he could gulp down a second glass, she seized it from his hand and dashed it into the open fireplace. He now seemed to notice her presence for the first time, as he turned upon her a face that was seared with a scowl. This was not the Robert Stafford of her dreams, but a drunken beast.

His cynical smile and nod of the head cut her to the quick. Turning a glass

with its bowl resting upon her hand, she showed him what was in her mind. "There is the house of glass under which our love is smothered!"

For reply he tried to seize her in his arms, with what passion her eyes were now first opened to. She ran to her room and barred the door. When he came to the door he was too drunk to use force in gaining admission, and his pleadings trailed off into maudlin protest. The panel of her door. She sprang up and unbolted the barrier, and then crept into the arms that were opened wide to take her. She smothered his feverish face with kisses, and gave the forgiveness that he craved in a thousand caresses. Never had she known such delight as in this home-coming of the lamb of her dreams. What Stafford promised and swore, she tried to forget along with all the other horrors of that night of disillusion.

SHE DREAMT THEMSELVES TO BE THE ROMANTIC HERO AND HEROINE

night thru she sat thinking that the lot of women who were sold as slaves to men was not unlike her own.

But with the dawn of another day came an inrush of that love for him that she could not restrain, and the horrid vision of the night seemed like an unreal imposture. The momentary revival of pride was banished in a yearning to return to the dreams come true and the man who had made her love him. All her bitter thoughts were softened by the memory of what he had become to her, and nothing else seemed to matter.

It was during this emotional crisis that a gentle, penitent tap pleaded upon the

She knew that Robert Stafford was a strong man—he had made her love him. To her that seemed many times greater than stifling a passion for drink. So for a few weeks they clung closely to each other with that loving fear that peril sows in the hearts of lovers. Soon the episode was forgotten as much as the presence of a scar will let the pain of the wound be forgotten.

Only now Virginia awaited Robert's home-comings with a panicky anxiety. She had become afraid of the temptations that lay in that outside world where she was not by his side. If he were five minutes late, she lost the relish for din-

ner, and in a half-hour he would find her suffering from a sick headache.

Several months elapsed, and Virginia began to reproach her own disloyalty. So when Robert asked Fannie and Jimmie to accompany them to the opera, she felt as tho affairs were rapidly resuming their old, golden tints again.

She held Robert's hand beneath the ivory fan on her lap all during the first act, and dreamed themselves to be the romantic hero and heroine on the stage before them, despite Jimmie's comic asides of unappreciation. But the vision was instantly dispelled when the lights went up and she found Robert looking at his watch apologetically.

"They are giving Jack Hadley a farewell dinner—at the club, dear. I promised I'd be there. I've simply got to go." She knew that even he presaged what might happen, and, above all, she did not like the way in which he had planned this opera party to cover it.

After that the performance became a mockery, and the minutes that had sped by on winged feet now dragged on like lame steeds, with pain in every movement.

Virginia surprised Fannie by asking her if she would not come into the house and stay awhile with her after the opera. Fannie at once sensed something wrong and gladly consented.

"Did Jimmie ever come home drunk?" Virginia asked her sister, a little later, when they were alone together in the library.

"I should like to see him try it!" was Fannie's laconic reply.

Virginia knew that Fannie could never quite comprehend what it was all about, but she must tell some one and empty the heart that was breaking.

"Even when he is drunk he tells me that he loves me. But it isn't love—not honest passion; he is just a stranger—and he has me in his power!"

SHE DID NOT MOVE AS HE ENTERED, A MADDENED BRUTE

"Virginia!" was Fannie's only comment, as she realized something of woman's problem in it all.

Virginia shuddered. "It is horrible! Yet all the time I love him, and but just for that one thing I would be the happiest woman in the world." She paused as tho to throw off her misgivings. "Yet I may be wrong this time—I *must* be, for

"There's no probably about it—they certainly are funny," he insisted, laughing again. There was something in his manner that was provocative, and Virginia saw that her best plan would be to leave him, if possible.

"I am very tired, dear; I think I shall say good-night——"

"Not just yet, dear——" He seized

SHE HAD FAINTED—HE PAUSED A MOMENT, PERPLEXED

he promised me by all that was sacred between us, by——" Her voice trailed away as a door was slammed.

They had not long to wait before he lurched in. He did not even acknowledge Fannie's presence. "My! but you look sweet to me tonight!" he purred, leering at his wife.

Fannie pantomimed that she thought it best that she went, and Virginia nodded wearily.

"That's a funny family of yours, Virgie—at the opera," he commented, half-sneeringly.

Virginia laughed ironically. "Yes, dear; they probably are."

her almost roughly by the wrist and tried to draw her toward him.

"Please let me go," she begged coaxingly. "Be kind to me, Robert. Say good-night, wont you, dear—please?"

"But I want you with me," he persisted, kissing her hand passionately.

"My head feels as tho it would burst; have you no compassion for me?"

Stafford poured a glass of champagne, eagerly. "It's fine for your headache! Come—drink!"

"Robert, dear," she pleaded.

"Come, Virgie," he chuckled, "let's have a little party—just you and me—a little party."

"Please, dont," she begged. But holding her with one hand, he raised the glass to his lips.

"Here's to you, sweetheart!" He drained the glass and set it down.

A change came over Virginia. She stood as one turned to stone. "I asked you not to."

Her tone antagonized him, and he poured another glass and turned to her, belligerently. "Drink this!" he commanded.

"No, I wont! I dont want it, and even you cannot *make* me take it!"

Stafford became ugly instantly. "I cant, eh? Perhaps you would like to see me try?" He lunged toward her, menacingly.

The reserves of her affection came back to Virginia. "Please dont speak to me like that, dear—it hurts me dreadfully. It isn't you who is talking."

He only laughed harshly in reply, and began stroking her arm amorously, until she drew it away, when he was angered again. "What's the matter? Is there anything wrong in a man admiring his wife?"

"No; but I would rather you wouldn't touch me—now. You are a stranger, whose very protestation of love is an insult. That is the man you are now, and I hate him!"

"Even tho you hate me," he grinned, "you are still my wife."

"Robert!" she pleaded for the last time.

"And how did I get you for my wife?" He took a step nearer. "I bought you—and *paid for you!* Would you have married me if I had been poor?" He paused to chuckle. "I dont think so. No! I bought and paid for you—and anything I have bought and paid for belongs to *me!*"

"Oh, my God!" cried Virginia, as she rushed past him, her face horribly distorted, as tho the blow had been physical, too. Stafford paused to take another draught of wine. Then he drew himself up, like one about to take a plunge, yet who is sure of accomplishing in the full what he has set out to do. Virginia had fled to her room and barred the door. She then stood with haggard face, awaiting the outcome fearfully, yet a monument of pride. The bleating lamb of her dreams had been swept from the hills.

"YOU BOUGHT ME, BUT YOU DID NOT BUY MY SELF-RESPECT"

Stafford pounded on the heavy panels of the door, until his fists ached and his passion had been whipped into a frothy state of unreason. When he disappeared into the library, Virginia knew that it meant the beginning of the end. He returned with one of the heavy brass andirons.

It was all over a few minutes later, when he put his bruised hand thru the shattered hole and drew the bolt. She did not move as he entered, a panting, slavering, maddened brute. He laughed as he roughly seized her in his arms. But she had fainted and slipped limply to the floor. He paused a moment, perplexed at this unexpected contingency. Then, mumbling something about "bought and paid for," he turned out the light.

It was unusually late when Virginia rose the next morning. Even tho she had been many more times ill and weak than she really was, she would have left his house unattended. Her maid heard her about, and she could not refuse this service under the circumstances, and made no objections to her gentle attentions, until she placed one of the necklaces he had given her about her neck. With trembling fingers, she instantly drew it off.

She was all ready to depart, when she heard his footstep at the door. He stood there, looking at the broken panel, and then turned questioningly to her.

"Yes, you did! That is the way you treat things you have bought and paid for."

He staggered a little at this and turned a repentant face in her direction. "You must not censure me, Virginia, for anything I do when—I have been drinking. I—I am ashamed of myself."

"But there are things a woman cannot forgive—even the man she may have loved."

He saw that she had put her love in the past. "But, dearie——" he pleaded.

"You told me last night that you bought and paid for me!" She pushed away the arm that he was trying to put around her as she continued: "And the dreadful thing about it is that—it's true!"

"Virginia!"

"You bought me, but you did not buy my self-respect, my pride—I am going to keep them!" She had reached the door now. Before he could comprehend the

reality of it all, he heard the outer door close.

She had left him!

Pride had again entered her life—pride that made Jimmie give up the job he held in Stafford's office; pride that drove them all back to semi-poverty again; pride that sent her to work in a department store. All the day long pride roared in her ears, and all the night long poor little love bleated in her dreams. There was no getting away from them.

And Robert Stafford was battling with the devil at his elbow, and he found that his love for the woman he had wronged was the stronger. He waited months, hoping to hear from her, trying in vain to find her. And he promised himself that he would watch and wait all the days until he did find her.

Fannie and Jimmie saw that they must watch and wait in vain for Virginia, altho they knew in their hearts that she loved Robert Stafford. Each day saw her grow more wan, and at night they heard a cough that was not pleasant now, but would some time become a memory of the girl who was their guiding star in all things.

So Jimmie decided to try strategy. Fannie was frightened when he told her his plan. But, nevertheless, he telephoned Stafford, the next evening, that Virgie was sick and wanted to see him.

And that evening, when Virginia had refused half her supper and sat rocking Jimmie junior to sleep, she was that tired that she dozed wearily, her head on the edge of the crib. This is the way he found her—her Robert—when he entered that night. And, as he gathered her into his arms, with a great sob that drove Fannie and Jimmie into the kitchen, she was dreaming that Robert, her beloved, was himself the lion—pride—and was carrying her away in his strong arms to his lair—when she awoke.

VIRGINIA IS NEAR TO THE END OF HER DREAMS

"Robert, you did come—you did!" It was sweet to be so weary in the arms of her best beloved.

Robert translated his words into gentle pressure.

"You came to me! Now let me snuggle up to you the way I—used to. And hold me very, very close; dont say a word—not even one."

One of Robert's tears fell on her cheek, and she smiled.

"I am so tired, dear—so tired—I could not rest until you came."

The millennium had come!

OUR SCREEN STARS ~and~ THEIR STARS

by Johnson Briscoe

How the Heavenly Stars Have Endowed Our Screen Favorites
The Solar Biologies of Some of Our Well-known Players

(While it is indisputably true that heredity, environment and association have a great influence upon one's character, in the present series an endeavor will be made to show the specific planetary influences which have governed many of our screen stars.)

BEVERLY BAYNE. Born November 22, 1894

(Read these articles carefully, because if you were born on these dates, the facts may apply to you as well as to Beverly Bayne and W. S. Hart)

THE Stellar Constellation at this time—the Scorpio-Sagittarius Cusp—saw the Moon in Libra, with Mercury in Leo, and Venus influenced, greatly, by Sagittarius.

Many of you who have probably marveled at the remarkable success which has attended Beverly Bayne's screen career, where within a space of five years, and without any previous stage experience whatsoever, she has progressed from the extra ranks into the fame of Bushman-Bayne stardom, will probably not be surprised to learn that one of this charming lady's chief characteristics, if indeed it is not her most prominent one, is ambition. She undoubtedly determined at the very outset of her career, humble and obscure tho it was, that nothing short of the top of the ladder would satisfy her. Add to this quality a keen, level head and a most thoro business perception, is it any wonder that the name of Beverly Bayne has long been a household word thruout the land? When it comes to the question of a contract, with all its various legal angles and verbosity, or even the trifling business details of life, our newest screen Juliet is most thoroly able to take care of herself. She may probably deny this, because it is a characteristic, often enough, of which one is frequently unconscious. The ability to ably manage one's own affairs appears such an easy, simple matter—to those blessed with the gift!

This faculty is all the more heightened to those born upon the Scorpio-Sagittarius Cusp, because of their strong intuitive sense. They can instantly know and divine the feelings and attitude of those around them, and they are seldom mistaken in their reading of others' characters. The women especially, with their highly organized, sensitive minds, are most keen in this respect.

Free yourself of any notion that because of her ability to guide her business destinies Miss Bayne is in any way a selfish or completely self-centered person. She will always see to it that she has her rights in the world, you may depend upon that; but she also possesses a beautiful counterbalance of warm generosity, sweet helpfulness of spirit, and the desire to be useful and helpful to those with whom she comes in contact. The strong influence upon Venus by Sagittarius gives proof positive of many lovely traits in Miss Bayne's character. She is artistic to a marked degree, appreciating fully the beautiful things in life, for she can read a poem or interpret a lyric in the most mundane things. A farmhouse may easily become a castle, if only you look upon it with the Bayne eyes. She is an accomplished, versatile young person, and had she not elected to adorn the screen, she would have been equally successful in any other business or profession. Her unerring artistic instinct simply leads her to find expression thru the medium of the lens. Miss Bayne is a devoted, loyal friend, and once you win her affection or esteem they are yours forever. Her active, energetic spirit, when not having an outlet thru acting, is very probably expending itself in doing kind and gracious things for those of whom she is fondest. There is also considerable independence of spirit in the make-up of Mr. Bushman's co-star; she likes to do things independently and in her own way. Probably not many people who come in contact with her would guess this, because of her usual calm

poise and tranquillity—the sort of spirit which often appears to the non-observant as following the line of least resistance. Ah, yes; but once seek firmly to oppose this, the latest daughter of the house of Capulet; just try to set your will and determination against hers; bitterly raise a strong opposition—well, if you live to tell the tale, it will be an interesting, thrilling narrative. Those born upon the Cusp of Scorpio and Sagittarius believe in speaking the truth, addressing Mr. Spade by his given name, and they can hurl at your bewildered head such an eloquent flow of apt, expressive language that you are bested before you start. These are the people who speak the truth, no matter how much it hurts.

Those who intimately know Princess Beverly of Metro are probably loud in their whole-souled, enthusiastic praise of her, of her sweetness and virtues generally. These Scorpio-Sagittarius children have such splendid qualities which flower and grow, especially when left to themselves, for they are essentially independent people. They are generous, affectionate, most capable, intuitive, imaginative, and most artistic. An often glaring fault, however, is their self-centeredness. Being such determined, ambitious creatures, they frequently refuse to interest themselves in anything beyond their own affairs in life. If they can let people alone, why cant the world feel the same way about them is a conspicuous part of their creed.

We may safely leave Beverly Bayne's future in Beverly Bayne's hands. No one is better qualified than she for the undertaking. And she will make a complete success of it, be assured of that—yes, and be most assured, too.

W. S. HART

Born December 6, 1876

The Stellar Constellation at this time—Sagittarius—saw the Moon in Sagittarius, with Mercury in Libra, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Gemini. Be sure to let him have his own way; give him a free and loose rein and W. S. Hart, whose portrayal of virile, red-blooded men scarcely knows an equal upon the screen, will in return put forth only his best efforts, strive to the utmost to best express himself. His splendidly free nature—careless, independent and fearless—chafes unceasingly under the restriction and influence of another's hand, and he very likely displays many of the failings of our obstreperous friend, Mr. Mule, if he is crossed in any way.

Mr. Hart, when allowed this freedom of spirit, is most capable and energetic, throwing himself heart and soul into the project at hand. He likes dominance and leadership, probably often to the point of conspicuous display, and yet he rarely, if ever, fails in any venture or undertaking. He is cautious, shrewd and far-seeing, and the rare times when he has

failed in any accomplishment have been as gall and wormwood to him.

It is a somewhat difficult thing ever really to know the best, most intimate side of W. S. Hart. There is a great deal of reserve in his make-up, a reticence, and a calm, cool dignity which does not invite the spirit of hail-fellow-well-met. He undoubtedly lives greatly within himself, and it is a hard thing to make him come out of his shell. However, once successfully penetrate beyond his somewhat austere bearing and demeanor and you will find a generous, affectionate nature, one ready to do and dare for those in whom he is interested.

A good piece of advice for those who would try to have Mr. Hart change his mind or opinions is contained in the single word "dont"; you are wasting your breath and beating against a stone wall. He can say "no" and stick to it with the consistency of the best glue ever manufactured. And he hates a quitter! Yet who does not?—only, our Triangle hero is such a good hater. But he is not a man with prejudices and can readily see both sides to any question.

It would be a courageous person who would seek to wrest a secret or confidence from Mr. Hart. Behind that mobile countenance of his are probably stored countless intimate, freely given facts which are as safe with him as tho they had never been spoken at all. Yea, and woe betide the person who should betray the Hart trust; well, they would simply cease to exist, that's all.

Small wonder that success has perched on Mr. Hart's banner, both on the stage and screen, because he, in common with all Sagittarius people, must surely possess the fine quality of stick-to-itiveness—the doglike tenacity which holds on, fights, and thoroly sees thru any undertaking or project. If it is dusting a room or building a railroad, depend upon it the Sagittarius child will make a complete job of it. You will never find idlers or shirkers born under this sign. They chafe under inactivity; they must always be busy and occupied, and some of our greatest intellects claim this as their birth-sign. For instance, such famous personages as Andrew Carnegie, Benjamin Disraeli, Mark Twain, Jonathan Swift, Björnstjerne Björnson, John Milton, Heinrich Heine, Beethoven, Sir Herbert Tree, Pietro Mascagni, E. H. Sothern, David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Dowager Queen Alexandra and Lillian Russell. Yes, indeed, not even to mention such a glittering list as George Beban, Edwin August, Hobart Henley, Howard M. Mitchell, Anders Randolf, John Junior, Elizabeth Burbridge, Elsie McLeod, Lilie Leslie, Helen Lindroth, Cora Williams and Hughie Mack. Just see that inspiring list of names and be convinced.

These people, too, have the happy faculty of being able to apply themselves in numerous directions, and therefore money-making is a comparatively easy business with them. Poverty is almost unforgivable in their eyes. I'll wager a canvass of the poorhouse would reveal fewer Sagittarius children than any of the other eleven Zodiac signs.

Mr. Hart probably could, if he only would, tell many a tale of ingratitude at the hands of those who were once his friends. It is an almost universal fact that these people are often imposed upon, because the generosity and goodness of their natures is proverbial. They will move heaven and earth in their efforts to relieve suffering, to bring peace and succor to a troubled soul. But, rely upon it, the same person never but once betrayed a Hart kindness. He knows the song in the heart of a child, and he can carry a front as firm as Gibraltar.

Mistake it not, this ever increasingly popular Triangle star will continue to more than hold his own upon the screen. He will never be satisfied with half-way measures, and as long as he remains in the fighting arena he will fight and fight and fight.

The Personal Side of David W. Griffith

By JEAN DARNELL

I HAVE known of David W. Griffith since my first association with pictures, some five years ago. I have seen his popularity rise to staggering heights and attain the success all others aspire to. I have indirectly watched his work mold itself into perfection and become the talk of the world. But I had never met this great man himself.

I recall three or four years ago when he was one of the many directors of the Biograph Company, how his work stood out from that of the others. At that time Blanche Sweet was his protégée, and one could sit in a picture theater and pick out the Griffith pictures in which Miss Sweet appeared. He seemed to have some peculiar way in which he directed his people that differentiated his direction from the rest—perhaps he was speaking to the photoplay world thru his players.

I had made up my mind to know this man, to study him and his work at close range, so, during my stay in Los Angeles I visited the Griffith studio on Sunset Boulevard. On entering the portals of this vast studio, I at once felt the presence of the master mind, the workings of a genius. On every hand were buildings, then more buildings, and people by the thousands, and when Mr. Griffith passed thru their midst, his name was whispered and passed along. They stepped aside that he might pass, and they all felt that this was the man they wanted to work for.

I decided to apply for a job "incog," as an extra, and I was given a position with the rest of the extra people who were to work in the mammoth ballroom scene in the picture "Intolerance," the filming of which cost about $27,000 for the one scene. Fortune favored me,

for I was picked by Mr. Griffith to work on the foreground with Mrs. Lewis, one of the members of his stock. I was not known to Mr. Griffith. He had never seen me before, but just the same there I was in his picture and working down front as if I had been his star.

Now in this particular scene there were at least five hundred people engaged, and not once during the entire time that it required to film this scene did Mr. Griffith raise his voice. He directed as tho it were all a secret, spoke in soft musical tones at all times, and gave those working for him assurance. They worked naturally. I have often seen directors get very much excited and yell and rave when a big scene was being taken, like some real estater trying to sell a tract of land to tourists; but not so with Mr. Griffith. He has methods like no one else, and he gets results surpassed by none. Little Mildred Marsh, the younger sister of Mae Marsh, who made such a decided hit in "The Clansman," was playing the lead in this particular scene. She was supposed to be a young débutante and this was her first ball. Well, while we were rehearsing some of the dancers, little Miss Mildred relaxed and began dreaming. Mr. Griffith looked over to her, and with the wonderful smile that has made him the envy of the Motion Picture world, he said, "Why, wake up Miss Mildred—it's nearly one o'clock. Just think you are going to have a nice lunch presently, paid for by the firm." On this bit of a joke, Miss Mildred smiled wonderfully at her director, who in turn said to her, "Save that, now, for the picture. That is exactly the expression I want when you see your lover coming to ask you for a dance." In due time the scene had all been rehearsed and a signal had been given for the camera. Mr. Griffith took his place by Mr. Bitzer, his chief cameraman, and began directing. "Now, Miss Mildred," he said, "you seem a bit impatient. You are looking about you to see why he doesn't come for you. Now you see him." At that moment little Mildred looked across the ballroom and saw her lover coming, and just as she did Mr. Griffith called "Stake!" which, of course, got a tremendous smile from Miss Mildred and the desired effect was gotten. So you can easily see what simple methods he often resorts to in order to get what he wants.

All this day he directed the picture we had a large orchestra playing, and when the camera was not going the folks in the ballroom would dance, and many times I caught Mr. Griffith studying the young folks dancing with a pleased smile, for he, too, is very fond of dancing, and I have no doubt he indulges frequently. And several times during the day he stole a few rounds of a fox-trot or one-step to relax for a few minutes from his work. And our day's work ended all too soon, for in reality it had not been work; it had been a delightful adventure and thoroly enjoyed by all.

Mr. Griffith is a man with a keen sense of humor, whole-souled and with a big heart. And he is one of the easiest men in the world to talk to. He doesn't, by his actions, remind you who he is. He goes easily about his business and says very little to any one, yet when spoken to, he immediately stops, smiles and talks to you like an old friend. Then you say to yourself, "Why in this world was I so nervous about speaking to him?"

Speaking of the many kindnesses he does unawares, one day, when a call was made for a lot of people to work in a mob scene, he noticed one old lady in particular who looked very poor. Her face seemed to appeal to his big heart. He sought her out and, finding that she was in needy circumstances, immediately placed her on a guarantee of two days' work a week. She is used scarcely two days a month, but she gets her ten dollars every week just the same. And she is very happy, and Mr. Griffith doubly so, for he sees every day the happiness that one little instance of his goodness has brought.

Mr. Griffith, after his work is done, likes very much to motor. He has a wonderful Fiat car with his crest on the doors, and he steps into his car and rides away and leaves Motion Pictures far behind him; he is seeking reaction in quiet, and a long ride and lots of air arouse a large appetite for dinner.

For the past year Mr. Griffith has had a large number of the legitimate stars

SIR HERBERT TREE D. W. GRIFFITH DE WOLF HOPPER

from Broadway out in his studio, and they all speak of him as the most wonderful man they have ever worked for. Among those he has directed are Miss Roszicka Dolly, Helen Ware, Jane Grey, Douglas Fairbanks, De Wolf Hopper, Thomas Jefferson and quite a few others.

It is with great pleasure that I look back to that day in Mr. Griffith's picture when I became one of his many supers. I found him to be a great student of his art, a splendid general, a wonderful director, and the most artistic gentleman I have ever known.

The Moving Picture

By GERHARD R. LOMER

Silent I sat amid a silent throng;
Dim golden lights scarce flung their drowsy rays
To gild the doméd darkness overhead;
A thin and far-off stream of music dropped,
To vanish in a mist of shifting sound.
Before my eyes a picture seemed to leap
To magic life upon the distant wall;
From out that miracle of silent change
There flashed the passion-twisted countenance,
The theft, the fight, a sudden wound, the flight,
Daring pursuit, and lovers' long-linked kiss—
Then darkness on the wall. A moment's hush
Upon us all, and one great corporate sigh,
Like wind among the forest pines, was drowned
By sudden splash of music, and the spell
Was gone, the living wall a dead white blank,
And I again upon the streets alone,
Silent among a noisy throng of men.

Dustin Farnum, Champion Fisherman

Aside from his fame as a film idol, "Dusty" Farnum is winning new laurels these days with his rod and line. When recently he captured the silver button for hauling in the largest yellow-tail caught on the Pacific Coast in fourteen months, he felt rather chesty, but his new triumph, as shown above, puts all his previous records to shame.

The beauty here shown weighs just one hundred and seventy pounds, and gave "Dusty" and Percy Neal, his boatman, one of the grandest battles of their young lives. Mr. Fish is a member of the Black Sea Bass family, and was declared "out," after a back-straining round which lasted for twenty-one minutes. His remains will adorn "Dusty's" den.

LOUELLA MAXAM IN "OILY SCOUNDREL." SENSATIONAL FALLS ARE AS COMMON IN MODERN COMEDIES AS IN THE OLD WESTERN MELODRAMAS

Storming the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

"SOMETIMES I think that the Motion Picture is a magnet capable of drawing to itself sixty pieces of squirrel food to the minute!"

So remarked a well-known director to me recently, as we stood in the yard of a large studio. By "squirrel food" he colloquially designated "nuts," which again is a slang term for cranks and all those who are a bit balmy in the upper story.

From where we stood we could survey the whole yard thronged with people. Extras—girls and men—stood chatting in groups, or sat gloomily silent, according to mood; but all kept a keen eye on the studio doors, alert for the moment when a director would emerge and begin "casting"—that is, selecting types for his production. Soldiers in the uniforms of belligerent and neutral countries clanked across the quadrangle, mingling peacefully together; a French trooper borrowed a cigaret from an Austrian hussar, while a Mexican bandit supplied a light. 'Buses rattled up, ready to transport the various companies to "locations"; and now and again a hush would fall on the groups of extras as they turned to wistfully watch a star sweep out and enter his or her limousine. Over at one side carpenters were erecting a construction shack. In fact, the scene was full of color, activity, life.

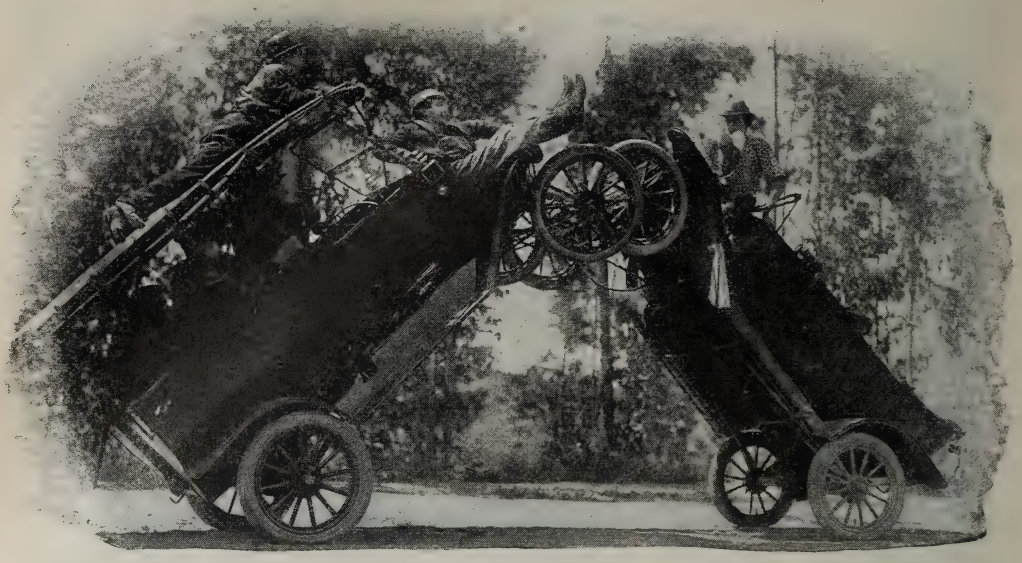
"Yes, sir, sixty pieces of squirrel food to the minute," pensively reiterated the director; then paused to turn a gloomy, repellent gaze on an extra who was approaching to query the inevitable "Have you anything for me today?" Catching his eye, the extra wilted, and retreated.

The director's remark as to "squirrel food" had been occasioned by a rumpus we had just witnessed at the front gate. An elderly man, clad in a high hat, swallow-tailed coat, and checked trousers, and carrying a walking-stick tied with green ribbons, had attempted to invade the studio, claiming to be the ghost of Macbeth, sent back to earth to show movie fans how to act. He had with great difficulty been ejected; and even now we could hear him giving vent to an occasional howl of protest, from his vantage point on the sidewalk.

"I suppose you *do* encounter odd characters." I said it a trifle doubtfully—artfully endeavoring to make him convince me, and thus get a story. It worked; it usually does.

"Of course I do! Every day my mail is full of letters from all sorts of cranks. Man alive, I couldn't begin to tell you of all that I've met personally! But certain ones stand out in memory.

"Cranks have approached me with various propositions, including the filming of the Bible, the Greek Iliad, and even



SCENE FROM "HIS BREAD AND BUTTER." HANK MANN AND SLIM SUMMERVILLE FIND THAT EVEN ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE COMEDY HAS ITS RISKS

the telephone directory. A man who had a wooden leg wanted to act for me, offering to write the scenarios, which would, of course, feature himself—all for ten dollars a week; he said we would get all the wooden-legged men in the country coming to see the pictures! Then there was the girl who had a mustache, and who pestered me with her photos, claiming she would make a great hit—the only girl with a mustache in films!

"But the king-pin of them all was the fellow who wanted to do daredevil stunts in my pictures.

"Roland Blake, his name was—a nut if there ever was one. When he first applied, I turned him down gently. Not discouraged, he made up his mind that persistence would win; and for weeks he made my life miserable. As I entered the studio yard in the morning, he would hurtle down from the wall, do a couple of handsprings, and then ask if he couldn't do stunts like that for my pictures.

"The guards got wise to him, and kept him from the studio thereafter. But, undismayed, he rode to my home by hitching onto the rear of my auto. Then he climbed upon a balcony outside my parlor, and jumped to the street, doing a double turn in the air. A few nights later he startled the neighborhood by dropping with a parachute in front of my house, incidentally kicking in some of my windows as he descended. I went to the beach to bathe with some of my friends, and who should turn up but Roland; he performed some great diving stunts, to which he kept calling my attention. He spoiled my whole day, because he never faded until we started for home, and even then I had to push him off the running-board of my auto.

"By this time he was getting on my nerves; I was afraid to go anywhere lest the ubiquitous Roland should heave in sight. I experienced all the sensations of a criminal being shadowed. I was losing weight, couldn't do my work properly, and my doctor advised me to take a rest. But I felt that wherever I went, that pest Roland would appear; I believed that if I chose the Sahara desert, he would jump down from a fig-tree on some oasis, or descend in an aeroplane.

At last, when well-nigh desperate, I hit on a scheme to rid myself of him. I informed him that I had a part for him. He chortled with joy as I explained that I wanted him to fall from an exceedingly high cliff. In the picture, the heroine would be telling how her dad met his death, and then we would fade in to show Roland doing his Brody. Well, he did it. He fell hard, too, on a nice pile

SCENE FROM "THE GREAT SMASH" (L-KO).
WHILE THIS WAS ONLY A COMEDY, IT REQUIRED REAL HEROES

of rocks and stones; but his joy at getting in a picture outweighed his cuts and bruises.

"When the picture was cut at the studio, I gave orders for Roland's scene to be cut out altogether, and instead of fading in to show him falling from the cliff, I inserted a subtitle as the girl spoke, thus: 'My Dear Father Met His Death by Falling from a Cliff.' A glummer man you never saw than friend Roland when he saw that picture run off in the projection-room and observed that his scene had been omitted—he wasn't in the picture!

"'Why did you make me fall off that cliff, if you weren't going to use the scene?' he asked me, bewildered.

"'Oh, just to lend realism to that subtitle,' said I, never batting an eye, but inwardly gleeful.

"Glaring reproachfully at me, he rose and sorrowfully limped off (he was still sore from that fall). I never saw him again. It probably hurt his artistic soul to think that his stunts could be used simply to lend realism to pictures, not to be shown to an admiring public. And he could never become known simply by playing the part of a subtitle in a feature production."

The director chuckled, and concluded, "Yes, sir, he was the worst of any of the squirrel food—a nut from Nutville!"

I murmured sympathetically, "With all the annoyances you have to undergo in this business, I suppose you often wish you were out of it?"

He stared at me in amazement. Clearly I had placed myself in the category of squirrel food by asking such a question. No one who enters the enchanted door of Picture-land ever wants to make his exit thru it again!

But before he could voice his scorn, he was hailed by his assistant, who informed him that the ballroom set was ready in Number Three. And the last I saw of him he was pushing his way thru a crowd of awe-struck extras.

ROSALIND RABINOWITZ'S REVENGE

or CHAPTER I

by F. P. PITZER

It was midnight. The clock in the old Plymouth Church belfry had just struck thirteen.

All was quiet, peaceful, calm, serene—a typical Brooklyn Sabbath. Suddenly, the sombre silence was broken.

"Edwin Montmorency La Roche, you have gone too far!"

There was determination in Rosalind's voice. She shook her head as emphatically as she had shaken her dining-room rugs that very morning. She looked pretty in her black, porous hat that would be used in the cellar next winter for an ash-sieve.

"I dont think I have," hissed Monty, looking up at the sign-post; "this is only Nevins Street."

"Huh!" she sniffed, her shoes white with anger. "You may jest about the whole affair if you like, but with me it is a serious matter. Ten years ago, in front of this very café, you promised to marry me. Fool that I was, I compiled a trousseau, and two hours before the time set for our wedding, while I was standing with a handful of orange-blossoms kept fresh by the perspiration of my palm, a messenger lad handed me your night-letter stating that you had left for Boston on important business. I wept until most of the paint and powder was washed from my face. But I still had faith in you. After you stayed away two months, it was hope; and when two years elapsed, it was charity. However, I knew that some day would bring you back to me. You never even dropped me a line——"

"Poor fish!" he sibilantly interrupted.

"They say that murderers come back to the scene of their murders. Today it was your turn. If I had not been employed by Count Tomarterino as forelady of his Tonsorial Emporium, and had you not happened in to sell him some of your Damdrough Hair Destroyer, I would have still lived in hope of your returning to me. And now, infamous man that you are, comes my revenge. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

She ha-ha'd for several minutes. Suddenly a noise like the flapping of wings was heard overhead. Looking up, Monty saw a huge aeroplane pirouetting to the earth.

"Rosalind!" shouted the occupant of the aeroplane.

"Yes—it's I'm—quick! we haven't an hour to lose."

"And the guy?"

"It's here—nab him and away!"

Monty found a pair of brawny arms encircled about him. Looking around him, and not seeing Joe Humphreys, he knew it wasn't a wrestling bout, but that something was going to happen. It did happen. He was thrown into the bowels of the machine. Fortunately, he landed on the soft coal. Rosalind squatted herself beside the driver. Then, like Baldwin Loco. Pfd., the machine and its occupants went up.

"You shall pay for this," growled Monty, as they shot thru space.

"Not by the mile, I hope," smiled Rosalind; "for we are going to take you miles and miles away, and then——"

"Dont get too fly," whispered the driver into his sweetheart's—for it was she—oyster-like ear.

"And then——" Monty was soon to know what those words portended. He located a hole in the floor of the machine, thru which he peeped down at the cities and towns over which they were so rapidly passing.

The sun was slowly coming over the horizon. They were in Pittsburg. Monty knew they were in Pittsburg, for the sun was all smutted up with soot.

Monty noticed that the machine was being lowered very rapidly.

"There is it!" almost shrieked Rosa-

lind, her face white with fear and corn-starch.

Monty followed the direction pointed out by the woman's bony index-finger, which looked like a holeless flute. Then he, too, turned white. Cramped as he was in his close quarters, it was the only way he could turn. For what Rosalind had pointed out was the colossal smoke-stack of the Pittsburg Steel Works. This high, cylindrical chimney was belching forth tongues of fire.

When the machine came to a standstill directly above the fiery tube, Monty's worst fears were realized.

"Now!" commanded Rosalind, shutting her steel-gray eyes, as if to shut out some horrible sight to follow the one steaming but unlaundered word she uttered.

Leaving his intricate mechanisms, the driver stooped and, grabbing the quivering Monty by his rheumatic legs, lifted him over the side of the 'plane, head down, and, aiming the quaking mass for the mouth of the hellish, flameful stack, he——

(Continued at the nearest picture theater in 'most any old serial)

"TEN YEARS AGO IN FRONT OF THIS VERY CAFÉ YOU PROMISED TO MARRY ME!"

E. H. Sothern in "An Enemy to the King"

(Vitagraph)

E. H. SOTHERN EDITH STOREY

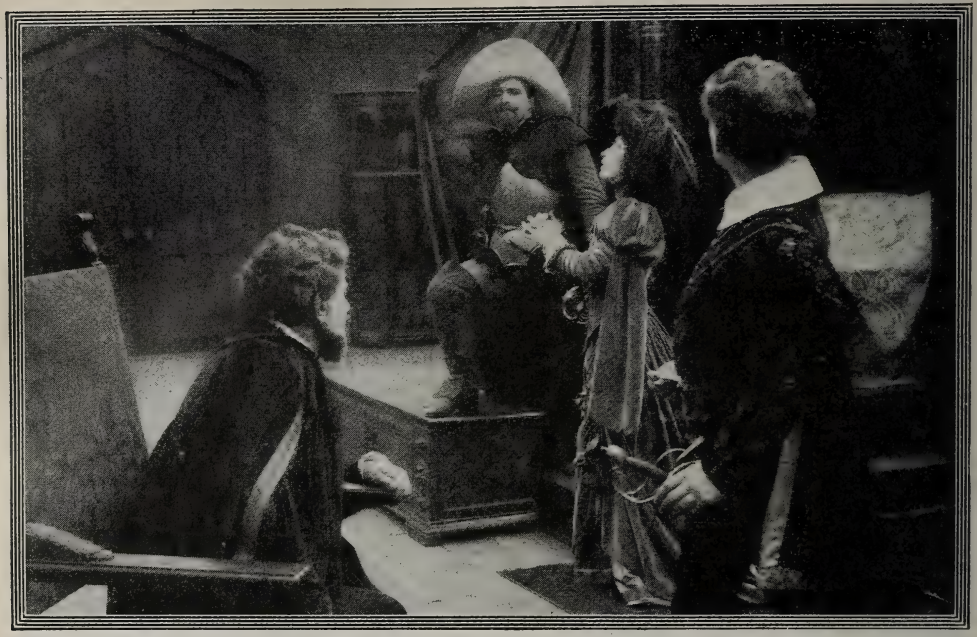
SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT, WHERE THE HERO AND HEROINE HAVE ARRANGED A CLANDESTINE MEETING

MR. SOTHERN MISS STOREY BRINSLEY SHAW ROWLAND BUCKSTONE MILDRED MANNING

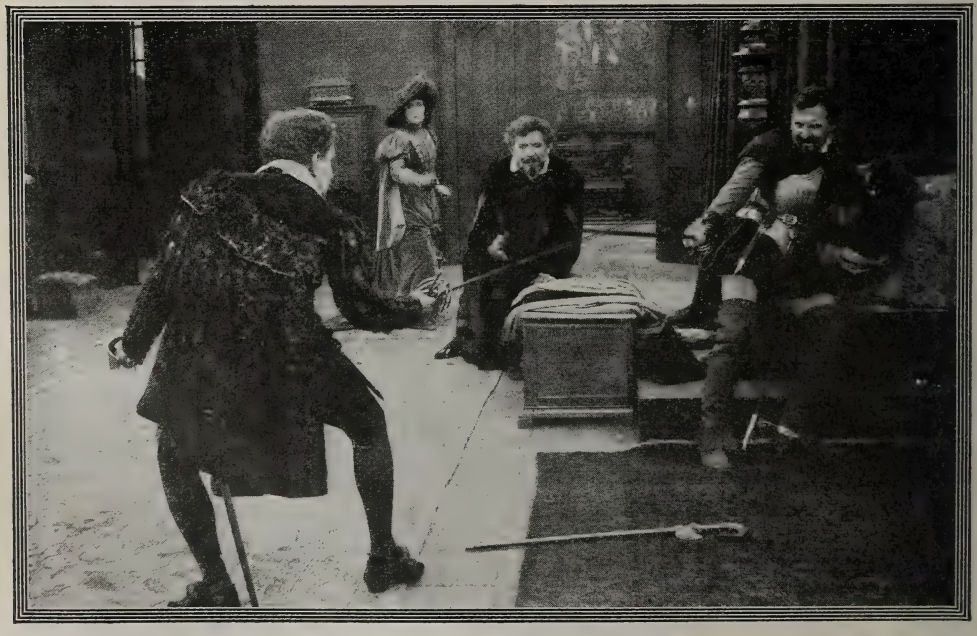
ONE OF THE MANY EXCITING SCENES AT THE INN

AS A STAGE DUELIST, MR. SOTHERN EXCELS MOST PLAYERS OF THE LEGITIMATE STAGE, AND EVEN AS EXCELLENT A SWORDSMAN AS BRINSLEY SHAW WAS NO MATCH FOR AMERICA'S FOREMOST ACTOR

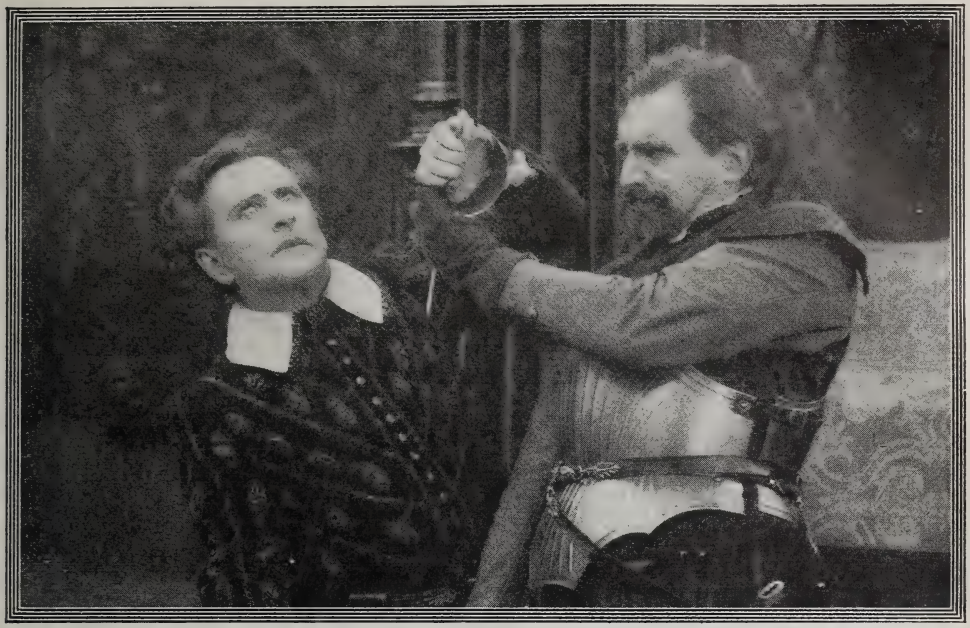
SCENE OUTSIDE THE INN IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE CLANDESTINE MEETING



CONSTERNATION REIGNS WHEN, AT A TENSE MOMENT, MR. SOTHERN STEPS FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN, WHERE HE HAD BEEN CONCEALED BY HIS LADY-LOVE



THE DUEL BETWEEN E. H. SOTHERN AND FREDERICK LEWIS IN A SCENE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE ONE ABOVE



THE FINISH OF THE DUEL SCENE BETWEEN MR. SOTHERN AND MR. LEWIS

IN THIS QUAINT CONVEYANCE MISS STOREY WAS KIDNAPPED, BUT SHE CONTRIVED TO SUBSTITUTE HER MAID AND TO ESCAPE

GYPSY TROUBADOURS AID IN THE RECONCILIATION SCENE AT THE RUINS OF THE OLD CASTLE

PARENTAL LOVE, OR LOVE FOR THE HERO?—YOU KNOW WHICH WILL WIN

THE BATTLE SCENE IN THIS PLAY OFFERS STRANGE CONTRASTS BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE. THE CROSSBOW WAS JUST BEGINNING TO BE DISPLACED BY FIREARMS

BOTH MR. SOTHERN AND MISS STOREY HAD TO MASTER THE CROSSBOW, FOR THE CAMERA REQUIRED BOTH TO BE EXPERT WITH THIS ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF WARFARE

"Our Norma"

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

WHO, indeed, but Norma Talmadge—Norma of the serious eyes with unsounded depths?

We thought we would lose our chance of seeing her, after all, when a sour individual at the "Talmadge" studios (the former home of the Biograph Company) told us flatly that *absolutely no one* was allowed on the studio floor. But this wasn't so final as it at first seemed, for, by a little, judicious "wire-pulling," Miss Talmadge was summoned for us, and, almost before we realized our good fortune, we were shaking hands and exchanging greetings like old friends. And that is exactly the impression which she gives one—that you are an old and esteemed friend. I labored under this delusion to such an extent that I called her "Norma" once—it just slipped out, while I sent up fervent petitions to the gods that she might not have heard it.

She looked just as she appears in pictures, only, of course, there was the added appeal of her voice and actual presence. Having yielded her chairs to her visitors, she stood by the window, toying with the curtain-cord—and no doubt comparing the more than inclement weather of the East (or, to be exact, the Bronx) most unfavorably with sunny California. Despite this sad comparison, I ventured to ask if it did not feel good to be back in dear old New York once more.

"I haven't had time to *feel* at all," she explained. "I have become very fond of California. But I simply cant stand any place for more than six months at a time. I guess I have a chronic case of *wanderlust*." Then she plaintively added

HERE IS A BAKER'S DOZEN OF NORMA TALMADGES—NO TWO ALIKE

that she feared it would be the same way no matter whether wedding bells had rung or not.

Norma is here with her mother, who, fortunately, is also fond of change. They had left Constance and the other sister back West, keeping house together.

"In California I found I had to depend upon myself almost entirely for amusement," Miss Talmadge told us. "Here it is different; there are people and people, places and places. Well, I read considerably—mostly (hold your breath, gentle reader) philosophy and psychology. I'm reading some books by Balzac and Schopenhauer now." Think of it! Pretty little Norma mentioning two such names in the same breath!

In response to a query, she frankly acknowledged that she had gone into the National Film Company for the change.

"I knew it would kill me publicly if I stayed," she added; "but Vitagraph had so many stars that I wanted to be featured more extensively.

"At last my great ambition," she went on, "has been realized: I was starred and well-treated by Fine Arts, but here I am now with a company all my own—I'm 'captain and cook and bosun, too,' and feel as tho I was just embarking for a great adventure."

Out in California, Norma knows the two Gish girls, and says they and her sister Constance are quite chummy. What a quartet they must make!

"Weren't you very self-conscious the first time you ever acted before the camera?" I asked.

"No," smiled Norma. "To tell you the truth, I didn't at all realize what I was doing. I went into it for the money—a mercenary but effective motive. Now it's art for art's sake."

"You know, when I watch a favorite of mine on the screen," she said, "I pay no attention to the play itself. After it is over, I cannot recollect anything about the *story*. I am always intent on every movement of the character." I could sympathize readily here, for I am the same way. What matters the story, after all, when one wants to study some artist's mode of portraying emotions?

"Doesn't it tire you to play very emotional rôles, Miss Talmadge?" I queried.

"It does—and it doesn't," she replied. "You see, I become so wrapt up in the character that I do not realize how much I am doing. Fine Arts is different from other companies with which I have been associated. Most companies stop work about five o'clock. Fine Arts stopped only when a scene was finished. I remember one time we started to take a boudoir scene at seven o'clock at night, and did not finish until ten next morning. Of course we were dreadfully tired, but I really think we did better work than during the daytime. There seems to be more inspiration during the night, when only the artificial lights are used and there is no unsympathetic sunlight to destroy the glamour."

The talk having turned to the expression of emotions outside the studio, we learnt that Norma is no believer in "company manners." She thinks one's feelings should be expressed as felt. She confessed that trifles annoy her exceedingly, but stated proudly that for a long time she has had no real outburst of temper. I think Norma realizes that *temper* is not *temperament*.

And then, somehow, we got to talking of requirements in a husband.

"Think of sitting opposite him at meals two or three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in a year," I murmured. "He'd *have* to be good-looking."

"Oh," objected Norma, "that wouldn't be necessary; but I insist upon his having *brains*."

"Money?" came sepulchrally from the third person present.

"Well, *heart*," Norma amended. "But, after all, seems to me he'd need some of each." And I guess she's discovered just such a paragon—at least she says she has, and that congratulations are in order.

Popular Player Contest

Last Call for Laggard Boosters to Swell the Votes of Their Favorites

As announced in our last issue, this great contest comes to a close on December 5, 1916, a few days after the present issue appears. It is thus quite impossible to announce the winners at this time. Every mail brings great bundles of ballots, and no doubt there will be many changes when the final count is completed. The last count was made on October 24th, and the result thereof appeared in the current issue of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. There will be no other count made until after December 5th, which will be the final one. In the February issue of this Magazine we shall publish the final results, with a display lay-out of photographs of the winners. No ballot can be counted unless it arrives at this office on or before December 5th.

MAY ALLISON HAROLD LOCKWOOD

How to Get In!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This series of articles began in the July issues of this Magazine and the Classic. Nearly all of the great photoplayers are contributing to make this the most comprehensive and authoritative series of articles ever published. Those who are particularly interested should read *all* of these valuable essays, because opinions differ, and conditions vary in different localities and studios.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

The Handsome Metro Star, Says, "Work Up from the Bottom"

EVERY one without experience and self-evident talent should be willing to start at the bottom of the studio ladder and try to work his way up to the top. Many of our present-day stars started this way, and I have not the slightest doubt that a large percentage of our future stars are at present in the extra ranks. Not every one can be a star, of course; but the star's support includes a variety of types of players, hundreds of whom, too, have risen from the extra ranks. Why do studios maintain expensive engaging departments if they are not necessary.

These departments are always open, tho sometimes overcrowded. Keep on trying until you get a hearing and a promise.

MAY ALLISON

Co-Star with Harold Lockwood, Believes There Is Always Room for Clever Ones

THE extra route is a hard one; but, with a few exceptions, beginners must begin at the beginning, as it were. The photodrama is proud of its stars who have risen from the ranks of Extradom. I can mention Norma Talmadge, Mae Marsh, Bessie Love, Seena Owen and Beverly Bayne, and there are lots of others, especially supporting players.

A most hopeful type for a girl is one of medium size, good figure and expressive face, with ability to appear refined without effort. Those exceptional cases, who have notable qualifications of face, form

and temperament, would appeal to a keen director for supporting parts without going thru the long routine of extra work.

Stage experience is very valuable. It emphatically cultivates repose and refinement in emotional work.

ROBERT WILLIAMS

The Vim Comedian, Rubs Off a Bit of the Tinsel in a Photoplayer's Career

Not being a star, but just an ordinary picture comedian, I can hardly expect my opinion to carry much weight. But, after reading Mr. Blackwell's views on so interesting a topic, I cannot refrain from expressing mine. Having been brought up in the show business, and working in the pictures for the past three years, I feel that my views are worthy of consideration.

I do not consider stage experience imperative to success, but it certainly is a great asset, and should be at the head, rather than the foot of the list that Mr. Blackwell writes—schools of acting, amateur theatricals, etc. It is possible, but not probable, that success and fame may be achieved in the silent drama without any stage experience, but it is the exception that always proves every rule. And the rule in picturedom is that "the actor makes the photoplayer."

And, ye beginners, if you did not feel the *call* before you were out of your teens, you are, most emphatically, *not* a born actor or actress. So do not deceive yourselves.

Just a word to those who have an inspiration, and are confident, that they could become stars if they only had the opportunity. If they knew how much work and what little play it meant, how many risks and how little glory, what *working — not acting* — in the movies meant, their ambition would turn to other channels.

Realism is now the cry, and if they think it will benefit their picture the directors dont hesitate to ask and expect you to take risks that might cost you your life. In nine months' continuous work, including holidays and some Sundays, I have had many such risks — have done nearly everything a good director could think up to get a thrill, from chasing up fire-escapes and over sky-scrapers, diving from high piers, hanging out windows, riding wild horses and wilder automobiles—skidding on wet pavements. These are a few of the risks I have had — and have had an occasional working day from 9 A. M. to 1 A. M. thrown in.

Oh! movie fans, it's a grand life. If you want plenty of hard, strenuous work, try to become a movie actor, but get your life insured first. I am in comedy. It's a little rougher than dramatic work, but just a *trifle*. Chester Conklin certainly wrote the truth when he wrote that pictures (especially comedies) *are hard work*.

In conclusion, all ye who would enter pictures, think twice. Salaries are small, there are talent and training to compete with, and there are no good parts waiting for beginners unless they are backed by influence.

H. M. HORKHEIMER

President of the Balboa Company, Who Controls the Destinies of Such Famous Stars as Jackie Saunders and Ruth Roland, Gives a Bit of Parental Advice to Studio Seekers

If any one feels the call of the camera, by all means let him or her take the line of least resistance, hie to the nearest studio and beat on the doors for a tryout.

But I sincerely hope no one will construe this as an invitation for a deluge of movie-mad screen aspirants to descend upon the Balboa studio. While we consider every one's application, we do not believe in holding out false encouragement. This can best be illustrated by a case in point. On my way East recently, I stopped off at an inland city. An acquaintance brought an attractive young woman who sought an interview. She said that she felt she just had to become a Moving Picture actress and would I give her a chance.

A few questions developed the fact

the young woman was married, had a good home and a devoted husband. But she felt her time was being wasted at housekeeping and that the screen needed her. I tried to make her understand that the life of a picture-player was far from a succession of endless triumphs, that it was the hardest sort of work and in many instances beset with trials and vexations.

But the young woman refused to be discouraged. She said she was going to visit her grandmother in California, before long, and begged hard for a chance. I made it plain to her that it was impossible to promise a place; but should there be an opening when she came, she should have her try-out like any other girl who seemed to have possibilities.

Our mail brings applications from all parts of the country daily. It seems to be about all that the young people—and some not so young—are thinking of these days. They yearn to become film-players, and all because they have read of some of the salaries paid. They conclude that the life of the average picture-player is one of ease and luxury. Far from it!

Where one makes exceptional money, there are a hundred just able to struggle along on what they get. In proportion, as many lawyers, doctors, writers and workers in any line make big money as screen actors. The law of averages holds good in every form of endeavor.

But how to get in? That's the question all want answered. Well, taking the motto of Davy Crockett, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," I would say that if a person feels he must become a screen-player, apply for a job and take anything you're offered. Stage experience is unnecessary. The best screen successes either had no previous training or not enough to hurt. Some even consider stage experience a drawback, because there are so many things to be unlearnt on account of the fundamental differences between stage and screen.

Of course the film-player must be able to act. But that is not the only requirement. Of equal importance is photographic value. People will not long look at those who do not photograph attractively. It is not necessarily a matter of good looks, as is proved by the fact that some very good-looking men and women fail to photograph advantageously. An actual test alone tells.

ALEXANDER GADEN

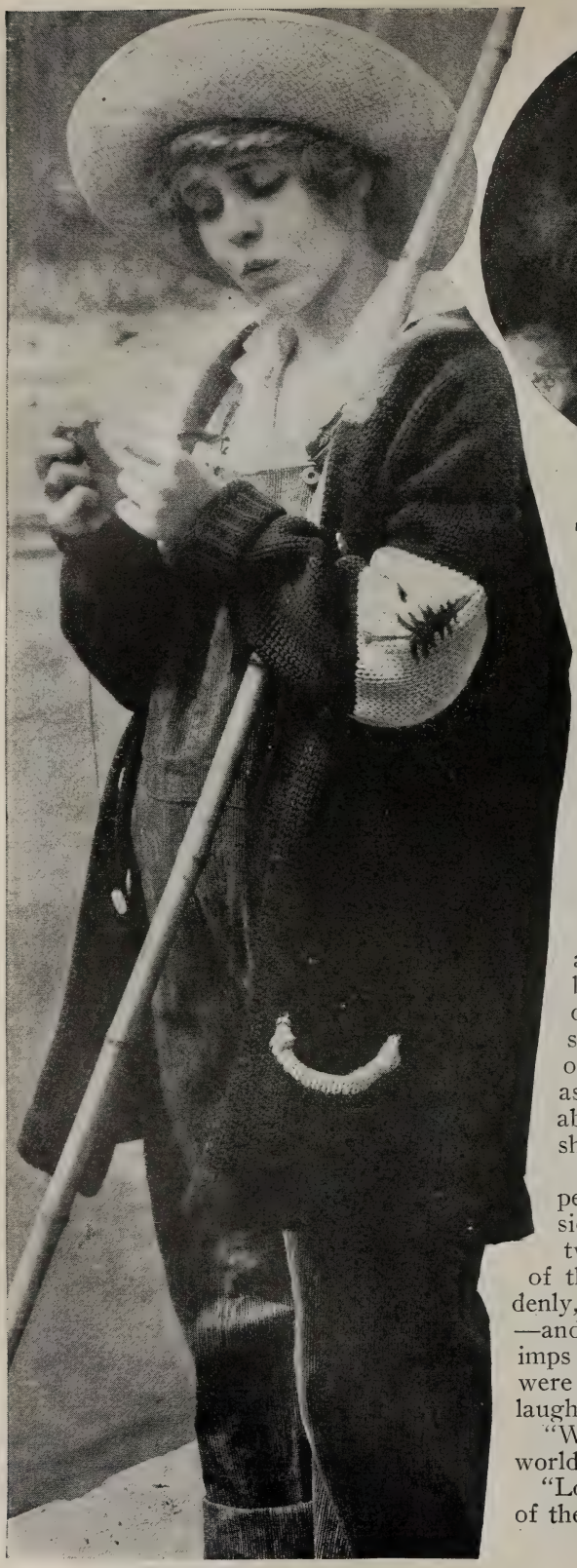
And when you finally get your chance, make the most of it. If you think that just because you get a job in a studio, you have started on your screen career, the inevitable goal of which is stardom, you are badly mistaken. Many are called, but few chosen. From that time forth, it is work, work, work. If you wish to succeed, you must attend to business. There is always room for newcomers, if they have the "stuff." But it is a hard game at best and requires energy, courage, perserverance, resourcefulness, adaptability and good health to win.

ALEXANDER GADEN

Gaumont's Popular Leading Man, Keynotes Successful Screen Acting with the Words, "Receptiveness," and "Harnessed Originality"

ACTING seems easy to an outsider, and the better the acting is done the easier it seems. The old school of rant, rave and declamatory elocution has gone out, never to appear again, I hope. In its place have come actors who are keen observers of human nature, and portray their observances naturally and incisively. In studio acting, players must follow the director's instructions explicitly. But on the other hand, they must not imitate.

(*Continued on page* 164)



The Exasperations of June

By RICHARD WALLACE

On a sleepy April day, last spring, William Fox sat in his kingly office and pondered. At last his ideas took shape and he called six of his henchmen before him.

"Go forth," he commanded, "each of you on a different journey, and, when you have found her, bring me back a girl. I have dreamt a dream of her—she exists somewhere—and she is young, without knowledge of the studios, and is as natural as she is beautiful. And above all, no matter how desperate, she laughs at everything."

The six film wise-men went forth, peering into schools—dramatic, musical, Terpsichorean. A month passed, two, and they had not found the girl of the film king's dream. Then, suddenly, one day, a henchman returned—and with him was The Girl. The imps in her eyes and the toss of her head were but batons to her musical peals of laughter.

"What do you want most in the world?" asked the king.

"Lots and lots of pretty clothes—heaps of them!" and she laughed.

(*Continued on page* 162)

JUNE CAPRICE, OUR COVER GIRL

Father Said She Mustn't, But She Did

The Call of the Stage Proved Too Much for Alice Brady

By PETER WADE

ALICE BRADY IN VARIOUS SCREEN IMPERSONATIONS

On the première of "The Balkan Princess" on Broadway, a frowning, hand-twisting man sat in one of the boxes and waited for a certain young miss to appear upon the stage. She was his only daughter—the apple of his eye—and he was a great theatrical magnate. Yet, when she had come to him, fresh from a convent school, and asked that she might go upon the operatic stage, backed by his influence, he had refused her flatly.

But she set her will against his, and, under the management of the Messrs. Shubert, she was about to receive her first "baptism of fire." When the little girl made her stage entrance she was greeted by no applause, not even from her stern parent. He watched each move and listened to each note with expert

appraisal. The crowded house gave hand to her performance. "By gad," admitted William Brady, "she has it in her—blood will tell." And that was the finest bit of praise the débutante received that night. Those who recall the stage-producing career of William A. Brady know that he was awfully finicky about the selection of his players and a more than temperamental drill-master at rehearsals; but, under all, was a dramatic genius that made his players forgive and forget his foibles.

Brady had fashioned his wife, Grace George, into stage greatness, but when his daughter pleaded for her chance he had said, "No, no! one is enough! You cannot take up the stage as a career."

Young Alice Brady's defeat of her father, and conquest of her first audience, was followed by a whirlwind career in Gilbert and Sullivan opera revivals. She was so buoyant, and the blood of her parents welled in her so deeply, that she could not help but be gifted. From light opera Alice Brady passed to the stage, playing a variety of rôles, from light comedy to emotional leads of the most tear-compelling description.

She is still very young—scarcely twenty-three—and her strenuous career had never given her the chance to have a permanent abiding place.

Alice Brady is home-loving, if nothing else. She sings like a siren, dances with the joy of youth, is not married nor even thinking about it, and she lays a claim that her favorite sports are sleeping and eating to her heart's content. Such delights are only home-bred, and when the chance came for the young star to appear upon the screen, and to have a regular home, she joined the World Film Corporation, and herein was another conquest. Her father is generalissimo of the World forces, and it was he who sought her out and surrendered to her terms. Among other things she demanded in his capitulation were a costly nest of a country-place on the Sound and a touring car to transport her thither at the end of each studio day.

Her picture career has been quite as progressive as that on the operatic and legitimate stage. In less than a year Miss Brady has played leads in "As Ye Sow," "The Ballet Girl," "The Woman in 47," "Tangled Fates," "Then I'll Come Back to You," "La Vie de Boheme" and "Miss Petticoats."

Physically she is more than attractive—she is alluring. Standing five feet six and one-half inches tall, and topping her sex by several inches, her natural grace and poise have turned this handicap into a "stage presence." If figures of speech count for anything, Alice Brady is a maple-tree sapling, *genus Americanus.* Tall, upstanding, with youthful curves that seem to round to the wind; with shining brown hair, and large, brown eyes above clear, russet cheeks, her foliage, so to speak, is that of the maple in its early sap.

Nuisances

By HARVEY PEAKE

Of all my joys the photoplay
  Brings me the most delight;
I go forth to the matinée,
  And e'en again at night.
But ever in each audience
  I find a fiend or two
Who spoils my pleasure, in a sense—
  You may be guilty, too!

I like to get in when the reel's
  Beginning to be shown,
For then the author's first appeals
  Are logically known.
But just as I am getting wise
  Two hats obstruct my view;
They're not removed, tho large in size—
  You may be guilty, too!

Then sometimes two begin to talk,
  Spoon, gossip, or what not,
In tones so loud they're sure to balk
  My pleasure in the plot.
They scarcely see the play at all;
  Sometimes they bill and coo;
Sometimes they make a chatty call—
  You may be guilty, too!

Then there's the man who loudly sleeps;
  The fidget next my seat,
Who every time she past me creeps
  Walks on my tender feet.
If everybody'd come to see,
  And not to talk and stew,
I would not rage to this degree—
  You may be guilty, too!

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department for the Earnest and Popular Consideration of the Photoplay in All of Its Phases—Hints and Instruction; Plotting and Construction; Selling and Production

NOTE: All readers of this magazine are invited to follow this department. For, altho it may appeal particularly to those who are already writing photoplays, yet it will be written in a popular and interesting manner that will reveal new beauties in the plays you see and read about thru knowing what they come from and how they are made. It may be that you have an undeveloped talent that this department can turn into dollars and cents! The series will also be continued in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

For some time past we have sensed the need and felt the desirability of a department that would cater to the wants of that large and growing class of Motion Picture readers, audiences and students who are interested in the construction, writing and selling of the photoplay.

We have hesitated, for two reasons, until the present time before launching such a department. The first is, that the field of photoplay writing itself has been in a state of primal uncertainty. Few there were indeed who have come anywhere near mastering its technical requirements.

In the second place, where were we to find the man?

Now, we are happy to state, the Motion Picture has truly found itself. There are lapses, to be sure, but you who attend the Motion Picture theaters regularly are rewarded by some of the finest spectacles and deep dramas that can stand without fear of reproach shoulder to shoulder with the best that our stage can offer—more than that, the stage now depends upon the screen for many plots and situations.

What we need, then, are masters of the art of photoplay making, and in Henry Albert Phillips we are going to place the selection of our judgment at your service.

We are not the first to select Henry Albert Phillips as a great inspirational force in the writing of photoplays. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one of America's greatest and most conservative educational institutions, has chosen Mr. Phillips to inaugurate a course in photoplay writing in their venerable halls. The Y. M. C. A. of New York is retaining Mr. Phillips in a similar capacity for the second year.

We feel, then, in introducing a Department of Photoplay Writing that we have fully rounded out the functions of our magazine so that they now meet the requirements, desires and interests of the entire Motion Picture universe, whom we have been serving to the best of our ability for the past five years.

Welcoming either assenting or dissenting voices in the matter, we remain,

Perpetually at your service,

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND CLASSIC,
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, *Editor.*

JUST WHO HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS IS:

(Formerly)—
- Associate Editor of *The Metropolitan Magazine.*
- Assistant Editor of *People's Magazine.*
- Associate Editor of *The Scenario.*
- Associate Editor of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
- Scenario Editor of *The Motion Picture Mail.*

(Likewise)—
- Founder of The Playwrights Club.
- Contributor of 100 Special Articles.
- Author of 3 Produced Stage Plays.
- Author of 100 Published Stories.
- Author of 50 Produced Photoplays.
- Author of 5 Books of Constructive Literature.
- Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and in The Y. M. C. A. of New York.

MY CREED

I Believe in the photodrama with all my heart and mind.
I Believe the photodrama has come to stay for aye.
I Believe the photodrama is a fine art which will ultimately come to rank with the best in literature and drama.
I Believe the photodrama in this year of Our Lord, 1916, is but in its infancy.
I Believe that the photodrama is a new art as well as a fine art.
I Believe that a new school is an essential to the effective development of the new technique into the new art.
I Believe that art cannot be taught, but that thousands are endowed with it.
I Believe that photoplay technique is a teachable science.
I Believe that anybody can learn the technique of photoplay writing.
I Believe that I can teach 'most any one how photoplays are effectively written.
I Believe that I can give material information, instruction and aid thru this new department.
I Believe in the photodrama with all my heart and mind.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

INTRODUCING MY DEPARTMENT

JUST as I began my efforts as a pioneer student in the field of the photodrama I mean to continue them — always viewing the photodrama as a fine art capable of infinite power, influence, scope and expansion. Three years ago my viewpoint was ridiculed by critics thruout the country with more or less good nature. These wise owls averred that I was taking myself and the photodrama too seriously.

In the meantime, most of those who paused to scoff have remained to wonder.

Today, any critic who should dare to rise and call the photodrama a passing show that will strut and fret its weary hour on the screen tonight and be crowded out of the theaters tomorrow, would be adjudged something of a fool, and at best, an ignoramus.

On the contrary, you and I are living in a wonderful age. We have lived to see the birth of a new art. We are privileged to be contemporaneous with the coming of a new medium for expressing the infinite. We may see with our eyes an emotional vision, just as it was created in the soul of man-with-a-message.

The soul-visions of man-o'-dreams have become familiar spirits, to be sure, stalking the stages of our theaters and the pages of our books, and climbing skyward in the pinnacles of our cathedrals, or coloring canvas and carving stone. But those art-messages are older than the hills. Few sages had prophesied another's coming.

Let him who doubts the birth of a new art stand outside the theaters of the world at noon, at dusk, at night, and try to count the millions that enter in a single day!

If he still doubts, let him enter one of the lowliest of these theaters of the new art. In that single temple he will find sufficient emotion released to shatter the soul of the strongest man God has created.

And if he still doubts, let him witness "Civilization," "The Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance"—any one of them. Let him count the tears that fall, if he can. Let him stand up and declare: "This is folderol!" if he dares.

And if he still doubts, he is a fool.

That which can move a million daily to laugh and cry is, verily, nothing short of the finest of fine arts.

BRASS TACKS

And now let us get down to business.

This is going to be a practical department of everyday *service*.

If there is anything wrong with current productions, we are going to see if we can find out exactly what it is. Yet our policy will not be that of a "knocker," or, whenever we see a head, hit it. But if we see a foot where a head ought to be, we will feel justified in taking a crack at it.

We think we know some of your *problems*. We have been solving photoplay problems for three years, and we think we have in some measure "got the habit."

But here's the point that the struggling photoplaywright is constantly sitting on: *How and where can I sell photoplays?*

First, learn what a photoplay is.

Second, know how to write one.

Third, follow the market needs.

Fourth, write the photoplay that will sell on its merits.

Fifth—but all these considerations will take much time and patience to master, and it is our intention to treat of them all to your infinite satisfaction in this department, beginning in the next number of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and continued in this magazine.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

"Putting It Over"

The second of a series of articles by leading players, showing how they register emotions and produce dramatic effects. The next article will be by Pearl White; the present article is

By EDITH STOREY

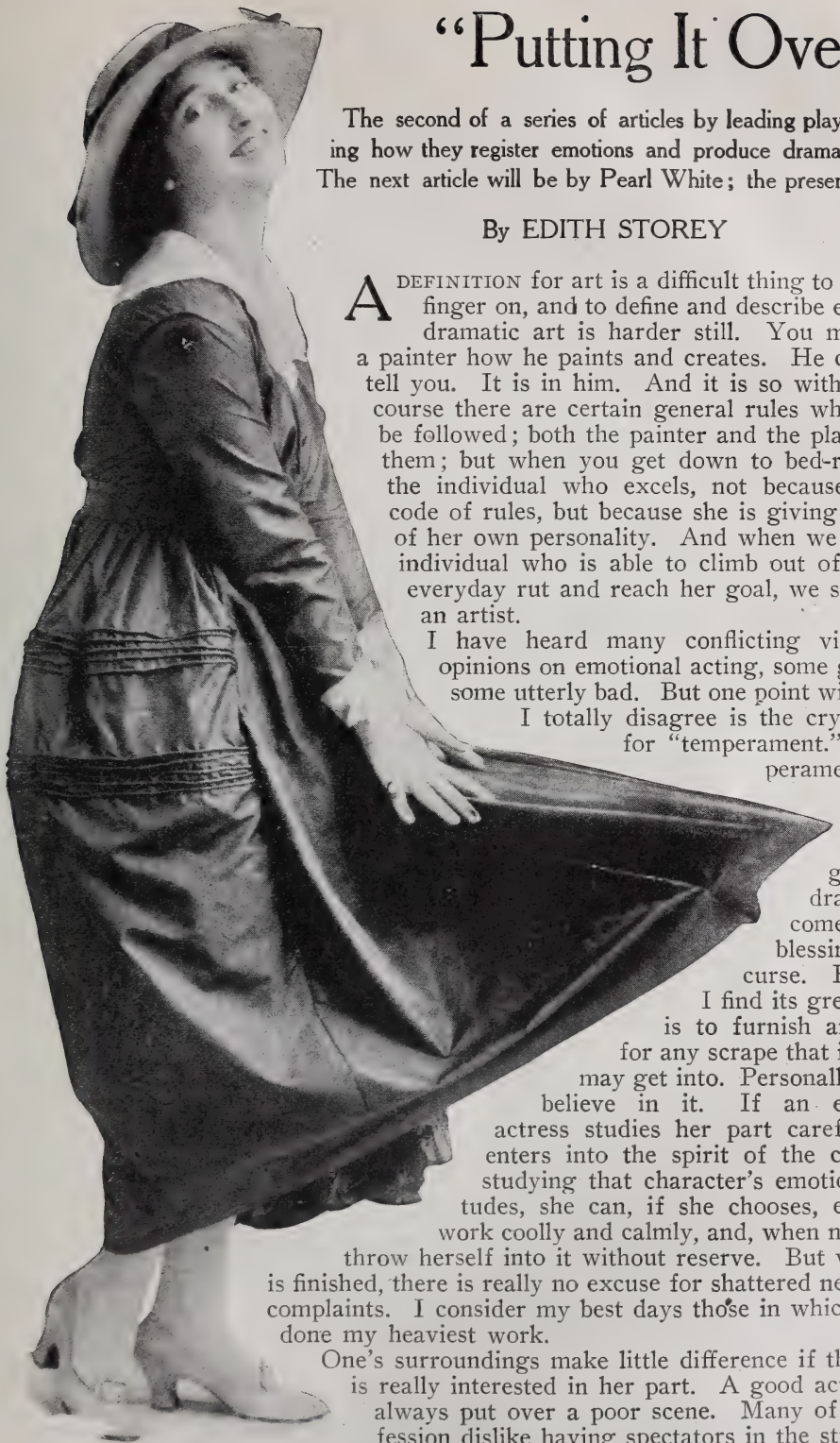


Photo by Apeda
EDITH STOREY

A DEFINITION for art is a difficult thing to put one's finger on, and to define and describe emotional dramatic art is harder still. You might ask a painter how he paints and creates. He could not tell you. It is in him. And it is so with us. Of course there are certain general rules which must be followed; both the painter and the player have them; but when you get down to bed-rock it is the individual who excels, not because of any code of rules, but because she is giving off a bit of her own personality. And when we find this individual who is able to climb out of the old, everyday rut and reach her goal, we say she is an artist.

I have heard many conflicting views and opinions on emotional acting, some good and some utterly bad. But one point with which I totally disagree is the crying need for "temperament." "Temperament" is a great asset and a great hindrance, and comes as a blessing and a curse. However, I find its greatest use is to furnish an excuse for any scrape that its owner may get into. Personally, I dont believe in it. If an emotional actress studies her part carefully and enters into the spirit of the character, studying that character's emotional attitudes, she can, if she chooses, enter her work coolly and calmly, and, when necessary, throw herself into it without reserve. But when she is finished, there is really no excuse for shattered nerves and complaints. I consider my best days those in which I have done my heaviest work.

One's surroundings make little difference if the player is really interested in her part. A good actress can always put over a poor scene. Many of the profession dislike having spectators in the studio, but I'm just vain enough to like it. It is stimulating to feel that you are "getting" them, and carrying

them with you. In fact, there is nothing like an audience behind the camera to bring out one's best efforts.

Now just a few words on standing before the camera. In the first place, no star should try to direct her own picture. She cannot shoulder the tremendous responsibility and still play the leading part. But, above all, she must have somebody out in front to correct any errors of staging. She cannot be both places at once. Of course I do not believe in having the personality of the director superimposed over that of the player, but there are certain things which only a director can do, and chief of these is to get the general effect and correct details. A short time ago, when we were doing "The Tarantula," I put curls behind one ear. My director discovered that they didn't look well in profile but made an excellent effect full-face; consequently, when he stood out in front, he kept reminding me of the fact.

In regard to this, I believe there is nothing more important than a last glance at the mirror before going into a scene. As little make-up as possible should be used. And the utmost care should be taken of the hair, as it is the frame of the face, and poorly and carelessly arranged hair has spoiled many a foot of good film. In selecting clothes, one's own taste must be called into play. Pick out those which, while fitting the screen character, are likewise becoming.

I like scenes with plenty of "go," for I believe the slow, calculated action in the pictures is overdone. However, points must be exaggerated on the screen by looks and gestures which would never be necessary in real life. This does not mean to be stagey and to mouth and strut.

Conversation and dialog on the screen, except when absolutely necessary, is to be discouraged. Sometimes, of course, proper lines are a help and are effective. But flowery dialog is all wrong, as it distracts the player's attention and takes her mind from the "business"; also, it has a poor effect on the audience, who have difficulty in following both the action and the lip-movement.

I like to have music when I play. At one time we had an orchestra in the studio for this purpose, but now, as there is little call for it, we keep only pianos. Music has a great effect on the emotions. There is no jar, no harsh, distracting sound—just an even strain. The senses are stimulated, and the emotional pitch becomes acute.

Registering emotions thru the medium of facial expression forms a large part of my type of work. I believe, however, that emotions can be better registered thru the eyes than in any other way. Wrinkling up the face is so easily overdone that it often merely looks ridiculous. It is not a far step to melodrama. I do not mean that the face should be wooden, but that the player should be more than careful of doing facial gymnastics. There are few emotions that the eyes cannot express, and in real life it is the man with the eye that we cannot read who is the most puzzling.

One point on which I differ with my confrères distinctly is the use of "close-ups." If a thought must be "gotten over," use it, but not to show off the tricks of the camera-man. In the first place, it often breaks in on the thread of the story and bothers the audience, and often spoils the illusion which an actress creates. For many players who are good-looking and attractive on the nine- or twelve-foot camera-lines are sad frights in a "close-up." If an actress must express a thought with her eyes, which cannot be "gotten over" in any other way, then, and then only, advance the camera.

I have tried to give a few hints on the art of playing emotional leads; but now that I have come to the end, I feel as much at a loss as at the beginning. It is something that is baffling and unexplainable. One can tell her likes and dislikes, and that's about all. The only explanation that I can offer is: If it is in you, you can; and if it isn't, you cant.

History repeats itself. Two years ago many fixed stars tumbled out of their constellations and started twinkling in their own firmaments. The latest to set up his own studio is Robert Warwick, who leaves World to form the Robert Warwick Film Company. Ralph Ince will direct his first picture.

Max Linder is with us again! He is now dodging submarines somewhere between France and New York. Max was the star fun-provoker with Pathé for over eleven years, and is leaving the French aeroplane service to join the Essanay Company.

Vivian Rich has fallen for the lures, screenically speaking, of William Farnum, and will hereafter solace and support him. There are rumors of a fat salary increase, and hence the title of their first picture together, "The Price of Silence."

Admirers of Florence LaBadie, Gladys Hulette and Doris Grey will be pleased to learn that they can obtain autographed photographs of them by enclosing postage and writing to the Thanhouser Company, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Here is Jack Kerrigan's explanation to us, given under his own signature, as to just what he "is doing." What he is "about to do" is still a closed secret.

Universal City, Cal.,
Oct. 27, 1916.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

Relative to the fact that I have severed my connections with the Universal Co., at the expiration of my contract Oct. 26, 1916, I am writing you to give you this information.

The "U" Co. have circulated reports to the effect that I left in the progress of a picture. I had given them repeated notices as to the number of days I had remaining with them, and also my demands after the time was up, which have been ignored.

Upon the expiration of my contract I was in the making of a feature, and I have agreed to finish same for a given price, which amount would only justify me in neglecting other transactions I now have under way.

Trusting you will understand the situation, and not be misled by false reports that might be circulated by them and others, and thanking you for past favors, I beg to remain, with best personal regards,

J. W. KERRIGAN.

The Greenroom Editor was one of the guests (of honor) at a "Jungle Dinner" given by the male members of the Fox Film Company. The entertainment started with a circus freak-show, and continued with vaudeville and musical numbers gathered from the exclusive cabarets and theaters of the Great White Way. Stewart Holmes, the deepest-dyed villain of them all, informed yours truly that hereafter he will be starred in his own Fox company.

Helen Holmes has at last been painfully, but not seriously, hurt in one of her dare-devil leaps. In jumping from a train into a whirling automobile, she was dashed against the inner side of the vehicle, with the result that she sprained her wrist badly, and is now carrying her arm in bandages.

George "Broadway" Cohan has at last caught the screen itch, and under the auspices of the Artcraft Company will produce all of his famous Broadway successes, appearing in the leading rôles.

Mabel Normand took a one-day vacation recently by appearing at the San Diego Exposition. Mabel took in all the sights; delivered two orations; wrote nearly three thousand autographs; posed with the Mayor for a news picture, and was flashlighted at a banquet. Her day of rest!

Phillips Smalley, star director-actor of the Universal Company, was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia recently, and his condition is still very critical. Wilfred Lucas, who was confined with a similar attack, is now on the highroad to recovery.

Little Marie Doro capped the summit of her stage career by playing Dickens' famous "Oliver Twist," and now she is about to star in the same play in pictures. She will be surrounded by an all-star cast, including Hobart Bosworth, as Bill Sykes; Raymond Hatton, as The Artful Dodger; Tully Marshall, and James Neill.

And now for familiar faces in quarters new: Hector Sarno has fitted up his dressing-room in the Fox studio; Molly King has purchased a Pathé meal-ticket; H. B. Warner shifts his wardrobe from Triangle to McClure; Frances Nelson payrolls from Universal to Metro; Harry Carey takes a long lease with Universal, and Jack Richardson stampedes American in favor of Universal.

Earle Williams is about to make an especial study of crime in his forthcoming production, "Arsene Lupin," from the well-known detective-story. Contrary to general reports, Mr. Williams will not be directed by Marguerite Bertsch, who has been assigned to direct Anita Stewart.

Henry B. Walthall's "The Truant Soul" is progressing nicely, altho several scenes were taken in which both Mr. Walthall and Mary Charleson, his leading woman, risked their

lives. In the burning of a sanatorium the flames became all too realistic and the star's clothing caught on fire. Walthall escaped with burnt hands, and Miss Charleson's blazing dress was fortunately put out by an emergency fire-hose.

Pearl White, in her support for her coming serial, "Pearl of the Army," draws heavily upon the stage. Ralph Kellard, her leading man, is an Apollo of the footlights: Theodore Friebus is a leading stock "heavy"; Marie Wayne is a well-known adventuress, and W. T. Carleton is a famous operatic singer.

Frank Morgan, who looks so much like Earle Williams that he used to lend himself money, has been engaged to play rôles opposite June Caprice, Fox's comédienne "find." Furthermore, Alfred Vosburgh is slated to be the new leading man for Enid Bennett, Ince's latest discovery.

Here are some of Marguerite Clark's contributions to screen entertainment for the coming winter: "Snow White," adapted from her stage-play, and "Racketty Packetty House," also a stage-fancy. Pauline Frederick will be seen in "Nanette of the Wilds" and "The Painted Woman"; Lou Tellegen in "The Victoria Cross"; Blanche Sweet in "The Evil Eye," and Anita King and Wallace Reid in "The Golden Fetter."

E. H. Sothern is with us again in January in "The Man of Mystery," from the romantic novel by Archibald Clavering Gunter. The distinguished actor will present a type of work entirely different from his previous productions.

To those whom ill-fortune did not permit to see the tremendous stage-hit, "Within the Law," comes the good news that Alice Joyce and Harry Morey, assisted by Anders Randolf, Adele De Garde, Gladden James and Billie Billings, will produce it for the Vitagraph Company.

Now for a few more "cut-backs" and transpositions: Robert Conniss has faded out of Edison and into Famous Players; John O'Brien, of Famous Players, has dissolved into Thanhouser; Ralph Lewis has been cut from Triangle and assembled with Fox; Charles Ogle transposes from Universal to Lasky; H. Cooper Cliffe exits from Fox and enters with Pathé; Lillian Hayward overruns from Selig to Metro, and Jewel Carmen is "shot" from Triangle to Fox.

The going-it-alone craze has struck the Fine Arts studio with a vengeance. Norma Talmadge is already starring by her lonesome; Fay Tincher would like to, and Mae Marsh, on the completion of "The Wharf Rat," will have her own studio.

There has been a family reunion at Wallace Reid's Los Angeles bungalow, and Wallace is playing host to his equally famous father, Hal Reid, and to his mother, who is, of course, Wallace's greatest admirer.

Here is quite a "daisy-chain" from screen to stage and stage to screen: William Garwood has retired from his stage engagement in "On Trial," and is on his way East to accept a new picture engagement not yet announced; Edna Payne, of Universal, is now being featured in "Dora Deane," a road production; Nicholas Dunaew, formerly of Vitagraph, took a flyer on the stage and is now with Universal; and, finally, Frank McIntyre will retire from the stage to film his famous stage-play, "The Traveling Salesman."

Patsey DeForrest was severely hurt recently while taking part in a comedy at the Vitagraph studio. An automobile ran her down, and she is now in the hospital, with every hope of a complete recovery in due time.

You cant keep the classics down. Dickens and Shakespeare are now coming strongly into their own in pictures. Frederick Warde is filming an elaborate presentation of "King Lear" for Thanhouser, and another treat promised is the co-starring of Louise Huff and Jack Pickford in Dickens' immortal "Great Expectations."

Marguerite Courtot is having her troubles again with a "double." This time it is Margaret Courteaux, a new film beauty, now appearing in the Los Angeles studios, and who, like her namesake, has been an artist's model for hundreds of magazine covers.

Who says they cant get in? From extra to player to director in less than two years is the record of Reaves Eason, of the Balboa Company.

The graduates of the enormous cast of over sixty principals in "Intolerance" are coming into their own—Frank Fisher Bennett, who played the epileptic Charles IX, has been made a full-fledged Fine Arts star.

When a reporter once timidly whispered to Theodore Roosevelt that his cowboy Rough Riders called him a "doggone son-of-a-gun," he said: "Delighted! It proves that they love me!" And now the same range-riders have journeyed to Los Angeles and presented Marie Walcamp with a silver-mounted saddle, a bridle and a pair of gold spurs. A loving proof that she is one of the boys.

Here are the courses of some planetary stars in December and early January: Lenore Ulrich in "The Road to Love"; Kathlyn Williams in "The Redeeming Love"; Pauline Frederick in "The Slave Market"; Mae Murray in "A Mormon Maid," and Wallace Reid in "The Golden Fetter."

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are not stars in eclipse by any means. At present they are working to a very good purpose in planning a big and stirring serial. Full announcements later, as its secrets are closely guarded.

The Sidney Drews have just returned from Cuba, where they "shot" "The Pearl of the Antilles." Sidney was mistaken for a political spy, and was shadowed at every harmless turn he made.

The Influence of the Unknown

~ Biograph ~

By Gladys Hall

Featuring HENRY WALTHALL, MAE MARSH and ROBERT HARRON

THE girl whipped out her pan of cornpone and then looked up, startled. She was a very pretty girl, with a tumble of sunny hair and a wistful, whimsical, potential face. There was a resilience about her, a hint of the evanescent, the eerie, that seemed to epitomize, somehow, the more delicate spirit of the mountains. And withal there was strength. Her eyes, clear, unwavering, startled, roved the room, as tho by long habit, and then fell on the man in the doorway. He was very white, rather breathless, and he had about him the unmistakable confusion of the fugitive.

"What you-all doin' hyar?" she queried slowly.

The man stepped forward. His eyes had a look of strain more than a hint of trouble. "The revenue officers!" he whispered briefly. "I've—escaped them."

"Are yuh—are yuh——" The girl stopped, cautious from birth.

"I'm a—moonshiner," he answered her, closing the door behind him; "I operate 'way around on Big Tuft Hill. I—— Will yuh let me stay?"

The girl turned to her baking. "I reckon Pap aint no objection I can think of," she said brusquely. "Shet yuh up in thar—it's safe."

The man looked at her again. He seemed about to speak some tumultuous thing. He had an odd fancy that she was the sort of a girl one said tumultuous things to. He had another fancy that he had no business to be conjecturing about her at all. And with that the strain came back into his eyes again and the lines about his mouth.

Crouched in the little closet off the kitchen, he awaited "Pap" and the verdict the old mountaineer would give. They were shrewd, these mountain men—hard-bred, hard-lived, defiant of the law—they read a man straight, and their code was hardly cut. He found himself wondering again how the girl came to be in that cabin. She had the mountain dialect, the mountain twang, but she had not *settled* as the mountain women do. There was that about her that stirred the imagination, the soul, the tenderness. He wondered whether she had ever loved. He found himself wishing that some day he might have a daughter like her—an aerial, fiery, star-bright creature, with that same look of steel-strength under the delicate flesh.

There were voices outside, and he caught himself listening. They were young voices—a man's and her's. "Supper ready, honey?" asked the man, and his voice sounded as tho hushed against a mass of hair.

"Ready an' waitin', honey," the girl answered. A simple homily, but there was love in it—love unwavering—such love as the mountains bring—big, and primitive, and depthless.

"Where are they—my Pap and yourn?"

"Comin', honey."

"I watched you-all from my tree-stump today. I—— Hyar's Pap."

The big moonshiner dropped into his chair, and the girl came over to him. "Pap," she said, dropping her voice cautiously, "thar's a man in that closet. He's from Big Tuft Hill. He's—one of us. He—had to make his getaway from the officers."

The old man frowned, the boy looked anxious, and the boy's father stifled an oath. They all regarded the girl. Then the old man called, gruffly, "Come out in thar!"

The fugitive stepped out, and his eyes sought the accusative group. There was a weighty silence. Then the man said, simply, "I'd like to join you-all, if I kin."

Pap waved him back. The girl served him a steaming supper, and then, out in the kitchen, he heard the rumble of their

voices far into the night. They were weighing him, debating him, arguing. Now and then, like a silver note, the girl's quaint voice would speak, and always he could catch in it a note of intercession. "Women," he whispered to himself, tenderly—"how they mother us—the us they know and the us they dont—from the cradle to the grave; always they stand between. Oh, Stella, little, lonely wanderer between two worlds, I wonder what you are doing tonight?"

THE MOUNTAINEER ACCEPTS THE NEWCOMER

Far into the night the girl came to him. "Pap says you-all c'n stay," she said; "yuh c'n go to the still with them in the mornin'. We're believing yuh when yuh say yuh air one of us."

"Thanks," the man nodded his head; "I'll be with them in the mornin'."

All that week the man worked with the two veteran mountaineers, and the slim lad the girl loved so, down at the illicit still. And at night he tramped home with them to a hot supper and a girl with heaven in her eyes. All week he felt the weight of their suspicion of him. They had accepted him materially; but they were not one with him in faith. While the older men worked under the hanging rock, the boy stood facing the valley, with a gun aimed and ready.

"Dont you-all ever get tired of—this"—the man asked him once—"this living always in fear of the law? Didn't yuh ever think of another life—for that girl of yourn?"

The boy looked at him. The immutable, fatalistic quality of the long-lived mountaineer was in his eyes. "Pap an' Gran'pap did this before me," he made answer; "thar aint any great call for me ter shift."

The man understood. He never would shift—the stripling lad with the fatalistic soul. He and his children and his children's children would go on with their furtive toil, and the star-eyed girl would lose the stars from her eyes, and the mountains would claim their own.

One night the girl stood in the door and waited, as was her custom, and far off down the trail she saw her men approaching, with some one between them, blindfolded and bound. They drew nearer, and the face of her father was rough and set, while the boy had the ruthless look she dreaded, but loved in her pride of race.

"What's the matter?"

THE BOY STOOD READY FOR AN ATTACK

she breathed, as the grim coterie drew up to the door.

"The man's—a spy, honey," breathed the boy. "We reckon we've trapped him signalin' to the valley. He's got to own up, or——"

The man threw back his head, and the girl noted the deepened lines about his mouth. "I ask for a few minutes alone," he said. "After all, you-all aint sure—yuh've no positive proof."

The boy faced the others. "It's so," he affirmed; "we dont *know*."

"We caint afford any *knowin'*, son," broke in his father; "thet aint in our line. We got to *guess*. However, if we-all keep this man covered, let him go off. He caint go far—alive. And I dunno but he's worth more to us dead than he's been alive at that. He aint been any too smart at the still for a moonshiner. Take off the bandage, son, and keep him covered."

The man walked a short space away, stooped over a tree, rose and returned. Only the girl, to whom trees meant secret letter-places, and trysts and romances, only she sensed the import of his act. There never were any letters in the trees for her. The boy did not make love that way. She was his woman, and he told her so. They would be married, and she would cook his victuals for him, mother his sons, and clean his cabin—that was romance enough for him. And just because she *was* his woman, body, mind and soul, it was enough for her and in nowise affected the dreaming of her secret places.

They bound and fettered the man that

night, because they could afford to take no chances. And in the morning he was gone. An hour after the discovery they closed the still, covered it with brush, and began the man-hunt.

Up by the cabin the girl finished her chores, then slid, with her slim, bare feet, down the path to the tree where he had stooped. In the tree was a letter. She felt that she had known that. She did not gaze at an incomprehensible world. Two great tears welled up from the girl's heart into her eyes, quenching the starlight, and down the rose of her cheeks. "Why, yuh li'l' tike, yuh," she whispered shakily—"yuh l'il' just-come kid! Who air yuh, honey, anyway?"

Then she looked at the note thru her misted eyes—"wants to see you so badly since baby has come," she spelled out painstakingly.

TWO GREAT TEARS WELLED UP FROM THE GIRL'S HEART

hesitate to open it. She liked him, and she had befriended him; but he was not of her own people. All deeds done for their good were justifiable. The note slipped into her calico lap, and with it a tiny snap-shot. The girl bent over it curiously, then eagerly, then raptly. A face peered up at her from the blurry scrap of paper—a tiny, wrinkled, puzzled miracle of a face. Two infinitesimal fists were raised impotently to two indistinguishable shoulders. The round, unseeing, fat-shielded eyes seemed to be taking their first bewildered

"The Chief says now is the time to strike the moonshiners——" There was more, but the girl did not read, nor did not try to. She had read enough. That atom in the picture was *his*. Somewhere a fragile, yearning woman was craving for him, aching to lay that very little atom in his arms. The girl wondered whether the young mother looked as her own mother had looked when her last baby had been born dead and she had gone after it. She could see her still —the white face on the pillow; the soft, tangled hair; the great, darkened eyes

peering, startled, from the recent death-mists; the little, triumphant smile as who should say, "See—for my love's sake I come victorious out of pain, triumphant over death, and this is what I bring!"

She wondered, then she started again as the rest of the truth dawned in on her. "The Chief says—now is the time—to strike the moonshiners——" The man was a spy—the man with the anxious, weary eyes and the whimsical mouth. He was a spy; he had come there to expose them all, to jail them all, to cause them—her aged father, the boy and his father—disgrace and long imprisonment; he had come there to ruin them. And if he did not—well, she *knew*. And she knew that the mountains keep their secrets well; she knew full well that the little mother would never lay the tiny fragment in his arms—would never tell him her piteous tale of pain and terror to drown its cruel memory in his love. Somehow or other that seemed to the girl the most tragical part of it all. She did not know the girl who was his wife. She might never see the counterpart of the little, blurry picture; but some day, perhaps—— Oh, *no one* would have the right to keep the boy from her if she had gone into the Unknown for his love's sake. She peered at the crumpled face again. "Yuh pore li'l' rat," she crooned, "you-all wouldn't have nary a pap; you-all would never know whar-at he was, an' yore mammy 'd never be able to smile with yuh and make things right for yuh. Oh, 'taint fair—'taint fair to *her*—or to yuh. Men-folks wont understand, li'l' tike; men-folks aint never gone plumb downwards after a *yuh!* But I understands, honey; I understood *long* ago, when mammy died, so smiling-sweet, an' then, when the boy—kist—me—I reckon, li'l' tike, I understood a lot o' things——"

For a long time the girl sat there—long after she had tucked the note and the little picture into the bosom of her gown and covered over the moss of the tree-trunk where it had been disturbed. She knew that the man would have little chance. Evidently he was not a mountaineer. She did not imagine he had had time to signal for help. They knew the mountains, every tree and boulder, the old men and the boy, and there were many who would help them. Unquestionably, they would track him and bring him back, and then——

At sunset they came up the hillside, holding him between them. He looked limp and spent and intolerably worried. The girl knew of whom he was thinking, and the woman in her, the potential mother in her, thrilled to his pain. She knew, too, that he was not a spy by profession. She sensed, with that uncanny instinct of some women, that this was his first job. And he had lost. He had lost far more than his job—more than the life that would probably be forfeited. The girl did not speak as her father and the boy passed her and took the man inside. A few minutes later she heard them talking together, and she knew that they were giving him a few days more—and then the mountains would know him no more. In their immutable fastnesses they would keep one secret more. She shivered and pressed her hand over the scrap of paper. After all, these men of hers were condemning those to whom they had no right.

Long after the tiny cabin shook with the sonorous snoring of the older men—long after the boy's watch had become a monotonous tramp-tramp outside the door—the girl crept into the closet where the man was concealed. Her eyes shone brighter than the stars, and her breath came sharply, unevenly. She carried a knife in her hand, and while she spoke she snipped the heavy cords that bound him. "You-all's a skunk!" she panted. "Dont think I dont think so. All such as yuh are skunks. We-all aint never harmed yuh, and yuh—— But down in the valley thar's a li'l' tike; *he* aint a skunk; he—— Now go on with yuh, an'—an' when yuh get thar, tell her I did this for *her*—and for—it——"

The man took her hard little hand and gripped it fiercely, terribly. "God bless you, Star-eyes," he sobbed—"God bless you—all your life!"

Three hours later the girl stepped outside the cabin door, and called the boy who was keeping his ceaseless tramp. "Yuh c'n come along on in," she quavered; "I loosed him—three hours ago——"

The boy gave the alarm, and the three took to the trail again. Toward nightfall they returned. The girl did not wait for the verbal expression of the anger on their faces. She approached them, timidly, with that odd look of strength about her wistful mouth. She laid one hand on the boy's sleeve and one on her father's. "Pappy," she breathed gently, "remember mammy—that last day? She loved you a powerful lot, Pappy, and she told you so the best a woman can—that last day she lived. Down in the valley thar's a girl, an' she has just a while told *him* the same thing in the best way *she* could. Pappy, I couldn't let her tell it all for—naught. I—— You-all wont understand, I reckon, but somehow *nothing* else seems to matter—after that——" She turned her pleading eyes to the boy's only half-comprehending, mystified face. She crept nearer him, and, under the sheerness of her scant gown, he caught the loud throbbing of her heart—felt the unknown influence that has moved worlds and made them. He gripped her suddenly, fiercely. "Let's—let's get—married—honey——" he gasped. He understood.

Three days later there came a little note, delivered by one of the mountaineers, who said a young city chap had given it to him. It was addressed to the

THE GIRL BIDS THE MAN GOOD-BY

"Spirit of the Mountains," and it said:

I've gone away—left the service—and I'll never return to harm you or yours. Your secrets are safe with me. Because up there in that still of yours you have learnt to distil the finest thing in the world—the divine milk of human kindness—the great sympathy that is one with all sympathies. The "li'l' tike" is a tiny scrap of a girl, and we hope some day she'll grow up to be like you—with the starlight in her eyes and the Madonna in her soul. THE MAN.

Motion Picture Charades

HERE are six charades, written by Miss S. E. Porter, of 151 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y. Each one represents the last name of a well-known player. Can you tell who they are? For the best correct answer we will give a prize of $5.00; for the next best, a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC; for the four next best, a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Address, Charade Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Contest closes Jan. 10, 1917.

I.

My first is to choose;
My second to wade;
My WHOLE is the name
Of a sweet picture maid.

II.

My first you will see in the park;
My second is found everywhere;
My WHOLE is a popular leading man,
Big, handsome and debonair.

III.

My first means to worry;
My second is cunning;
For my WHOLE finds a screen actress,
Both clever and stunning.

IV.

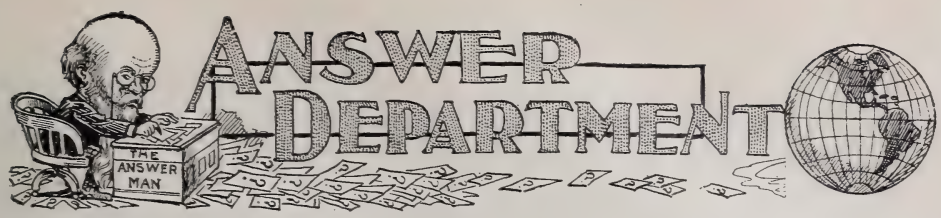
My first means bequeath;
My second is rough;
My WHOLE is called handsome,
And his work is good "stuff."

V.

My first is a rod;
My second a grain;
My third is a measure;
The WHOLE—long may she reign!

VI.

My first means fresh, crude;
My second a large city in Mass.;
My third is a boy—any boy;
My WHOLE a screen man with class.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

ELIZABETH S.—Carl Bricket was in "The District Attorney." Richard Buhler was with Lubin last, and haven't heard of him since. The letters D.M.D. after a man's name mean doctor of dental surgery, the same as D.D.S.

ROSE H.—No fee is necessary, only that you get your answer quicker. You see the Editor has had to cut my department down considerably. Sometimes there are a lot of answers left over that must wait.

PUCK.—You suggest cutting my whiskers to pass away the time. I admit that they would make a fine mattress, but I would then have nothing to hide my face. See above. Victoria Forde was the girl in "The Man Within." I think a man looks mighty shiftless when sitting on his front porch at eleven of a week-day morning.

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—"Under Two Flags" was taken in New York. Write to Famous Players. You think Gertrude Glover resembles Anita Stewart. Paul Capellani was Don Armada in "The Feast of Life."

UNICE W.—Anna Nilsson has never been on the stage until this season. Blanche Sweet is a native of Chicago. She was educated at Berkeley. She has blonde hair, likes motoring, enjoys reading about the war, is a talented dancer, and born in 1895.

GEORGIANA, SWEET SIXTEEN.—Dont hesitate—go right on. You say Bryant Washburn resembles the B. V. D. ads. Perhaps he is the original—who knows? E. J. Brady was Hernandez and Henry Stanley was Ponte in "Neal of the Navy."

BLANCHE S. O.—You must give me that. J. W. Johnson in "God's Half Acre." Laura Oakley is with Universal. Antoinette Walker played in "The Sting of Victory." There is a concern in Buffalo which takes pictures of families, farms, factories, etc., at the rate of fifty cents per foot for negatives, and fifteen cents per foot for copies to exhibit.

OSCAR D. G.—It seems that everything is features nowadays. Jack Dean was the lead in "For the Defense." Send the socks along.

BOBBIE LEE.—Extree! extree! Jack Richardson and Louise Lester have left American and Wallie Van has left Vitagraph. Harry Carey with Fox. Elmer Clifton had the lead in "The Little Schoolma'am." Looks just like me. Valeska Suratt is with Fox. "Out of the Depths" was taken in Ithaca. Chemists have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls nor cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal. So dont base your play on that.

EVA B.—Charles Chaplin is not married. It is said that he spent two days selling diamonds in a pawnshop to get local atmosphere for his "The Pawnshop." Shoo, fly, dont flatter me!

LILLIE G. J.—Mary Pickford was Glad and David Powell was Dandy in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." There are about 65,000 blind persons in the U. S. Life is full of dangers, and only a few of us get out of it alive.

PEARL AND THEDA FANS.—You are in luck if you resemble Pearl White. George Probert was Philip in "The King's Game." House Peters was opposite Billie West in "The Brute." Maude Gilbert was Margaret in "The Gilded Fool." Harry Springler was the son.

INTERESTED.—Marguerite Clark and Conway Tearle in "Helene of the North." Marguerite Clark and Monroe Salisbury in "The Goose Girl." Thomas Ince has already laid his plans for another super-feature as a successor to "Civilization." He will probably be busy on it during most of 1917.

NICK, 12.—A picture of Elmer Clifton will probably come along soon. Gadsooks and zounds all over again. You ask if Earle Foxe is any relation to William Fox? No, Nick; wont you allow people to have the same name unless they are related?

ART ADMIRER.—Art Acord was playing in the Western Gotham pictures; now with Fox. You want an interview with him. Interviewers, please observe. Yours was more of an Editor's letter.

MELVA.—I guess that is pretty nearly true. Dont like to say it tho. You certainly give me a lot to think about. I am nearing 75 in years, but am not yet 57 in my feelings.

JACK.—Sure, I dare you to send it along. You want a picture of Willard Mack in the Gallery. Herbert Hayes was Hon. Bertie Cecil in "Under Two Flags."

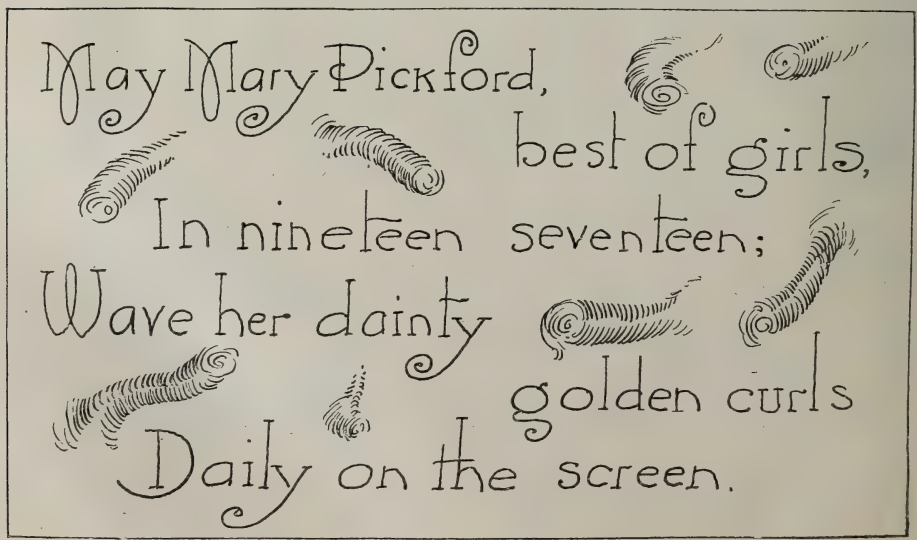
LITTLE JOHN.—You will have to choose your favorite player yourself. H. Cooper Cliffe opposite Theda Bara in "Gold and the Woman." Louise Lovely is still with Bluebird. It can, and then again it cant, be did. Ever since Crane Wilbur announced that he could take an ordinary salesgirl or a stenographer and make a good supporting actress out of her, he has been snowed under with his mail. This is a horrid joke, if you are not going to make good, Crane.

WOHELO.—Thanks for the evergreen. You all are so thoughtful of me. I appreciate all those little remembrances. Hope you will like your home better. There are about 12,000 flour mills in the U. S., but the price of flour keeps going up.

ESTHER M.—Yes, indeed. The late Arthur Hoops was the District Attorney in "The Scarlet Woman" opposite Olga Petrova. The latest report from Romaine Fielding is that he is the head of a new picture company started at Calgary. More news later.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—I will try not to "slam" you, 'deed I wont. I think I have been doing pretty well lately. Trying to cultivate a sweet and fragrant disposition. All players must rehearse the scenes several times. The directors usually give the lines to the players. Jack Sherrill is with Pathé.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS FOR THE PLAYERS



FRECKLES.—Poor girl. As I have said before, the "i" in Vitagraph is pronounced long, as in "life," altho I have heard hungry people pronounce it like victuals (vittles). That eye never sleeps. You ought to answer your opponent. Charles Waldron was Lord Howard in "Audrey." William M. Roselle the brother in "Gloria's Romance."

K. I. P.—So you like our Greenroom Jottings. That's right, you must tell us what you like and what you dont like, for we want to please our readers. Charles Waldron was with Pathé. There is a limit to everything —except to my patience.

MARY C.—Yes, that player has a fine figure; but sometimes figures lie. Thanks for the sympathy. It goes a long ways. Will have to hand that letter up. Hector Sarno is with Universal. Earle Foxe was Tom in "The Dear Girl."

AUDREY P.—You must calm yourself—Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport. Gladys Hulette is with Thanhouser. "Sorrow of Love" was taken in Los Angeles. The little wit I do serve is put up in homeopathic doses, but is not to be taken too often.

MARY C.—Faces are not everything, Mary; acting is what counts. I dont mind what the people say about me. Enid Markey and Howard Hickman in "Civilization."

HARRY CAREY ADMIRER.—Yes, we ought to have more about Harry Carey; but we cant seem to get it. I admire your writing very much. Also your letter. Lou-Tellegen did not play in "Maria Rosa."

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—The great Mary Anderson (Mrs. Antonio F. de Navarro) was born in Sacramento, Cal., July 28, 1859. "Little Mary" Anderson was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 28, 1897.

KENNETH S.—The European War and the trouble on the Mexican border have brought out a lot of war songs. I believe that over four hundred have been published, and some of the best that I have listened to are: "What's the Matter with You?" "Soldier Boy," "On the Way to Mexico" and "My Country, I Hear You Calling Me." Joe Emerson was Winthrop in "The Inventor." Spottiswood Aitken was Bartholomew, W. Lawrence was William.

JUST CURIOUS.—Edna Goodrich was Miss Bessie Edna Stephens and Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp. Yes, my statistics are the same. Let me hear from you again.

ANXIOUS.—J. W. Johnson is with Triangle.

DR. H. R.—Haven't I expressed my views before of Mlle. Petrova? I think she is a splendid player and very beautiful.

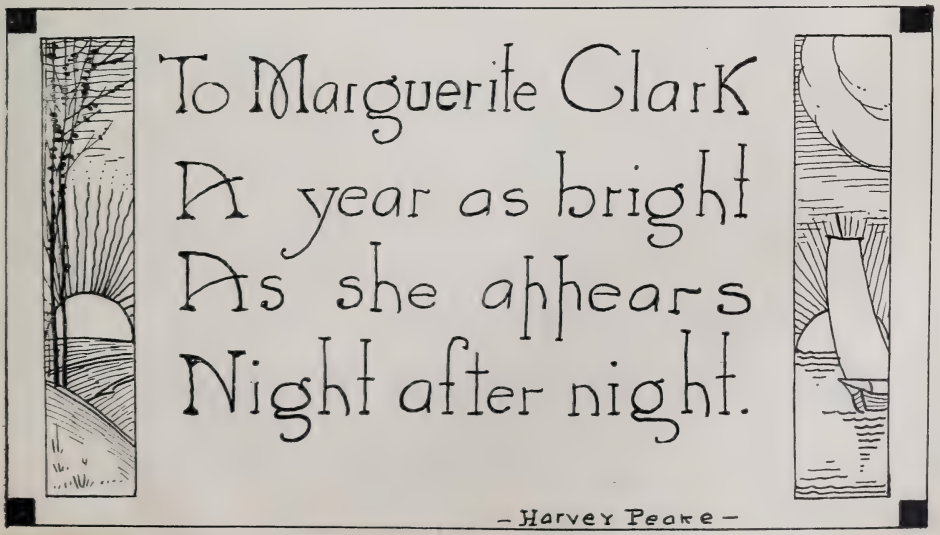
JOHN W.—Please dont ask me about your story. I can only refer you to the Scenario Service Bureau. While I would like to read your script for you, time's too short since the new eight-hour law.

ISABEL P. — Creighton Hale and Pearl White are not married. True Boardman played in Kalem pictures and Richard Travers is still with Essanay. The clipping is not of Anita Stewart of Vitagraph.

ELEEN O.—Yes, all the leading players in Pathé's "Luke" comedies are surprisingly young. Bebe Daniels and Gertrude Short are not yet sixteen, and the four-hundred-pound fatty Lampton is just seventeen. Luke Lloyd is twenty-one. Pearl White's biography appeared in Dec., 1914. Creighton Hale is still with Frank Powell.

MURIEL H.—It makes no difference to me whether you are thirteen or thirty. Write to me anyway. Yes, I think Jean Sothern is sweet. I will be glad to hear from you.

MARTHA M.—Rupert Julian was Cecil in "Naked Hearts." Neva Gerber is with Universal. Niles Welch was the brother in "Kiss of Hate." His picture in our last month's Magazine. David Powell was Richard in "Gloria's Romance" series.



RAYMOND D. O.—You see we dont get a good or complete synopsis on the Chaplin stories, and therefore our stories do not correspond with the film. Studio's fault.

FRANK J. F., RICHMOND.—Yes, lots of the players keep in physical condition by boxing. It's fine for the wind and the eye, provided said eye doesn't get in the path of the other fellow's glove. In the American studio, I understand that Geo. Periolat, Franklin Ritchie and Edward Coxen are up and at each other every day. Norma Talmadge and Ralph Lewis had the leads in "Going Straight." George Elwell was Jimmy in "The Raiders."

LOUISE A. E.—Yes, I will always remember the dear old Pansy Club. I have on my desk the loving-cup the members gave me, and I am very proud of it. I never flirt. Flirtation is attention without intention, and since I always have intention I never flirt.

HELEN B.—Always wear glasses when I work. No, I dont tremble yet. Expect to soon. Yes, I have help on the detail work.

ANNETTE G. B.—"Under Two Flags" was taken from the famous novel by Ouida, whose real name varied as her fame increased. Rame, Ramée, De Ramée and De la Ramée show its growth. Ouida was known as the worst-dressed woman in Europe, yet she made $300,000 from her books. "Harum Scarum" is an old release and we haven't the cast. Anybody know it? Sorry I haven't Henry Walthall's first release.

HAZELE. — Myrtle Gonzalez and William Duncan in "Chalice of Courage." The climate of Hawaii is semi-tropical.

WILBERT A. S.—So be it. That Reliance was taken in California. You may write to me any time. I never bet. A wager is a fool's argument.

CHARLES B. F.—The knitting of lace is a German invention, first known about the middle of the sixteenth century. Eddy Foy is not playing at present. Mary Pickford has her own company now. Dorothy Phillips is with Universal. You refer to "A Good Little Devil."

SKINNY AND FATTY.—G. M. Anderson is not playing now. Francelia Billington was Maude in "Naked Hearts." Charlotte Greenwood was Jane in "Jane." Yes, indeed!

E. S., NEWARK.—Recently I sent out an inquiry sheet to many of the well-known players, asking that they tell me what their favorite pet is. True Boardman's answer was: "It's my lawn-mower—I am trying to be the man about the house." Albert Tavernier was Jacob in "Saints and Sinners." Warner Richmond was the editor in "The Great Divide." John Hines was Red in "Alias Jimmie Valentine." Howard Gaye was Roland in "Flirting with Fate."

PEGGY MAGEE.—Marguerite Clark in "Little Lady Eileen." You say disillusionment is the most painful of sensations—and gossip and disillusionment are synonyms. Your letter is very clever indeed.

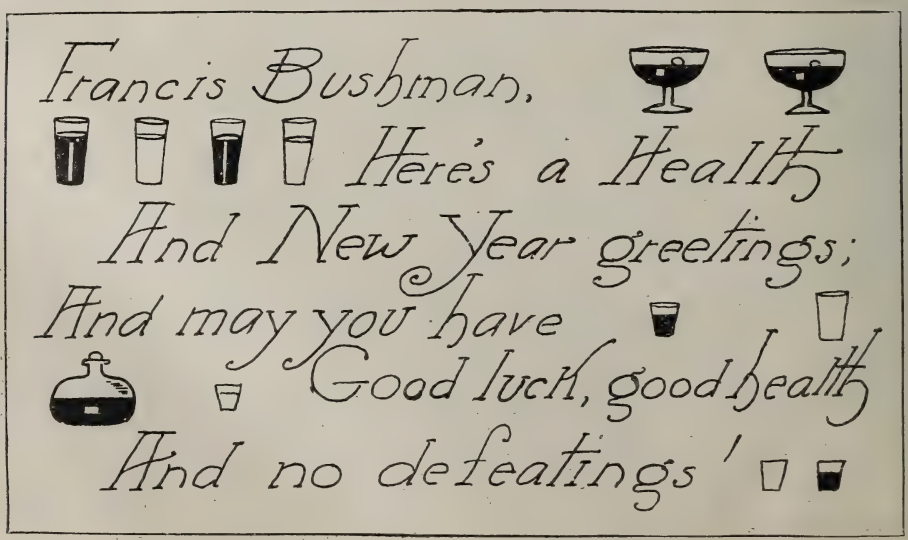
PUSSY WILLOW.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1884. August 12th. Haven't Harold Bell Wright's address. Everybody bathes her face in cold cream before retiring, I understand.

CORALIE, 11.—Yes, the "divine Sarah" is now in New York. She was born in Paris, Oct. 22, 1844. There isn't much difference between the best and the worst of us.

BESSIE C. D., HOLLISTER.—We treat Mr. Bushman same as all other players, if not a little better, and he deserves it. What do you want us to do?

M. E. C., CANADA.—I appreciate all you say about me, and I am as proud as a peacock with his tail cut off.

IOKA, TORONTO.—I am afraid you would have a hard time trying to get Little Mary to come, but there is nothing like trying. Since it is her home town she might.



CHILLY.—Your first attempt and be sure to come again. You refer to James Morrison in "The Fortune Hunters" (Vitagraph). He is still living and very much so. No, I never indulge with Bacchus.

TESSIE.—I have observed that some women say they want a vote, when what they really want is a voter. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers and you can write them direct.

NORA L. F.—Sure I like red hair. It is always beautiful. Yes, I like brunettes, but I have a strong feeling for blondes. So Thomas Chatterton is your favorite. Yes, Helene Rosson in "April." Success to you as a music teacher.

C. B. F., YONKERS.—Mary Pickford played in "The Informer," "Pueblo Legend" for Biograph, and "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift" for Famous Players.

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—I received and highly recommend your book, "Neurasthenia," by Dr. Kellogg. Everybody ought to read it, whether their nerves are all right or not. It is a very valuable book and well worth the $2 you ask for it. I can also say almost as much for your "Colon Hygiene" ($2), and particularly for your excellent treatise on "Headaches—How to Cure Them" ($1.25).

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—Yes, Theda is a national vampire. I was glad to know your choice of players. Your letter was very interesting. Never, never argue with a man who talks loudly, for you couldn't convince him any way.

TERRIBLE T.—Helen Riaume was the wife in "Where Are My Children?" A. D. Blake was Roger in "The Wife's Brother." Rene Rogers was Lillian.

INDIANAPOLIS FAN.—Grace Cunard was chatted in July, 1915. Clara K. Young was Helene in "My Official Wife." Yes, Pauline Bush in "Hope of Blind Alley." Yes, Sidney Ayres is dead. Doris Pawn is with Fox, and I have also noticed how Mary Fuller's popularity has decreased. You're welcome.

ALICE D.—They are both Japanese. Your letter was fine.

CYRIL B., ALBANY.—Billie Burke's picture in November 1915 issue.

MABEL BROMO SELTZER.—Better put that stuff in your name rather than in your tummy. Dick Grey was the boy in "Molly Make Believe." Vivian Martin is with Morosco.

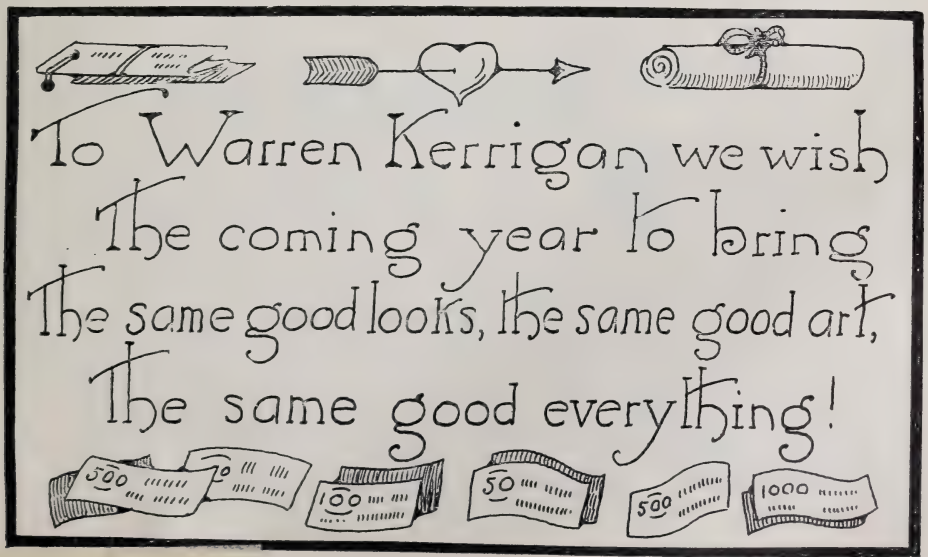
BUCYRUS GIRL.—Motion Pictures have been in existence about fifteen years. I believe the first picture was produced in Europe. I will take a chance on anything you send.

GIRL.—Art Acord is with the Fox Company. Vivian Rich is Dudley. Carlyle Blackwell is still with World. There are about 1,650 slaughter-houses in the U. S., employing 110,000 people.

LYDIA H.—According to the census of 1910 there were 91,972,266 of us in this country, including myself, and now there are about 110,000,000. In 1817, there were about 9,000,000 of us, not including me, for I had not yet arrived. The life of a film is about three months, when in constant use. The scenario department, or heads of companies, or casting directors assign the scenario, and select the players who are most appropriate for the parts. Very seldom can a player choose her own script. Come again.

DELACROIX.—You might get that information direct from Triangle. You certainly write a glowing effusion for Bessie Barriscale, but she is entitled to it. Why dont you write to her direct?

MADELINE D.—Yes, your theater may run some of the pictures over again. Sometimes they do by special request. Sorry to hear of your mishap. Thank you.



MARION D.—Of course not. Why should I? Pauline Frederick is a dandy player. Her last picture was "Ashes of Embers." You have me wrong; I am not an old man, only 74. And why wont you believe me?

CYRIL C.—I agree with you as to details. Some directors are indeed careless. I did not notice the particular incident you speak of, altho these defects have been rectified a great deal. Faneuil Hall in Boston is called "The Cradle of American Liberty" because so many public meetings were held there during Revolutionary days.

TOGO.—So you miss the "Funny Stories That Are True" and "Brief Biographies." I, of course, ushered your letter to the Editor.

CYRIL B.—Thanks for your auto song. Quite novel and clever.

JACK E.—Thanhouser pictures are usually fine. Bessie Eyton also married.

ELSIE N., PHILADELPHIA.—Zoe Gregory was Geraldine in "Perils of Divorce" (World). A chat with Herbert Rawlinson later. Send along the fudge, I am a regular connoisseur on candy.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.—You ask what time Grace Cunard retires, and whether she indulges in the Hollywood revelries very much? Do you think I am a detective? This is too much. Much too much!

L. K. P. R. C. H.—But Edith Storey is a wonderful player just the same. No, my masters; a talent of silver in the Bible days was about $1,518.32. John Emerson directing Mary Pickford now.

INA S.—Your letter really cheered me, and I feel better.

SYBIL G.—George Relph was Paul and Robert Cummings was Gail in "Paying the Price." A picture of Billie Rhodes. The first dictionary was probably produced in China and contained about 40,000 characters. Webster's was first issued in 1828.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Rupert Julian was Mr. Evringham and Frank Elliott was Lawrence in "The Grandfather and Doctor." William Tedmarsh is with American. How old is Ann? Look it up. You think Mary Pickford and Irving Cummings would be fine in Romeo and Juliet? No, we have no office goat, neither does the Limerick Editor feed limericks to the goat. Cheer up, Betty of Melrose.

FRANCES Y.—Francis Morgan was John in "Daring of Diana."

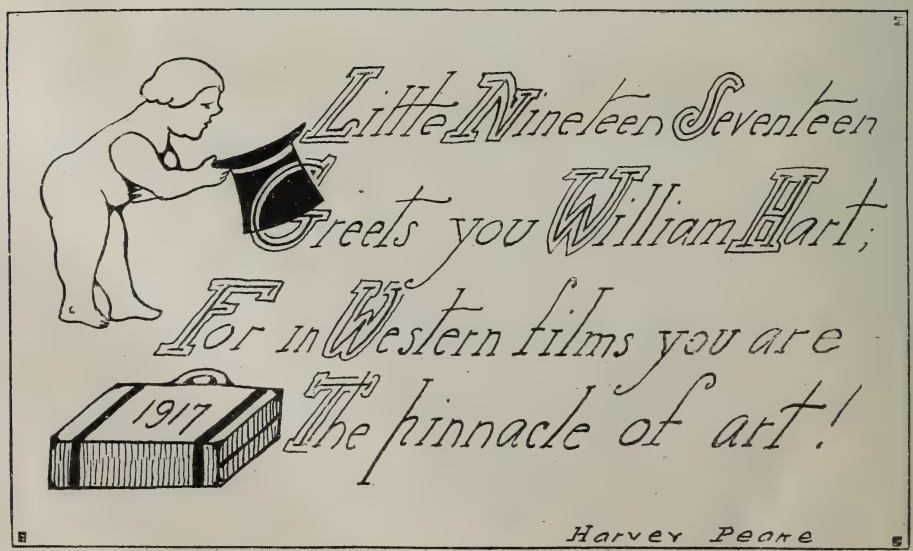
OSCAR G. D.—You must have enjoyed yourself, judging from the picture. Thanks. Lillian Walker and Evart Overton in "Save the Coupons" (Vitagraph). You know there was a 25-coupon in the Classic. You dont mean to say you haven't seen it? Dear me! I thought every discriminating person of taste reads the Classic.

THYLIS E. R.—You want a "How to Get In" with Theda Bara and Douglas Fairbanks. They're in and they are content to let it go at that. They wont contribute. Probably there never was a tiresome man who had not read a book or two on psychology and mental therapeutics.

ROBERT F., NEWARK.—But you ask such out-of-the-ordinary questions. Be more congenial. Have a heart, and remember that some words hurt worse than swords.

CULVER, KANS.—Please do not incorporate in my letters questions intended for the circulation department. You can send a separate letter and it will be delivered. I dont think Marguerite Risser is playing at present. Your letter was very interesting, but a little too long. Are you a millionaire, that you can afford so much paper at the present price of that luxury?

LILOLA.—They are not living together, but apart. Yes, to your second. Your letter was clever indeed.



CURIOSITY.—We will all be sensible in time; but at what age should we begin? Before we have sown our wild oats, or after? You are forgiven for all your wrong-doings. You refer to Sessue Hayakawa, who is with Lasky. I hope you have fully recovered.

SWEET FOXE.—I do not know which is the narrowest automobile made or which is the longest. You can usually get a synopsis direct from the manufacturers. The normal temperature of man is about 98½.

PEARL WHITE, CICERO.—Sorry. Yes, Pearl White has red hair. Your drawing of Fay Tincher could be improved. Celluloid is composed from the cellulose found in cotton, mixed with nitric acid and camphor gum; hence is very inflammable.

CLARA M., LOS ANGELES.—Guess not. No, no, no! Got me? Your letter was fine.

MABEL G.—Your first letter. You must read all the chats for your information. Dorothy Davenport's brief biography in Dec., 1915. How dull life would be if we all liked the same thing!

GLADDEN JAMES ADMIRER.—You refer to Herbert Hayes as Bertie. William Hart, Los Angeles, Cal., in care of Triangle, will get him.

C. T. M.—You have the makings of a good artist. Why dont you attend an art school? Always glad to hear from you.

SYZYGY. — And you can pronounce this yourself! You want a picture of Warren Kerrigan and one of his brother. John Bunny, Jr., is not playing at present.

THEODORA, L. M. C.; ANXIOUS P., AND KATHRYN B.—See above for your answers. North Dakota is called the "Cyclone State" and Nevada the "Silver State."

J. E. PORTER CO.—No, Florence Reed is not dead. Neither is she 58. Charles Clary will be seen in "Joan of Arc" with Geraldine Farrar, and so will Wallace Reid.

DOLORES C.—I believe it was Blanche Sweet in that old Biograph. You dont care for the name of Antonio Moreno? Alas, he cannot change it, but you can change yours! But you must put your questions at the beginning of the letter.

C. K. COLLIN.—Gladys Brockwell opposite William Farnum in "The End of the Trail" (Fox). You say you are wondering how "Undine," "Inspiration," "Where Are My Children?" "Neptune's Daughter" and "Damaged Goods" got by the censors. Alas, alack! *Et tu, Brute?* Harry Eytinge is with International.

MODERN PRISCILLA.—George Walsh is playing opposite Juanita Hanson. Yes, an interview with Earle Foxe soon. Do you know you need a new ribbon on your machine? Edith Storey is going to appear at the various theaters between New York and California, and then she is going to play in a picture in California. That was an old Edison with Conway Tearle.

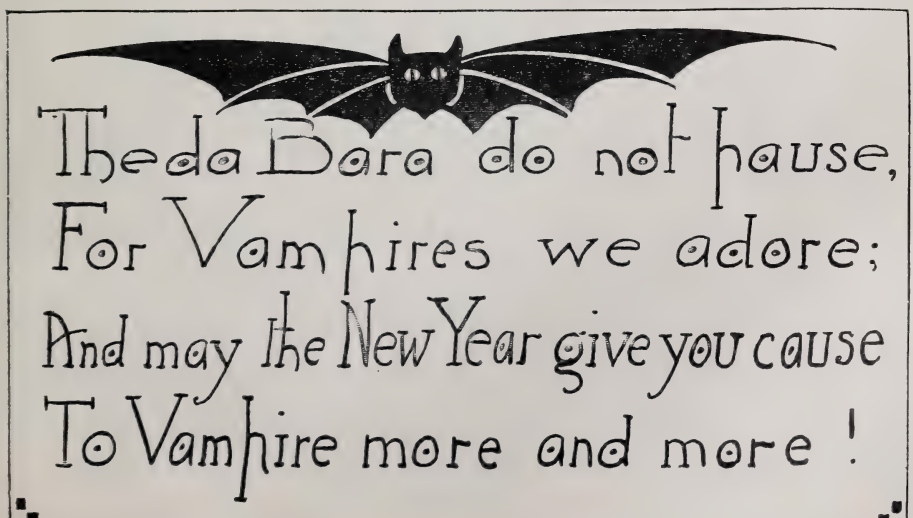
ERNEST S.—No, you may come again. Rita Stanwood was Barbara in "The Deserter." Marguerite Snow is with Ivan. Kate Price has joined Vim comedies. Frankie Mann has joined Ivan.

MYRTLE T., AUCKLAND.—You can have a money-order made out in U. S. money. So you like Johnson Briscoe's article on Anita Stewart. The first permanent Atlantic cable was laid in 1866, connecting Ireland with Newfoundland. Edwin August has gone to Mutual.

ALAN P.—Yes, 100 cards for $1.00. Try it! Mr. Bushman's middle name is Xavier. Harry Benham now opposite June Caprice.

IDA E. S.—Come now, Ida, you dont mean what you say. Why is this thus?

NEWTON.—Sorry you had to wait so long. Rose Melville, the Sis Hopkins of fame, was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1873. Who'd 'a' thunk it?



ETHEL S. AND RUTH R.—So you think Mary Miles Minter is older than she says. Say not so if you would be truthful. I know her grandmother very well. I, like every other man, have about 300,000,000 cells in my brain, and I destroyed 30,000 of them reading your letter, which took just ten minutes. Please look after your terminal facilities!

ETHEL F.—I enjoyed yours very much. I know of no permanent studio in Canada. There is one just starting in Vancouver. Francis Nelson is with Mutual.

YOUNG MARY PICKFORD.—So you think I am young, tall and handsome. Keep right on thinking that way. You are not far wrong at that, because I think 74 is young, and 5 feet 8 inches is tall, and as to the rest —well—— I dont know who has the record for the greatest number of picture appearances. Carlyle Blackwell must be pretty close to the top, with 366 to his credit.

MARGARET H. B.—No, I am not married to the Answer Lady. I would like to be; but dont tell her. Two new players born in the Selig studio last month in the zoo. Both doing nicely, and so is their father.

BLANCHE B.—That would take much too much time. Send a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list. Be sure to ask your question again. Charles Mailes playing opposite Lois Weber.

R. H., 16.—I certainly admire your Japanese paper. So you want to know more about me—read on! Zoe Du Rae was Bella and Louise Lovely was Bettina in "Bettina Loved a Soldier." Billie Burke in "Mother."

A. G., N. Y. C.—Yes, I observe that fox furs, also Fox plays, are worn a great deal. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "What a Woman Wants."

ADELE.—Thanks for your clipping saying that Romaine Fielding was in Manitoba. Alan Hale joined Fox. Ollie Kirkby has left Kalem. Yes, that's true about James Morrison leaving Vitagraph for Ivan.

OLIVE D.—That's the trouble with most of these contests. They never finish it. I want to hear from you again.

BERTHA B. G.—The ukelele is a musical instrument and not a bird, as you seem to think. It is made of rare Hawaiian wood, and looks something like a mandolin. Edward Martindell was David in "Foundling." So you have thirteen faces in that puzzle. I believe there were only six. Lilie Leslie was with the Ocean Film Co.

JUNE E. C.—Yes, Valentine Grant was splendid in "The Daughter of MacGregor." And that reminds me that I received a dandy letter from that charming Irish colleen, in which she said: "More power to ye! And may ye live to eat the hen that scratches the gravel on yer grave!"

AGNES B.—I wish I could write personal letters to all of you, but really, such can never be, for it would take all of my time.

MARGARET.—No, we have never published a photo of Joseph Carl, the author of the music for "The Birth of a Nation." Norma Talmadge is heading her own company now, and under the direction of Allan Dwan, former Famous Player and American director. Kitty Gordon in "Vera the Medium." Put on your chains—you're skidding!

CLAIRE M.—Conway Tearle is with the Clara K. Young Co. And now watch out for Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard in Fox's "Romeo and Juliet," and tell me how they compare with Bushman and Bayne in Metro's version. Gilmer says Bara beats Bayne.

MARION S.—Yes, a great many theaters closed while the infantile paralysis epidemic was around. I was not afflicted. It seems that Charlie Chaplin entered the pictures some time in November, 1913.

GABRIEL F.—So you like black in the Gallery better than brown. Dont know where Billie West is at present. Charlotte Walker joined Thanhouser. Well, it is reported that Thomas Dixon received over $700,000 for his rights in "The Birth of a Nation."

D. M. F.—Lewis Stone was Richard in "The Havoc." John Bowers was the minister in "Destiny's Toy." James Kirkwood and Gertrude Robinson were married Sept. 30th.

PADDY.—Irene Warfield was the girl in "The Three Scratch Clue." You will soon see a picture of Pearl White on the cover. Look it up—I am sure it is in the dictionary. Jack Livingstone is with Clune. So is it with me.

L. W. H., WATERBURY.—But they ought to know where they were born. I am sure I dont. So you like Roberta Courtlandt's interviewing. World Film have purchased 8,000 acres of land at Poughkeepsie for a studio site. Some World all by itself.

ULYSIS W.—You can get most of the back numbers from us. Margarita Fischer is with Mutual. Crane Wilbur was Harry in "Perils of Pauline." Didn't you recognize him?

BUDDY.—Thelma Salter was the daughter in "The Wasted Years." Mae Gaston was June in the same. Some letter, Buddy.

BIDDIE D.—Write to Lasky, Los Angeles, Cal., for Earle Foxe. Elizabeth Burbridge is with Powell. There are about 300 players in Los Angeles. The origin of playing-cards unknown; they appeared in Europe in 1350.

ANNIE D., BRIDGEPORT.—Your letter was very interesting. Belle Bruce has gone with the Bushman branch of Metro. Thomas Ince says that "Motion Picture players are born and made." Everybody cant be a star, whether he or she believes this or not. He believes everybody would be, if the producers gave him or her the opportunity.

ANNA B.—"The Shop Girl" was taken in Brooklyn. Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson finished the "Who's Guilty?" series long ago. Mary Pickford is making two pictures at a time—she has two directors.

F. A. F.—Thank you for all the little clippings. I am always glad to get them. They probably release under Universal. Mina Cunard is still with Universal. Well, I dont know what electricity is, and nobody else does, but you do when you get enough.

ELKE.—Sorry it took you so long to make up your mind about writing me. Do you think I would bite? Barking dogs dont bite. I accept, with pleasure. Send some. I dare you to.

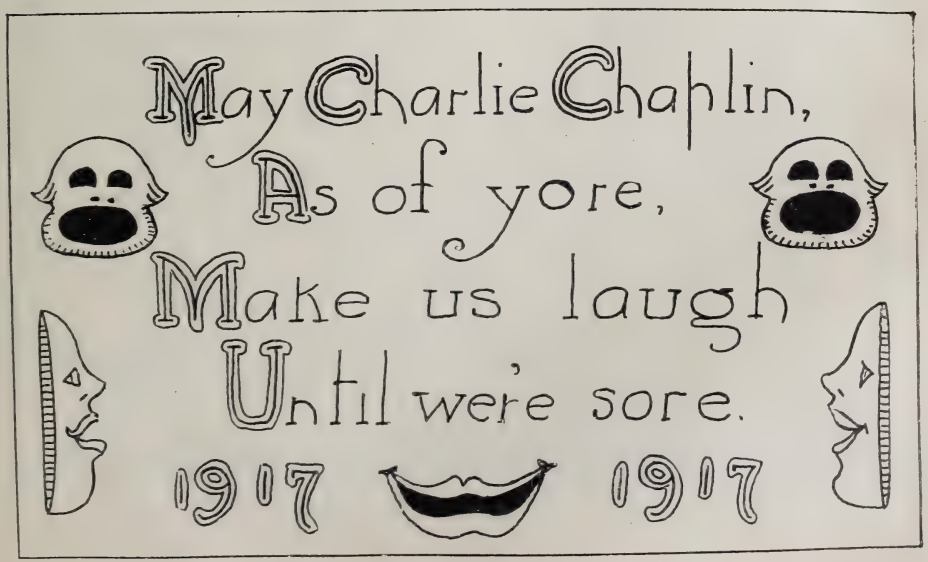
G. U. STIFF.—Kindly get a divorce and change your name. With Powell. Julia Gordon and Norma Talmadge are in no way related. Dont call me "Loved One," unless you are serious and mean business. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., in August 7, 1886; was educated in France; her home was in London before coming to America. You want to recover right away, because Marguerite Clark is to remain with Famous Players in spite of all the flattering offers she received.

JIMMIE VALENTINE.—Lola May was Dolly in "Honor's Altar" (Triangle). E. L. Fernandez was Jack. Your drawing was good.

ELSA K.—Grace La Rue chat soon. I dont know about the stage-players, but any of the Moving Picture players will send you a picture. Corsets were first used in France and Germany in the thirteenth century, but not in England until a hundred years later.

BABE OF W. P.—Herbert Hayes was Bertie in "Under Two Flags."

VICKY D.—So you want a picture of Winifred Kingston soon. Jackie Saunders' real name is Jacqueline, and she was a professional dancer and artist's model before appearing in pictures.



SANS SOUCI.—You say the definition for "I should worry" is to cultivate a tendency to become mentally agitated. Your letter was one of my choicest. I fully agree.

EVELYN LOU.—Triangle have studios in Los Angeles, Culver City, Cal., and one in Fort Lee, N. Y. Viola Dana, Metro, N. Y. City; Wallace Reid, Los Angeles, Cal.; Joyce Fair, Essanay, Chicago, and Muriel Ostriche and June Caprice, Fox, N. Y. City.

BILLY B.—Of course I do. Thanks for your verse. It was very clever indeed. Sorry I haven't room here to print it. Yes, they were real orphans appearing with Mary Miles Minter in "Youth's Endearing Charm." The little ones were inmates of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum in Santa Barbara.

MABEL C.—Louise Huff played in "Reward of Patience." People take great pains to catch each other, but after they are married they take very little pains to hold on.

RITA M.—Please dont get peeved. Thomas Meighan opposite Edna Goodrich in "Armstrong's Wife." A picture of Alan Forrest soon. Yes, Mabel Normand sent an exclusive picture to the "boys in Texas," in which she takes the part of a rooky. It will not be offered for public exhibition.

BERTHA E. T.—I think buttermilk is wonderful fruit. I have never missed guzzling a pint every day for over thirty years, and I have gotten lots of picture-players to take it on my recommendation. It's fine for the kidneys, liver and complexion. When you get used to its taste, its wonderful acid prolongs life, and its fats double-cinch your health. If you dont believe me, ask Rose Tapley, Fritzi Brunette and others whom I have converted to the cause.

MUSICAL CRITIC.—You think Mahlon Hamilton doesn't receive enough recognition. Will report this to the Editor. Right you be.

BETTY.—You deliberately call me a flirt—hands up! No, about Anita Stewart, also to your second. Your questions were a little out of order.

C. M. F.—You know that Lou-Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar were married. And the other player you mention is married to a non-professional. I have no titles, alphabetical or otherwise. If I were to have some letters appended to my illustrated name, I would prefer C. O. D. But I dont want to be called a fish.

QUEEN MARY.—Harry Keenan was Yar Kahn and Louise Glaum was Popped in "The Toast of Death."

MARGARITA.—Antonio Moreno came from Spain. You refer to Thomas Meighan. The origin of April Fools' Day is unknown. Oh yes, there are over a thousand players in the Motion Picture business, so dont add to the number.

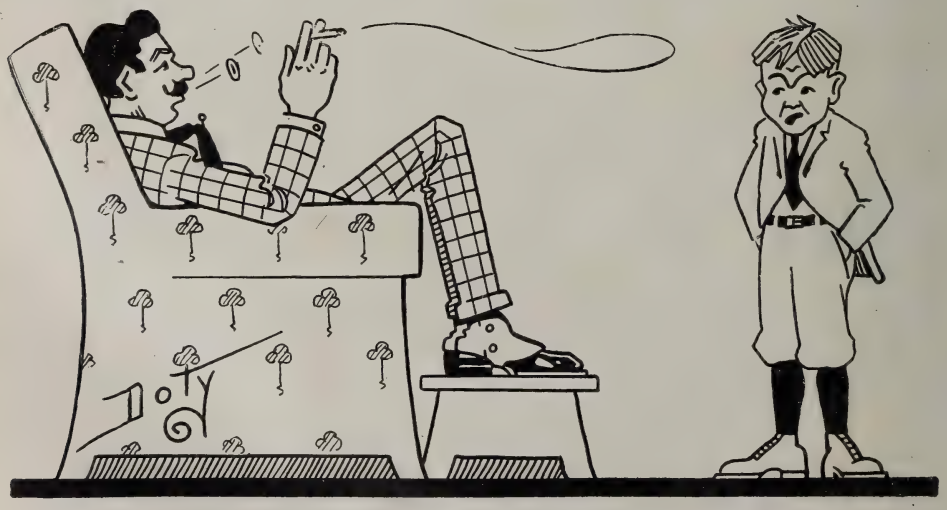
LITTLE MISS.—Never noticed anything queer about Claire Whitney's eyes. Tom Forman was Philip in "Public Opinion." Yes, do.

THAIS.—Warren Kerrigan is typically Irish. You want Louise Johnson to be in more plays. Linda Arvidson is not playing. Each manufacturer usually makes about thirty to fifty prints of each play.

LINNA D.—You ought to write to our Sales Manager.

U. NO CHAS.—How should I know? Douglas Fairbanks has gone back to the Western studio. It has been reported that the Bushman and Bayne "Romeo and Juliet" cost $250,000 to produce. Lillian Read is the child in "Civilization." Wallace Reid was Andres in "Maria Rosa." You should write to the players in care of their company.

RUTH R.—Bert Rooney is with Equitable. Let me hear from you again.



"What's the matter, Jimmy? I thought you had gone to the movies."

"Aw! The empty seats are all full, and the next time I go to that theater I'll stay home."

MOVIE THRILLS
A MISTAKEN PROPOSAL
— LEAP YEAR — 1916 —
RUBY JACKSON REALISING THE LAST WEEKS OF LEAP YEAR SLIPPING AWAY FROM HER, RESOLVES TO MAKE A MOVE —
DAWGONE! IF THER AINT JUS A FEW WEEKS LEFT.
I JUS' SIMPLY GOTTA GET A MAN THIS LEAP YEAR, AN RIGHT NOW!
WOULD YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHERE I KIN GET A MAN TO MARRY ME?
UH! WHY YES CHUST ROUN DE CORNER, PREACHER JOHNSING
HE DIDNT SEEM SO VERY STRUCK ON MARRYING ME HISSELF, ILL JES GO SEE IF THIS PREACHER JOHNSING MAN WILL.
WILL YOU MARRY ME PREACHER JOHNSING?
WHY O'COURSE BRING HIM IN
JOHNSIN
PREACHER JOHNSING IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT RUBY IS WISHING THE NUPTUALS PERFORMED FOR HER AND HER LOVER —
BRING WHO IN?
WHY YER OTHER HALF SILLY
JOHNSIN
WHAT YOU TALKING ABOUT NIGGER — MY OTHER HALF. WHY I'M ALL HERE AINT I?
YOU DONT SPECKS I KIN MARRY YUH ALONE DO YUH.
WAL YOU DE FUST PUSSON I EFER MET WHAT NEEDED HELP, WHEN A YOUNG LADY OFFERS TO MARRY YUH!
HUH!
YEE-E-ESS!
DAWN
OH! YOU WANT ME TUH MARRY YUH?
SI
COME TO MUH ARMS GAL COME TO MUH ARMS
J. Swafford

MINERVA.—Louis Bennison was the first husband in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" (Bosworth). Bert Hadley was the half-breed in "Little Pal." Charles West and the late Joseph Graybill in "The Last Drop of Water" (Biograph). Violet Radcliffe and Carmen De Rue in "The Little Life-guard." Juanita Hansen has joined Triangle.

SI FROM LAURENCE.—Personality is best, and the most permanent, for beauty is the first present Nature gives to a woman and the first it takes away. That sketch looks just like me. Of course I am funny. I admit it. You like the way I tease people. I dont think they like it, but I have to have my little fling occasionally. Jack Dean was Steve in "A Gutter Magdalene." Ernest Joy was Mr. Strong in "The Dupe."

RUTH D. M.—Eugene O'Brien was Hugh in "Poor Little Peppina."

EDNA B.—We had a chat with Mae Marsh in August, 1915.

H. B. F.—The life of love is better than the love of life, and it is better to eat to live than to live to eat. Voltaire's first tragedy came out when the author was 22. James Kirkwood in "Behind the Scenes."

PHYLLIS, N. Z.—You ought to see more Chaplin releases. Why dont you speak to your exhibitor?

SOPHIE L. D.—To "get the sack" is an old expression, meaning to be discharged, and it grew thus: The Sultan, when he wanted to be rid of one of his harem, had her put into a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. Ralph Lewis was Stoneman, George Seigman was Silas Lynch, and Wallace Reid was the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation."

MARGARET, CHERITON.—Your letter was very interesting. I was glad to get your ideas. None but the little minds is always right.

DOROTHY M., COLUMB.—I will try not to keep you waiting so long again. I dont expect to die for some time yet, so dont begin to worry. Theda Bara is not the original vampire in pictures. Alice Hollister can lay a claim to it, as she appeared in "The Vampire" in 1913, and in "The Destroyer" shortly afterwards.

LUCIA E. L.—Edna Eagels was Grace in "The House of Fear." Yes, I know it. Mrs. Sidney Drew was Lucille McVey before her marriage. It is said that the Sidney Drews' courtship started on a transcontinental train, and they were married while with the Vitagraph Company.

SILVER SPURS.—Ethel Grandin is with Consolidated, Tom Moore with Famous Players, and Joseph Kaufman with World.

READER.—Universal City and Hollywood are very near each other, and both are near Los Angeles. Queenie Rosson is the sister of Helene Rosson, and assumed her first important part in "The Demon of Fear."

LUCILLE P.—Yes, I always liked Harry Morey's acting. He is a strong character-player. I shall always remember him in "The Law Decides." Fay Wallace was Madeleine in "The Cave Man." Arthur Hoops opposite Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda."

ANITA STEWART II.—It isn't brave to face what we cannot dodge. You have the wrong title on that play. Raymond Washburn was Steadwell in "The Man Hunt." Pearl White is playing at the Pathé studio at that address. H. B. Warner has left Triangle.

BESSIE MAC.—No cast; sorry. Frank Borzage with American. Pictures are not always released immediately after completion.

DAN, 88.—I sent you one letter. I am surprised, Dan, at your attitude. I wont be bamboozled that way.

ROBERT D. S.—Please accept my apology. William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y., but he does not claim credit as the original of lobster à la Newburgh.

IN MOURNING

A. C. P., BATH.—Yes, that was pretty coarse comedy, for such a refined player. Please put your real name at the beginning hereafter. Sallie Crute has joined Metro. Vivian Rich opposite William Farnum for Fox. William Stowell is with American.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Chawmed to hear from you again. Our friend Anthony is playing for Vitagraph. Some of the players you mention are not playing, and the public only want to hear about the active stars. Let me hear from you again.

MYFANWY.—No, I never let any one see my letters. Surely, send it along. Bermuda uses 15,000 cases of condensed milk a year. Most of this comes from Canada, there being a prejudice against milk of this kind from the U. S. Its canned drama is from Uncle Sam.

DOROTHY R.—Yes, both those letters will be forwarded. You say I deserve Charlie Chaplin's salary, but I dont get it—there is a slight difference of $9,992 a week.

LILY ANNE.—Valeska Suratt may not be one of the best-dressed women on the screen, but she has the most elaborate wardrobe. Her gowns, hats, shoes, coatees, etc., run into the thousands, and are in charge of a secretary, who, among other things, keeps a card index of them. Victor Sutherland was John Jameson in "Those Who Toil."

MRS. MABEL C. H.—Yes, all the plays you mentioned are about six or seven reels. I take off my hat to Charles Kent, and I will pass it around for him if he ever needs it.

JEANETTE P. & JEAN.—Marshall Neilan was born in San Francisco, and he is about twenty-three years old.

ETHEL A. R.—So you think that House Peters is much better-looking than I am. Hist! The green-eyed monster is approaching. Yes, indeed, we lead, others follow. We were the first and always the largest.

JOSEPH R.—Come right along. Hobart Bosworth in "Monte Cristo." I think that they should not allow on the screen representation of crime in such a detailed way as may teach the methods of committing crime, except as it serves as a warning to the whole public.

FUNNY BONE.—Yes, I have noticed that a good many Australians like Robert Leonard and Ella Hall. And why shouldn't they?

K. M. D., WEST PERTH.—Remember that the National Board of Review is not a censor of taste, unless it is clear that the question of taste is essentially a moral question. You will have to obtain those pictures from the company he is with. William Worthington and William J. Quinn in "Called Back." Carleton King was the fanatic in "The Working of a Miracle."

BERTHA, AUSTRALIA.—Leo Delaney is with Sawyer. Let me hear from you when you come to California.

MARY K.—You want more information about Sheldon Lewis. I have informed the Editor of your wants.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Tickled to death to hear from you again. And such a long letter! You are as witty as of old. I will also tell the Editor what you want about Edward Earle. Thanks for the nickel.

CRABBY.—Happiness is simply unrepented pleasures. Yes, come along. Barbara Gilroy was Sibyl in "The Dark Silence." I dont know what you like best.

ANXIOUS ALICE.—Yes, there are separate censors in many different cities. No, you could use the name of the player.

CHOCOLATE GINGER.—I can chew any kind of gum, except gum arabic. My brains and jaws must work together. You mustn't believe all you hear. If I was a female, I would advise you all about it. Everybody would know it then.

NERVY NAT.—Thanks for the cinco pesos. Eric Von Stroheim was Buzzard in "The Social Secretary." So you didn't care for "The Combat."

TOMMY.—Thanks muchly. Edward Earle left Edison about six months ago. He immediately went with Metro. Of course he is a star, and he has had stage experience. I know him well and I stamped him O.K.

MIRIAM F. H., ST. LOUIS.—Welcome back. It is not hard to be good in a cell, and not hard to be honest when we have everything we want. Horace Hollacher was the little Dutch boy in "Hulda from Holland." Yes, Wallace MacDonald. I haven't heard from W. H. Henderson for some time. 'Tis sad.

LOUIS K.—Write your congressman to send you a copy of the Clayton act. No, thanks; there is nothing I want now unless it be a nice little Packard touring car.

J. L., NEW YORK.—Thanks for the verse, but I dont know how to advise you. Married life is all right, and then again it isn't. I'm happy, but perhaps I would be happier if I were gooder. Thanks for the rose.

STORY HOUR.—Now which do you enjoy most—attracting praise to yourself, or detracting praise from others? Films are usually colored by hand. You will be informed when your Classic subscription expires. Thank you.

PEBBIE.—Of course I am always glad to hear your secrets. You must tell them to some one, and I am the best man I know of. Marie Walcamp was Mrs. Brandt in "Where Are My Children?" and Rene Rogers was Lillian. Yes, thanks.

MARY ANNE, JR.—You ask if Edna Mayo is anything to Frank Mayo. Nothing but a brother player. See your exhibitor about running "Is Any Girl Safe?"

TIRIA.—Thanks for the crushed roses—terribly kind and thoughtful of you. Denman Moley was Happy Jack in "Old Homestead." Hal Clarendon was John in "Always in the Way." James Kirkwood is directing for American. No, we dont happen to need a stenographer at this time. Sorry.

LORRAINE.—How sorry I am! That wasn't meant for you, so pray dont be angry.

OLGA.—So you are going to become a photoplayer. All hail! You call my hallroom a storehouse of knowledge and me the father of wit? I'm going to ask for a raise on the strength of that.

MABEL S.—Your questions were intended for this department, and not for The Answer Lady. William Courtleigh is still with Famous Players.

RAY F.—Theda Bara's picture in October 1916 Classic. May Allison will be glad to mail you a photograph of herself if you send stamps for mailing. Address her care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, Longacre Bldg., N. Y. City.

SUE H. P.—Surely I like Marguerite Clark, and more than I would dare tell her. If you send a stamped, addressed envelope we will send you that complete cast. It would take up too much room.

ROBERT R., SALEM.—I never heard of it. Marguerite Clark and Arthur Hoops in "Gretna Green" (Famous Players). Harold Lockwood and Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower." Blanche Sweet and Hal Clements in "Secret Sin" (Lasky). Harry Watson has joined the Essanay.

LILLIAN E. C., NEW YORK.—The best way to repent is to do better next time. Lillian Lorraine is not playing now.

GIRL FROM TENNESSEE.—When in doubt, tell the truth—particularly if you think you'll get found out. Cleo Madison played both parts in that Universal. Your other questions are pretty old.

JULIA B., SHELTON.—Charles Waldron was Mr. Embury in "Mice and Men." J. Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson in "The Silent Battle." Claire Anderson, you refer to.

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

MELVA.—So you shrieked with merriment when you read what I had to say about the dyeing of waists. Why, I thought those words on waists was a waste of words. I dont know why dreams dont come true, but I'm glad they dont. Thanks for your suggestion, which I have handed to the Editor.

W. A. M., CAL.—Robert Thornby is directing Carlyle Blackwell and Ethel Clayton. Yes, Page Peters did die. Thanks for yours.

BESS M.—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati. No way of getting that information. Mabel Taliaferro has started a bright fad called "The Gossip Box." For women it is a tiny change purse, and men will carry it in their pockets. Any acquaintance who starts a bit of malicious gossip is asked at once to place a fine in "The Gossip Box." All fines collected are given to charity.

KLUE, KLEE.—Why send Mexican kisses? I like any kind—molasses, cocoanut, and the other kind also. Yes, Antonio Moreno is all you say and more.

MARTHA V.—Carlotta de Felice recently married to Winton P. Breese. S. Rankin Drew opposite Anita Stewart in "The Suspect." He did not play in "The Daring of Diana." You will have to write to our Circulation Manager for that information.

CESSIE F.—Calm yourself. Of course the ears have walls. You dont want to see so much about Francis X.? You say I am as wise as Solomon and the Sphinx combined, and almost as old as Methuselah. Please send that fudge right along quick. Burton King directs Olga Petrova.

RITA M., BERKELEY.—No, a college education is not necessary in order to receive an answer. I dare you to send the picture. Maybe I will answer you personally then. Accept my apology, my queen.

FLORENCE A. S.—You will reach Charles Ray, Triangle Co., Culver City, Cal. Mary Miles Minter is with American Co., Santa Barbara, Cal. You will hear more about Edward Earle soon.

SUNSHINE, ST. LOUIS.—Heap much thanks for the copy of "The Scrollogram," which is published by your Motion Picture Correspondence Club, of which Mrs. Grace Kramer, of 3009 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo., is secretary. I enjoyed reading it very much—long may she wave!

AMELIA G.—Sorry, but no doubt your letter has been answered before this. By no means am I mythical, but verily the real thing.

LESLIE, WATERBURY, O.—So you miss "We have with us this evening." The Editor is going to put the names of the players under or over the pictures hereafter. Ruth Stonehouse never played in "Peg o' the Ring," as was announced. Alfred Vosburgh and Vivian Rich in "Tangled Skeins" (American). Yours was interesting—thanks for the program.

LADY INQUISITIVE.—It is a rare exception when children are forced to do things against their will in the studios, especially scenes that may frighten them. Mrs. Irene Lee, the mother of Jane and Katherine Lee, tells me that she has trained her children to go to bed alone in the dark, and has told them all sorts of ghost stories, with the result that they have become quite friendly with these creatures of the imagination. Dont be alarmed, Mary Pickford is no consumptive. Well, I try to manage to get at least seven hours' sleep, and if I miss it one night, I make it up the next.

MRS. BEELE S.—Frances Miller was Liza in "The Tortured Heart." Glad you like the Classic. A chat with Thomas Meighan soon.

MARGARET S.—My cards dont show Creighton Hale's salary, nor whether Pearl White's hair is curly.

ELEANOR P., NEW LONDON.—Did you see the Deutschland come in? Billy Jacobs is playing in a Lasky picture just now. So "Madame Butterfly" taken in Connecticut.

SPADLA SCHZICHKA.—Yes, Harry Myers plays in his own comedies. I dont care to give any advice about that ad. I know nothing about them personally. Thoroly enjoyed your letter. The American flag was first used by Washington at Cambridge, January 1, 1776.

BROOKLYNITE.—Ella Hall is still with Universal. Your letter was really splendid.

MILDRED G.—About five years ago Anita Stewart was an extra. Warren Kerrigan is sometimes called Jack. It is easy to be critical and hard to be correct. You should be guided by your admiration rather than by your disgust.

BILLY S.—I want to hear from you again, but please do ask some questions.

DOROTHY D.—Yes, she is married. E. H. Brady was the villain in "Who Pays?" A film producer is known by the company it keeps. The earth's atmosphere extends from the earth's surface to an altitude of about four miles only, but it is too rare to support life after the first few miles. We haven't had a chat with him as yet. Kalem produced "Hazards of Helen."

JOSEPHINE P.—No, Warren Kerrigan is not married. Yes, Olga Petrova. Vim Company is at Jacksonville, Fla. All of the screen stars receive thousands of letters from admirers. Some of them answer the letters personally, and some do not. While May Allison was traveling from New York to the West Coast her mail accumulated in New York, and she asked that it be expressed to her to save postage. Her express bill on this package amounted to over $15.00.

LEOLA A. A.—Alma Reuben was Teresa in "Half Breed." Your letter was a trifle long. Brevity is a rare virtue.

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH ADMIRER.—Thanks for the photo.

R. E. A. OF MONTREAL.—Yes, write to our sales manager.

THELMA Q.—So you think "The Yellow Menace" was taken in Mount Vernon. I guess they all wear corsets. Taste makes waist.

TOGA.—No, I never heard that before. It was very funny. Thanks.

"Gloria, 17"; Robert F. S.; "Andy"; Grace A., Little Falls; W. R. M.; Marion Brown; Iouna Ford; Daisy Bell; "Blanche Sweet Lover"; Lillian D., Trenton; G. L. S.; Harry Carey Admirer; American Beauties; R. H. R.; Lavinia; Miss Movie Fan; Celeste B.; Edythe B.; Golden West; Kitty Colamoo Gulash; "Baby Belle"; B. R., Quebec; Olga X.; "The Two Katinkas"; C. E. S. W.; Ivette P. H.; P. Peterson; A. Keller; Kenneth H. C.; X. Y. Z.; J. T. A.; Anna C.; L. C. W.; Adelaide E.; Alma S., Bronx; Hong Kong Horace; B. H. C., Ark.; Nellie

END OF FIRST REEL

Gray; M. P. M. Fan; B. V. D.; D. L., Sioux City; A. K., Washington, D. C.; Une Amie; Helen L., Trenton; Mabel Normand Lover; B. C. J. Y. and M. S.; Evelyn B.; Lucille G.; H. F. C.; Louise M., Tex.; Diebel Sisters; Mabel, 14; Peggy M.; G. J. L.; Anna R.; Charles G. W.; L. C., Racine; Hazel G., Hannibal; Genevieve D., Cal.; Henry D., N. Y. City; D. E. J.; Mrs. M., Tampa; W. F. E., Houston; Bess S.; Pearl White Admirer; Louise T.; Bushman-Bayne Admirer; W. A. E.; T. M. E.; "Peg"; Mrs. A. C. S.; Miss Billie S.; Yetta M.; Cleo Madison Admirer; A Pansy Girlie; R. F. D.; Mary Fuller Admirer; Alice Joyce Friend; "Marie B."; Pauline Frederick Fan; Lilola, 17; I. Rosenthal; Pearl White's Admirer of Montreal; L. C. M., 2; Mary E. D.; Helen Ford and Lois LaBadie; "Frank"; L. H., Atlanta; V. D.; Ollie P.; Anita D.; Elsa K.; L. M. S., Muncie; "A Farnum Fan"; J. G., Toronto; William B. B.; Marguerite Winnefred; Ernest S.; M. G.; Katherine P.; Agnes B.; F. A. K.; Mildred B.; Miss Billie; C. F. G.; "Cutie"; J. V. G.; Tom Forman Admirer; M. E. R.; Jessie B.; Ewell W., Ark.; "A Paramount Fan"; Herbert D.; S. C., Fremont; "Johnny Dilpickles"; Alice Joyce Admirer; Nadwis; "Jeff"; Sessue Hayakawa Admirer; "Blanche Sweet Fan"; C. E. V.; J. T. B.; "Wonder"; "Peg o' the Ring"; M. G. B.; B. A. Sport; Bryam P.; Anna Walt; Winifred Kingston's Distracted Lover; Lillian S., Mo.; Barry B.; Jennie S., Sedalia; Mrs. Korman; Queen Anna; Olga Petrova Admirer; Alice S., Hillsdale; D. C. C. G.; P. W., E. M., J. H. Dorothy Cohen; Stephen W., Mass.; Tony K. K. K.; Florence Dallee; M. H. F.; M. C., Hamilton; Mal; "Dottie"; J. F. W.; U. R. Looney; M. R. L.; Alyce Alston; Lawrence; Mary, Salt Lake; A Frederick Admirer; Verna's Admirer; Pinky, 13; H. D., Vancouver; C. A. M.; Bobby Girl; Blanche Powell; Elsie K., St. Louis.—Greetings and thanksgivings to you all; but since you ask me no questions, I can tell you no lies.

Sans Souci.—Haven't heard from you in some time. John Bowers was Allan in "Hulda from Holland." Ormi Hawley was with Metro last. See your exhibitor about running "Is Any Girl Safe?" Like "Where Are My Children?" it has had a pretty hard time getting by the censors. "No girl is safe" in Boston, anyway, because they revoked the Majestic Theater's license before the film was run. Norma Talmadge in "Panthea" soon.

Wanta Noah Lot.—Clara Williams was opposite H. B. Warner in "The Market of Vain Desire." Winifred Kingston in "The Parson of Paramint." Nona Thomas in "The Apostle of Vengeance." You certainly ask enough questions.

Dorothy D.—Of course, I will excuse your mistakes. I make mistakes myself. Howard Truesdale was Edward in "Marse Covington." Eddie Lyons was Eddie in "Mrs. Plum's Pudding." William Raymond was Tony in "Woman in 47." That which is spoken dies, that which is written lives—unless it goes into the waste-basket.

Hylva S., Janesville.—Billie Burke was "Peggy." Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Saints and Sinners."

Margaret H., La Grange.—Edward Coxen was Romeo in "The Water Carrier of San Juan." Thomas Meighan was John in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Monday was dedicated to the moon, and was represented by a female on a pedestal, with a very singular dress and two long ears. Earle Foxe has just joined Metro.

Oscar D. C., 13.—Dorothy Graham was the girl in "A Musical Mix-up." Victor Potel is with Universal.

Spitfire.—Do I think Wallace Reid resembles Paul Swan? Why not? I recognize the writing from of old. Rosina Henley was Mercia opposite William Farnum.

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ANNA BELLE. — "Gloria's Romance" was taken down South. David Powell was Richard. I doubt whether the carnival will be held again. I advise you not to try to get in the pictures. Without experience you will have a hard row to hoe—or none at all.

NELL M.—Gladden James is with Triangle. We may have an interview with him soon. I sometimes wear glasses, and I have to when you write so fine. Pity my eyes-in-glass.

E. H. T.—Yours was more of an oration. Why not hire a hall? You refer to Marshall Neilan. He is directing for Lasky. Yes, indeed. If you cant keep your secret, how can you expect anybody else to keep it? Hence, keep it to yourself. Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.

L. L. E. H.—Ralph Herz is a "Cantab" or graduate of Cambridge University. He came to the United States with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, appearing in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Aunt Jennie" and "The Joy of Living." He has also been in musical-comedy, and was the character-star in "Ruggles of Red Gap." If you were not answered, it is because you didn't put your name and address in the letter. L. C. Shumway is with Universal.

FRANCESCA F. O.—But you must not ask for pictures of myself, for they are rare and priceless.

KATHRYN DUFEE.—So you write to the limerick winners. No, I never met the lady personally, altho our Editor has. Violet MacMillan is with California M. P. Co.

ELIZABETH S.—Harold Lockwood is not married. Viola Dana has been on the stage in New York. Why dont you send your votes in for George Walsh? Every little bit helps, but you'll have to hurry.

GRACE S.—Barbara Gilroy was the girl in "Nymph." Thomas Curran was the artist. "High sea" is usually three miles from the coast. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

MARY J. G.—But dont you ever stop to think of the expense a player is put to when sending photographs and letters to all his or her admirers? Remember, you are only one—so enclose a little compensation.

WILLIAM T. P.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn. No, he is not married. "Duping" is film theft that all the manufacturers have to guard against. The Chaplin pictures are insured with a burglary insurance policy that covers "duping." The process consists of making a negative from the positive print by a reversal of the usual photo-print process. From the negative so made, any number of "dupes" can be made.

SWEET TENNESSEE GIRL.—I dont know why fat men are always funny, but I do know than thin men are not always solemn. You refer to True Boardman, in "The Social Pirates."

WILLIAM T. H.—And where are you keeping yourself? Why dont you let me hear from you?

HELEN C.—Thanks for that information.

ALBERT ROSE.—So you want less cartoons and more answers? Perhaps the Editor will observe your wishes, but all do not agree. You like Nell Shipman's eyes. Emerson is good reading for you.

STELLA B.—Your questions were all out of order. Why not ask about the different plays, players, etc.

FLORENCE H.—Sorry I cant help you.

LOUIS S., IRVINGTON.—I dont know where that other letter is; but Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are not married. Nat Goodwin and Flora Finch are playing together in "'Tuned Up."

OLGA, 17.—So you saw "The Masque of Life." Have no cast for it, but will let you know later. Billie Quirk, Augustus Phillips, Estelle Mardo, Edward O'Connor in Monmouth pictures.

WERNER.—Of course the election suited me. I am a little sorry now that I didn't accept the nomination myself, but with my help I think Wilson will be able to get along. Ruth Roland is with Balboa. Marguerite Courtot is with Famous Players. I have passed your limerick along. Thanks.

LILOLA.—Thank you for the fee. Yes, Karin Norman is Lillian Walker's sister. I certainly enjoyed your long letter.

WORCESTER.—I suggest that you submit that play. I envy none who know more than I; but I pity him who knows less.

PEARL WHITE'S FRIEND; GRACE M.; MR. S., NEWPORT; MR. PETER J.; CONVERTED FAN; HAROLD H.; THORA L-O M.; MARGARET E. S.; LYDIA H.; IDA VAN V.; CAREY AND GOLDEN ADMIRER; NANCY C.; JANE E.; DEAN; EVERY WEEK; LILLIAN C., DENVER; ERNESTINE, J. AND A.; A. S. M.; ATLANTA INQUIRER; BUSHMAN ADMIRER; F. C. M.; ELISABETH A.; VIVIAN Y.; CUNARD ADMIRER; DOLLY DIMPLES; CASEY; MATHEW G.; HELEN MCC.; NORFOLK: J. L. S.; V. CUMMINGS; MARGARET B.; B. H. S.; ANNETTE B.; LORRAINE; BOOTS, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.; FANNIE; BOB C.; BERTHA F.; FORD AND CUNARD; YOURS TRULY; KATIE W.; O. D. G., 13; EDITH F.; BILL SHEA; ALMIRA C.; FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER; GLADYS S.; LOCKWOOD ADMIRER; GOODRICH ADMIRER; MABELLE M.; SUNNY JIM; HARRY S.; ELSIE VAN D. AND PHYLLIS A.; DIMPLES; NELLIE B.; A. R. C.; ROBERT M.; EDWARD C.; MARIAN Y.; DOROTHY S.; S. B. B., WINDSOR; DR. U.; ROBERT P.; CATHARINE; OCTOBER OPAL; EMMA W.; FRED C.; CAPRICE ADMIRER; NILES WELCH ADMIRER; LULA G.; FANNIE W.; CHARLES H., LARCHMONT; GRACE H.; KATHLEEN A1; QRURO; CECIL M.; BARA LUNATIC; LILLIAN, 19; MADALINE E. C.; LILLIAN MCA.; SAPHEAD, 23; VERA D.; MRS. N. T. G.; MISS M. R. BEAUMONT; WM. S.; BRONCHO KID; FANNYE P.; ORIE L.; M. A. B., AND MARJORIE D.—I am sorry indeed, but your questions have been answered before, and there is nothing further to say except—thanks!

JULIA S. C.—Haven't the name of the photographer who took the photo of H. B. Warner in September Magazine. Thanks.

ARCHIE J., WESTBORO.—Theda Bara has been playing for Fox about a year. No, I dont remember seeing that poem.

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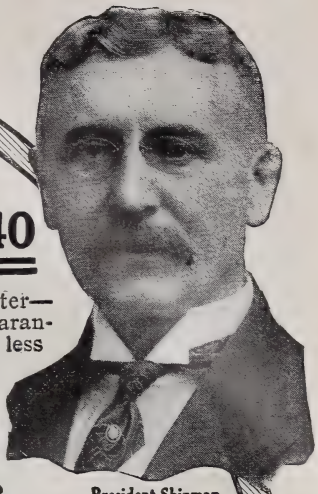

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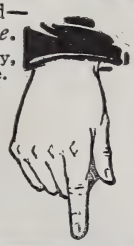

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ESTHER S.—Charles Ray is with Triangle in Culver City. The Classic sells for 15c. a copy, same as Magazine.

LILLIAN M. R.—Half the world eats twice too much, and half the world doesn't get half enough to eat. You want to see Norma Talmadge and Antonio Moreno again together. Nay, child, never again, I fear. They do make a fine couple, tho. Your letter was a James Dandy.

KATHERINE G. — Wallace Reid opposite Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen." You want a picture of Mrs. Vernon Castle.

GRACE M.—That's news to me. Mabel Normand has her own company. Conway Tearle in "Helene of the North." Yes, it is rather cool—there are so many fans!

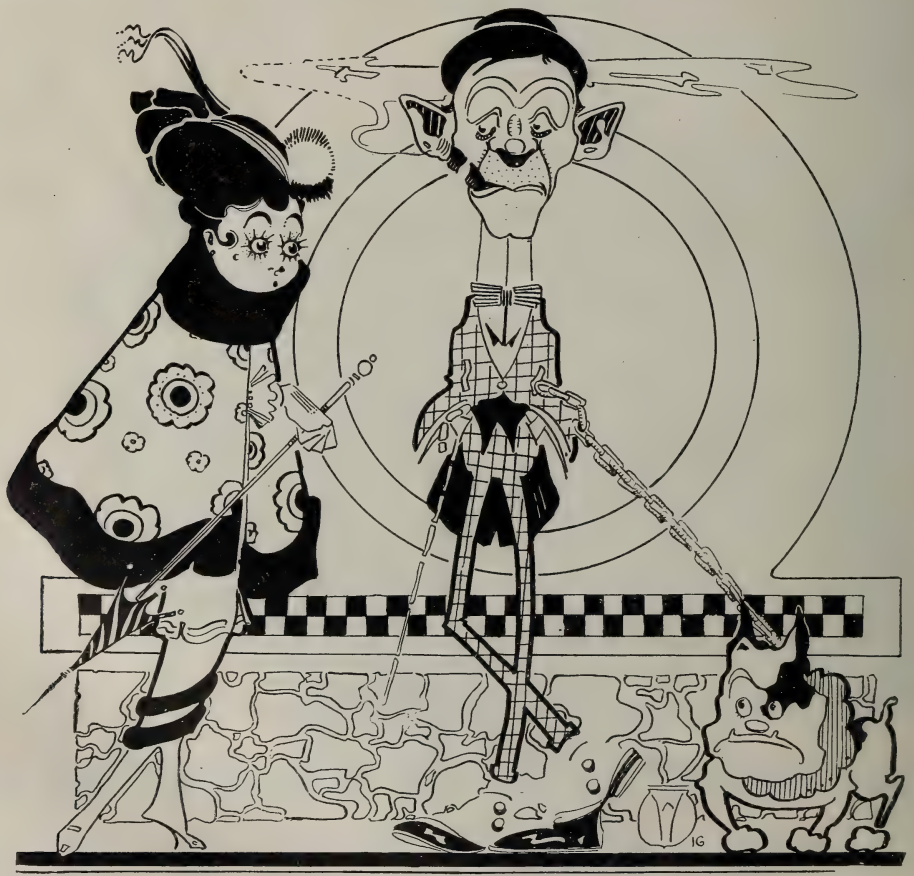
DONK U. S.—Yes, Lottie Pickford has a baby. Norma Talmadge's picture in May, 1916. No, I dont think Mary Pickford has ever taken the part of a vampire—that is not her style.

HAM-BUD ADMIRER.—After the best limericks are selected for the month, by the Limerick Editor, the Editor calls in The Answer Man and his assistant, and we four, after a limerick is read, give it a rating, according to its value, and at the end of the reading we compare notes, and in this way the winners are selected. Then the Editor selects drawings to illustrate them.

MARGUERITE OF PARIS.—Your letter was so very winsome, but mostly about Tom Forman. He is still with Lasky. He who smiles must also sigh, for laughter is the sister of tears.

RUTH MC.—Wouldn't you use your best paper for me? Charles West was Hal in "The Dream Girl" (Lasky). Elmer Clifton was opposite Dorothy Gish in "Little Schoolma'am." You tell your mother that candy is good for children — chocolate especially, and so is sugar. That is why they crave it so.

DORCIA.—Mary Miles Minter answers all of her letters personally, and usually sends her admirers an autographed photograph. Wilfred Lucas was Jack in "The Lily and the Rose." You refer to William Hinckley as Ted. Yes, Ray Gallagher.



MOVIE STAR (*to camera-man*)—Oh, Mr. Lean, I see you're back from the front.
CAMERA-MAN—I always knew that I was thin; but I never thought that you could see my back from the front.

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PEG O' THE NORTH. — Valeska Suratt is with Fox, 130 W. 46th St., New York City. Ann Schaefer is with Western Vitagraph. Either Olga or Madam Petrova. She is English-Polish, you know. Yes, I think she will answer you. Yes, indeed, I was glad to see you. Stop in again when you are down this way. Yes, it was a big strike they had in Edison's phonograph plant, but it did not break all records.

M. P. S.—But dont you know that you must sign your name? No, we are not contemplating a contest. Thanks for the fee.

FRANKLYN B. B.—My records dont show how tall Douglas Fairbanks is. Next time I see him I will measure him. Yes, Sarah Bernhardt appeared in "Jeanne Doré." Billie Burke is about 30.

W. W. PEAVEY.—Glad to have you as one of my friends. So you want your Pansy friends to know you are back from the Border. You've got me.

MARIE K.—Robert Frazer was with Lubin last, and Raymond Gallagher with Universal. So you dont care for Lois Weber's directing.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER. — Heap much thanks for your generous fee. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1875. She has played on the stage in London and in America. Yes, I agree with you about that letter that was published. Thanks for the things you say about me. So you are anxiously waiting to see Mary Pickford.

BEVERLY.—Bryant Washburn was Paul in "The Havoc." You ask: Do I think a girl with auburn hair and pug nose could get a position? Search me. She might, and then again she mightn't.

RUTH RICHARDS. — Earle Williams and Anita Stewart in "The Juggernaut." No, we never carried the story "Wildflower."

S. P., MEMPHIS.—You hate? I am surprised! Hatred is nothing but settled anger. Get it out of your system. Mary Pickford's studio is at 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Helen Gardner had the lead in Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair," Leo Delaney opposite her. Mrs. Fiske in Edison's "Vanity Fair."

RAY, GREEN BAY.—"Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written by Julia Ward Howe in 1861. So you think October was the best Magazine we ever had, but wait till you see this one! Theda Bara and Stuart Holmes in "East Lynne."

VERNA, MINN.—The jealous sneer is the weak man's acknowledgment of the strong man's superiority. Isn't it so? Lillian Lorraine was Annette in "Neal of the Navy." Harry Morey in "The Pillar of Flame."

MELVA.—Dan Hanlon was Bill in "The Great Problem." No, Melva, I could never mistake you for another.

EDWIN S.—Joseph Singleton and Mabel Van Buren in "Brewster's Millions." Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuri Aoki in "Alien Souls."

MARIAN.—The world produces about 530,000,000 pounds of cocoa every year, of which the U. S. consumes 130,000,000 pounds —more than any other country, Germany being next. Yes, you might try them. Eleanor Woodruff is playing on the stage now. Crane Wilbur is not with Vitagraph, but he ought to be. You did not enclose that picture.

LOIS.—Jewel Carman was Jane.

A. M. S., PORTLAND.—Well, the way to approach perfection is to strive constantly to make your best better. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn Feb. 17, 1895. I hope you continue doing it. So you liked "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

MILDRED L. E.—Your letter was just right. Clara K. Young's picture in May, 1913, and in December, 1916.

RED SOX FAN.—Allow me. Florence Dagmar was opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Clown." Frank Wupperman was Sir Richard in "The Suspect." You want to know how to reduce. Well, what? Weight, expense or doctor's bills? I suggest in all cases to stop eating. The only expenses you will then have will be funeral expenses.

A. R.—You call me "Dear Old Answer Man," and I am only 74! You better not be wild about becoming a player until you have read all we have to say on the subject.

GERTRUDE, NEW ORLEANS.—You refer to Claire Whitney, as Barbara in "East Lynne." Come again!

EDNA F., TRENTON.—I doubt whether we will have the pennants then. We are offering photographs of the players — real photographs, and they are mighty fine for a year's subscription. William Desmond.

LONESOME HEART.—You have my sympathy. Margarita Fischer is with Mutual.

DUMB BELL.—Dont be bashful with me. Nay, nay, madam, say not so. I dont care to give my opinion as to the best-dressed man on the screen.

THEDA BARAITE.—Most of her pictures are taken in New York. You refer to the late Page Peters. Yes, my mistake. He was drowned.

PATRICA.—I try to say simple things finely, and fine things simply, but I usually make a mess of it, I fear. You have the wrong title on that. Billie Billings was Marie in "The Hunted Woman." Yes, Jane Cowl is fine.

GLADYS M.—Surely, write again. Betty Compton was the wife in "A Quiet Supper for Four." Yes, the same Charlotte Ives.

MILDRED B.—I am happy to say I dont own a Ford. A Ford is all right—as far as it goes. Yes, Gertrude Shipman played "Camille" in a Champion film.

MELVA.—Never had the pleasure of meeting Mary Fuller personally. So you didn't care for Billie Burke in "Gloria's Romance." Certainly not, I am always glad to hear from you. Homer is said to have composed the "Iliad" after he was 60, so there's still hope for me.

LUCIA E. L. VINA.—You bet I love to walk in the woods. Woods are scarce in New York. Vernon Steele was Paul in "Hearts in Exile." You have the wrong title.

PINKY, 17.—Harry Hilliard had the lead in "A Modern Thelma." I understand you have a new Strand Theater in your town.

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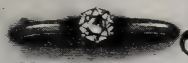
ARE WORN BY
PEARL WHITE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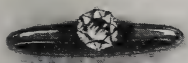
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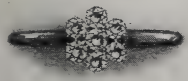
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RUTH F.—Gladys Hulette and Ethelmary Oakland in "The Shine Girl."

PAULENA. — Margarita Fischer is with Mutual. Nobody is satisfied with his lot—unless it be a lot—or perhaps a corner lot. Alas, I haven't even a cemetery lot, and hope I'll never need one.

VOCAL STUDENT.—Success to you. But you must give your name and address, please. Sorry you are ill. Wont you please ask some questions?

CARRIE C. R.—So you want a chat with Frank Keenan. Soon.

MINNESOTA.—Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! You have me cornered! How can I tell you who the girl was who stood in front of the door? A. D. Sears directed.

CLAIRE F.—Marie Walcamp and Wellington Playter had the leads in "Coral." You ask what size shoe Marguerite Clark wears. Now, suppose I play Prince Charming and find out. I would like nothing better.

PRINEVILLE, ORE.—And you, too, must give your name, for I am no mind-reader. Otherwise you wont get an answer. Send for a list of film manufacturers.

MARJORIE E.—Earthquakes are caused by the cooling of the earth, causing the crust or surface to crack or rock. Mae Murray and Tom Forman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Yes, Teddy Sampson is married.

SPEED. — Marguerite Clark was born in Avondale, Cinn., on February 22, 1887. She is very small, only four feet in height, and weighs 95 pounds. She is the possessor of beautiful big brown eyes and brown hair. We had a chat with Norma Talmadge in Nov., 1914. Marcia Harris was Martha in "Susie Snowflake."

JANE H.—Cracking jokes is absolutely useless in Motion Pictures. I am afraid you will have a hard time.

MEXICAN H.—Yes, a chat with Charles Ray soon. Wallace Reid in "The Chorus Lady." So many babies have been named after J. Warren Kerrigan (he tells me he has sent his picture to over one hundred fond mothers this year) that I suggest he get up a baby contest, limited to the crop of "J. Warrens." The judges would have to be color experts, as many of the babies are black, brown, yellow and Indian red.

"Now, son, I'll give you the dime, all right, but remember it's all the money you can have today, so make it go as far as you can."

"All right, dad. I'll go t' a movie, an' stay all day."

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Putting Good Looks To Work

What It Means to Screen Players to Have and Retain a Clear Skin

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Realizing the importance of good health and good looks in the Motion Picture dramatic field, as well as upon the stage, we announce a series of articles by leading players, each devoted to a topic they consider of the most importance and upon which they have specialized. Following Miss Tapley's article will appear interesting and exclusive talks by well-known stars on hygiene; the care of the teeth; the preservation of the hair; eye treatment for stage and general use; the culture of the hands; and many other interesting articles that can well be taken to heart by the players as well as by our readers.

ROSE TAPLEY

IN telling my readers about the care of the skin, I will speak of nothing that I have not personally done, or else has been vouched for by some of my friends in the profession. Nor can I set myself up as an authority. I know, however, that a clear, if not brilliant, skin is almost a stage necessity, and this applies equally as emphatically to the art of photodramatics. Several years ago, when most scenes were photographed on the twelve-foot line or even as deep as eighteen, where groups were used, complexion amounted to little. As long as the players could carry out the plot by gesture and action sufficient for the day was the evil thereof. But now has dawned the day of the close-up—of minute facial play, where even the texture of the skin, veins of the eyes, and the conformation and lustre of the teeth are under microscopic exposure.

I have been asked to write particularly upon the importance of clear skin in the Motion Picture field, but I cannot help but add how very important it is, too, upon the stage. Of course, you must realize that the real tint of a skin will not reproduce on the screen. Brunettes often appear to be a pallid white, and vice versa. The make-up of the player and the imagination of the audience usually bring about the proper effect. If a girl's hair is decidedly blonde, or, on the other hand, decidedly dark, the audience will promptly gift her with a proper shade of complexion.

This use of the imagination is as it should be, for without imagination on the audience's part, both for the idealization of the types portrayed as well as for their emotions, photodrama would fall quite flat. But now we come to some [illegible] that is difficult to overcome, and where no effort of the imagination will compensate for its weakness. A flabby or blemished skin put to the test of the close-up can hardly be disguised. In my long career upon the stage I was always careful to see that my make-up box was stocked with only the best grades of preparations. Cheap grease-paints in time will ruin any skin, and this may be said equally as strongly of face-washes, creams and soaps. I felt that I should make more or

(*Continued on page* 158)

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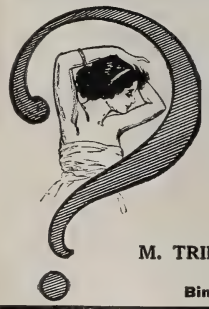

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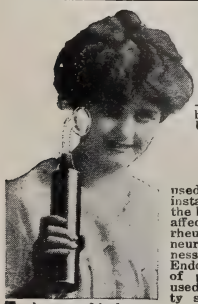

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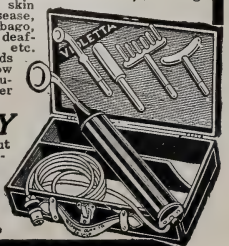

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(*Continued from page* 156)

less of a study of the care of the skin, and in the end it has proved invaluable to me, when I transferred my allegiance from the stage to the studio.

Facial blemishes come from some organic or blood weakness, or from the condition of the skin itself. So little is known about it that all sorts of fake doctors have sprung up to trade upon the credulity of their patients. I remember a case of a very beautiful young girl, a friend of mine, who, when she reached twenty years of age, had the mortification to find that her once clear skin was being covered with pimples. Her skin was of a particularly fine texture, and the removal of each pimple by curetting left a scar upon her face. In despair, she consulted one of the best specialists in New York, who advised her simply to take plenty of vigorous exercise and drink at least two quarts of water a day. Strange as it may seem, the treatment proved most effective. The doctor had judged my friend to be too full-blooded and had taken a very simple way to remedy the defect.

Improper cooking, of course, has ruined many a skin, especially for those whose organs will not digest fats readily. The excess of fats naturally work into the skin and seek an outlet in blackheads, pimples and other facial excrements. In such cases a vegetable diet and the treatment of the skin with wholesome creams will usually do much toward improving it.

I have known Mary Pickford ever since she was a very little girl; in fact, at one time she played in the same company with me, and I often envied her her peculiarly fresh complexion, as delicate as a tea-rose. Recently I met her at one of the movie expositions and asked her how she managed to preserve her skin as against the wear and tear of constant exposure to the sun, fogs, salt air, and the incessant use of make-up. Little Mary told me that she used Pompeian cream or some other equally reliable emollient as religiously as she said her prayers, and that she believed they offset the ravages of alkali dust, wind and weather. The duty of a non-medicinal soap is to cleanse the skin, and of a cream to protect it. Beware of the soaps and creams that offer premiums in excess of value of the articles. It simply cant be done. A good

soap, like a good cream, must give value received, and no more, in order to contain ingredients of lasting medicinal merit.

I take no hesitancy in recommending a good cream made from the milkweed fluid, such as Ingram product, but be careful of the imitation articles offered, masquerading under the name of milkweed. It has been my good fortune to meet Dorothy Gish several times thru her intimacy with Mary Pickford, and while her skin is more pallid than Little Mary's, its texture and delicacy are quite remarkable. When Miss Gish transferred her studio activities from the East to the West she found, to her horror, that the alkali dust, which is a strong corrosive, was rapidly toughening her skin. Combined with the strong sea-fogs of the West Coast, its delicate surface texture was becoming as rough as a washerwoman's hands. By the nightly application of an honest milkweed cream, Miss Gish tells me that her complexion has resumed its normal texture and is still one of her greatest screen assets.

You would be surprised how far adulterations and substitution have gone in the sale of skin products. The other day a good illustration was brought home to me. I received a circular offering to sell me, on account of my being in the theatrical profession, a case of talcum powder at less than one-half the regular price. I tried the article, and found out that, while it was smooth and pleasant at first, after being on the face a short time nothing but white grit remained. Talcum powder may be only a secondary aid to the preservation of the skin, altho I am a strong believer in its use when exposed to a trying sun, especially on the salt water. The inferior grades are made from domestic talcum, which costs about six dollars a ton, and whose proper use is in the paper mills, where it is used to finish paper. But our skins are far from having the toughness of paper, and only talcum of the finest and smoothest texture should be used upon tender skins.

The use of perfumes has little or nothing to do with the care of the skin. Perfumed complexion-cakes, however, are in many cases simply a dry form of complexion cream, and produce the same good effects when exposed to the heat of

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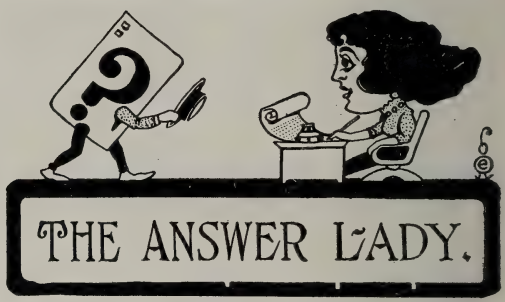
the skin pores. Cheap perfume is not only in bad taste, but is often dangerous. Only the coarsest grade of alcohol can be used in a perfume that sells at so much per pint; even tho there is generally a big difference in price, stick to the better known and higher priced products as a matter of self-protection to your skin.

Good skins, then, are congenital, or born with you, or are spoiled thru organic or blood conditions, and in such cases should be treated by a direct application to the organs, or blood itself, under the care of a competent physician. Complexion preservatives, as I have endeavored to show, are equally as important. The house beautiful must be protected from the outside as well as from within, and, like poor paints applied to a house, a skin will soon break down under abnormal conditions if not decently treated.



THE ANSWER LADY.

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

WALTER, WORCESTER ACADEMY.—Why not send a stamped envelope to our Manuscript Department with a request for a sample scenario? That will give you a clear idea of the manner in which to prepare your play and will make it more readable. Good luck.

DEAR LITTLE MARTHA.—You cannot become an actress by merely wishing to be. You must have some talent in that direction, or else you never could be really successful. Continue with your school, and dont worry about what you will be when you are older. Make the most of your opportunity today and the rest will come in time. Affectionately, Big Sister.

R. T.—I shall be very glad to ask Mr. Brewster to reprint the photos of the ones requested. Am not acquainted with Mr. Morey's home-town, but I will try to find it out for you.

DEAR CANADIAN.—I must confess I like Canadians and Moving Pictures. As to favorites, well there are so many lovely girls and such charming women that it is pretty hard to make a choice, but I dearly love "Mother Maurice" and she is my favorite. Yes, Miss Pickford wears her own hair. There are so many stories regarding Miss Bara's origin that it would be folly for me to attempt to make any positive statements regarding it. I think her a very beautiful woman. Get the Moving Picture Registry Book, printed at 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y., and that will give you full particulars about every one you ask about.

THIRTEEN YEARS OLD ROSE.—Mary Fuller is an old friend of mine and I am very fond of her. I played in "The Lion and the Mouse" on the legitimate stage, not on the screen. Look in some of our back issues and you will find some very good descriptions of Miss Fuller. We need good teachers and I hope you may gain your wish, dear. Address her care of Dramatic Mirror, N. Y. City.

"ANXIOUS," CALGARY.—I have neither seen nor heard of Miss Leonard for some time. Will make some inquiries about her. Perhaps Miss Lawrence loved her home so much that she felt she wanted to go back to it. Her husband used to direct her, but I cant remember his name. Florence Turner is back again in America. She is tiny, dark, with big black eyes, a generous-sized mouth and the kindest heart in the world. She loves her work and tries to give her public the best she has to give always.

MY DEAR FAR-AWAY BROTHER.—I must answer thru the Magazine, as you didn't enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. It is almost impossible to get into pictures now and is getting harder every day. I do not approve of these schools which pretend to teach Moving Picture and stage acting. They get your money and are no better able to get you a position then than they are in the beginning. You just turn your talents in another direction, dear boy, and let me hear that you have taken my advice. It is good. Affectionately, Sister Rose.

DEAR THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—None of the Mayos are related closely; at least the ones you mention. I met Edna Mayo in Chicago and she is very sweet.

DEAR LITTLE SISTER HELEN.—My youngest sister has the same name as you have. Your letter makes me very happy, as I want the love and confidence of my readers. It was a great pleasure to meet all those delightful people in Chicago. I wish I had a decent picture of myself, but I haven't one at present, altho I had some splendid ones, made at Smith & Lewis', Blackston Hotel. Perhaps you could get one there. My best love, dear, and I hope you come to a satisfactory decision regarding your future.

DEAR GIRL FROM BATH, ME.—I do indeed hope that you come to New York at a time when I am in the city. I shall be so glad to meet you.

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MY DEAR ROSE W.—Nothing ventured, nothing gained. It is a very difficult thing to get into the movies nowadays and your mother probably knows best as regards your disposition, etc. Why not write the Scenario Service Bureau, 175 Duffield Street, and they will give you expert criticism and advice on your photoplay. They are perfectly honest in their decisions. Thanks, dear, for your nice letter. I hope you may meet some nice young man who lives in the country who can make life so sweet for you that you will live there and have all the horses and pets you like.

DEAR DIXIE JACK.—Indeed, I wish I had some of those nice big tomatoes, but am too far away to indulge in them. Julia Swayne Gordon is still at the studio. I am very fond of Louise Beaudet, and consider her a splendid artist, but of an entirely different style. Dot Kelly is a dear girl and very clever. I'll see what I can do about the pictures some day and surprise you.

(*Continued on page* 163)

The Exasperations of June

(*Continued from page* 116)

"What is your name?"

"Betty Lawson."

"You came to me in June," pronounced the king, "and you are exceedingly capricious. 'June Caprice' is what you shall be known by." And so "June Caprice" she is.

There followed the exasperations of June. She was close-housed in the city, under a griffin-eyed chaperon, and, as "Caprice of the Mountains," was gowned in rags and tatters. Her furtive window-shopping on Fifth Avenue was futile, for what fine bird but wants to spread its plumage?

In "Little Miss Happiness" her heaven came to June, and she frisked and strutted in pink tulle and Nile-green Georgette.

But the impending disaster fell—as tragic as Lucifer's fall from *his* heaven—and June of the gorgeous gowns was cast as an orphan asylum drudge. In "The Ragged Princess" she escapes from grimy calico only to conceal her pride in the overalls and slouch hat of a hired hand.

Great are the provocations of June! Beautiful clothes, the result of sudden shopping raids, lie unopened in their boxes. But she still laughs, and the blue-bottle imps dance in her eyes. She is June Caprice.

(*Continued from page* 162)

DEAR BEATRICE FROM WELLSBORO, PA.—I am indeed happy to learn that you and your friends call me "Mamma Rose." That is a great compliment and I assure you that you all have a special corner in my heart. Am so glad to learn that you are doing so nicely with your music. Keep at it. Pearl White is very attractive.

DEAR CONNECTICUT WM. HART ADMIRER.—In order that we ourselves can be happy we must learn to make others happy. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Mr. Hart is indeed a splendid character. Life is very full and sweet if we will only seek for the good in it and blot out as much as possible the bad by thinking the right thoughts and doing kindly things. I do hope the right kind of happiness comes to you.

DEAR FLOSSIE F.—Sorry my answer reaches you so late. I have never heard that Pearl White and Creighton Hale are related. I think not. Anita Stewart is very clever and a dear girl.

DEAR BOY FRANCIS FROM CHICAGO.—I'd gladly send a picture if I had one, but write me again in about six weeks and then see what I can do. Am so sorry I was all out of the pictures when you saw me at the booth. Better luck next time.

DEAR LORRAINE.—Did you enclose a stamp? I did not find one. Indeed, I hope we shall meet again. Please just come right up and tell me who you are and that I have written you. Keep on with your studies, dear.

DEAR LOLA FROM FAR-OFF TASMANIA.—Your letter was so interesting that I took the liberty of enclosing it to another dear girl who wanted to write to some other girl who lived in the country. I felt that you would enjoy knowing each other. Miss Young is a very dear girl. I am very fond of her personally. Do write me again, dear. Your letter was delightful.

WEST VIRGINIA.—You've asked a lot of questions. First, Leah Baird is a very lovable woman and a very excellent actress. Miss Baird was at the last exposition at Madison Square Garden on Vitagraph Night, as were all the players. The hotel you mention is near the river, on the Heights, in Brooklyn, and is an excellent one. Better protect that poor nose. I adore light complexions myself and had a wonderful one when I was twenty—it is still very clear.

DEAR GERTRUDE.—I didn't get your flowers. It was kind of you to send them, tho, and I love them dearly. Write me at the studio when you plan to come to New York. I want to know you, my dear.

CLEO K.—Get the Motion Picture Studio Directory, published by the Motion Picture News, and you will find the information you desire.

F. E. L., TEXAS.—Thank you. I believe that Mr. Bunny left his family quite well off. Most of what he had was placed in his wife's name before his death, I imagine, and that is why his estate was so small.

(*Continued on page* 164)

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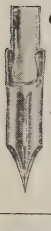

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How to Get In!

(*Continued from page* 115)

Each actor, to be successful, must "get it over" in his own original way. So I say that receptiveness and the coined expression "harnessed originality" are the two most important axioms in studio work.

Managers and directors are always on the lookout for pretty girls and handsome men. If they qualify with brains, receptiveness and originality, they will not only show talent in time, but will be a big asset to the studio that discovers them.

LEO PIERSON

Selig Director, Tells How He Is Governed by First Impressions

BEAUTY is not an essential, as many blemishes can be hidden by artful make-up. Intelligence is equally as important as good looks, and the two make a winning combination.

In giving parts to applicants, I am often governed by first impressions. A pleasing appearance, ease of manner, grace, tasteful clothes and the knack of carrying them well, go a long way in shaping my opinion. There is nothing wrong in starting as an extra. It is the proper course for those desiring to succeed in this overcrowded market. The person with true dramatic fire and instinct will soon come under the keen eyes of the directors, who are constantly searching for people to "put stuff over."

THEODORE MARSTON

Metro Director, Gives Some Hints to the Beginner

NEVER look down at the camera-lines. Do not back away — turn and walk naturally.

Never gesture across the body.

Listen, and dont talk while others do.

Never overact or pose—be natural.

Avoid much make-up. Dont use lip rouge.

(*Continued from page* 163)

DEAR DOLLY.—I like all kinds of nice girls, blondes or brunettes. If you think you write badly you should see how I write. It's a day's work to decipher it. Now dont worry about a quarrel with a silly, jealous boy. He'll get over it and so will you. Imagine quarreling over some one you have seen only in a Moving Picture. I would like to spank you both and then make you kiss and make up, bless your dear hearts. Give him a little time and he'll come round of his own accord if he really cares.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Attorney W. R. Nelson, of Selma, Ala., gives some free advice on legal matters to directors who are often "at sea" on the fine points of jurisprudence:

I am not a dramatic critic, but I see Motion Pictures occasionally in which it seems to me there are glaring errors. As works of art, I often wonder how they can be made so good; but often the story or plot is anything but uplifting—too much divorce, criminal assaults, or attempts, gambling, barroom scenes, murders, etc. Again, what might be called "local color" in a book is sometimes all wrong in the photoplay.

For instance, a Confederate officer has a uniform with shoulder-straps, instead of bars on his collar.

A judge of a State court exchanges with another judge in another State, where, of course, he has no jurisdiction; he then tries and sentences his own son even after he recognizes him—a thing that could not legally take place. Again, one of the thrills in a play has the testator or maker of the will killed by a stroke of lightning, and at the same time the will is destroyed by the fire kindled by the stroke. Now the will had been exhibited to and read by several persons, and yet the property is shown to have descended to another person than the one named in the will. Now it is well settled in law that the contents of the will could be proved by persons knowing the same, and that the will could be probated even if destroyed that way or lost. The play was taken from a book. I failed to find a copy of the book in the public library, to see if it followed the book; but such an error should not be shown on the screen. Again, a person is tried and convicted; then, without any formality, a person rushes in and makes an unsworn statement on which the prisoner is at once set free. It seems to me there should be more regard for accuracy in such matters.

Here's a new wit, E. A. Wamsley, of Los Angeles, Cal. A wit is a "pusson" who sees the funny side of serious things and the serious side of funny things, and our contributor will set us to thinking as well as to smiling.

The Motion Picture Magazine is on my desk this evening and I took a sudden notion to write you, just as an ordinary reader of the publication, and pick you all to pieces, not caring whether you send me a box of poisoned candy or not.

You're sure right, buddie, we *are* getting tired—no, *sore*—at these problem plays, and plays where nastiness is suggested from start to finish. Why, in three out of five shows right here in L. A. these sex shows, and shows telling just how rotten and ornery a man can be and be forgiven, and how nasty and suggestive women, represented by girls hardly out of their

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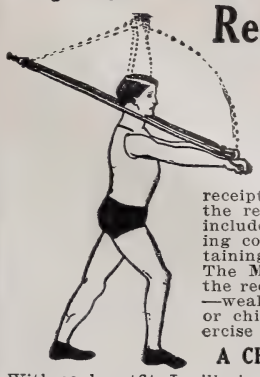

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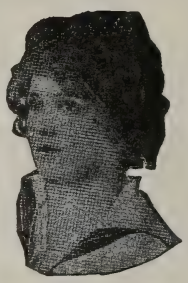

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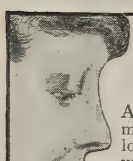

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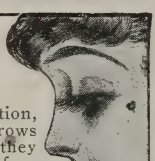


An old, well known preparation, made my eyelashes and eyebrows long, thick and silky. But they were very thin and short before I started using this wonderful *Parisian* preparation. You can do as I have done—cultivate charm, expression, loveliness—all of these alluring gifts and most appealing fascinations. Many of my friends—society women, actresses, etc., thank me fervently for bringing this wonderful preparation to their attention. It is easy to apply and results are positive. One box will do you a lifetime. I assure you that it will bring to your face that hidden beauty adored by all, now lying dormant by reason of a spare growth of eyelashes and eyebrows.

FREE: 100 MOTION PICTURE STARS

printed on highly calendered art paper and suitable for framing, together with my 32 page *Guide To Health and Beauty*, will be sent absolutely free with every order for Lashtone. 1 pkg. of Lashtone will be sent for only 25c. (stamps or coin), prepaid in plain cover, or 3 boxes for 50c. *The genuine Lashtone is sold only* by

ANNA CONSTANCE
4838 CHAMPLAIN AVE., CHICAGO.

teens and some of them not, can be, are beginning to leave a bad taste in my mouth. But I have become a little gleeful over it all lately. I notice those shows that are getting back to more comedy are playing to *full houses*, while those that are still insulting human beings with expositions of their filth are playing to half houses and sometimes not that. It's just lately, too, but I do hope it continues until some of those would-be famous actors and actorines who rode into immense popularity on good, whole-souled, live dramas or splendid comedies are compelled to back-track and again play what the public likes. Kay hits the nail on the head without a doubt, in my opinion.

Confound you, I had to get a second copy of the Magazine, and all on account of that Tableaux business for kids. The kids got it and a good half-hour was spent over making the movie for them.

The Limericks are fine—extra good this month. Lillian Gish grows prettier every day, bless her heart! I wish I were a young and handsome millionaire. I'd get me a whole outfit and buy, bribe, bluff or marry Lillian and make her make pictures for me all the rest of her life, and they wouldn't be shown outside our own home, "eyether."

Green-room Jottings is the only place in the whole bunch of picture publications where the real truth is shot out without regard to pull or consequences. Good work!

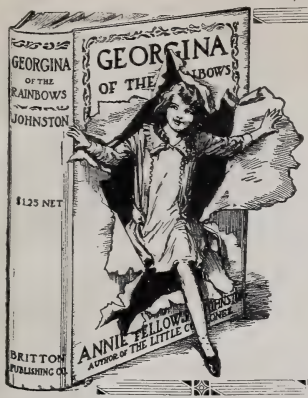
I wish it wasn't against the law to obliterate some people. The other night at the Hippodrome here an intensely interesting bit of acting was taking place in a fine picture, and behind me sat three women, one of whom had seen it before, and she was explaining the picture just a lap ahead of the scenes portrayed to all of us within fifteen feet. I never struck a woman in my life, but I'd like to have knocked her down and stamped her into seven feet of hardpan. But we were revenged and she was shut up. A little four-year-old girlie was sitting right beside me, belonging to some lady in my row. She fidgeted about uneasily for a few minutes and frowned, and, finally, unable to stand it longer, turned around and climbed on to her seat and faced the talking machine, saying, "For doodness' sait be *still*. I want to see de pitcher. If you want to taut, why dont you do outside?" Her mama grabbed her down, but it was all said and the woman shut up.

I have wondered what has become of Mary Fuller. I know now. I see by the advertisement of somebody's milkweed something or other that she is the girl who stays in the jar of cream. Say, where does she hang out? I'd like to, er—that is, oh, *very* well!

There is a lot of information in your Answers, too. I've thought several times of asking questions about the actors, etc., but generally find what I want to know in answer to some one else.

I read that ad. I told you about in the first part of this letter and started out to pick the darned Magazine to pieces and knock, but I am going to be honest with you and say I could not find a blamed thing in it to knock.

Let Georgina "Put a Rainbow 'round Your Troubles"



First Edition copies contain Georgina's picture in life colors and her facsimile signature

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The atmosphere of Spring Valley is dry and invigorating, and persons affected with bronchial trouble obtain much relief in this part of the country.

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Some time ago we asked a selected number of popular players to be kind enough to supply us with some true stories of themselves—events and episodes that happened in their own lives. They very kindly responded and now our readers are to be treated with the result. Some of these stories are very fine, and all are good and worthy a place in any story book. Perhaps our readers should be let in on a little secret—we promised the writer of the best story a cover painting! Perhaps that accounts for the excellence of the stories. Anyway, you are to judge for yourselves if they **all** are not entitled to covers! The first of the series are by these popular players:

Kathlyn Williams **Anita Stewart**
Ruth Roland **Edna Mayo**
Marguerite Courtot **Violet Mersereau**

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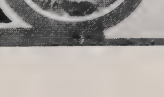

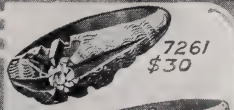
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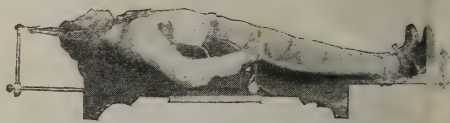

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We Demand Only One Condition:

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Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so, you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of $1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing photoplay. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may have your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

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